Table of Contents

1. ⚠ Rules and Keys ⚠
2. Love Will Find A Way ≫ Graystripe x Female! RiverClan! Reader
3. Love Will Find A Way ≫ Graystripe x Female! RiverClan! Reader - Part Two (FINAL)
4. What Was Lost ≫ Stonefur x Apprentice! Reader (PLATONIC)
5. The Little Things ≫ Tallstar x Sick! Female! Reader
6. What Really Matters ≫ Shadowsight x Female! Reader
7. When All Is Said And Done ≫ Sharpclaw x Exiled! Sister! Reader (PLATONIC)
8. What The Future Holds ≫ Firestar x Sandstorm One-Shot
9. In His Heart There Is Still Light ≫ Scourge x Insecure! Female! Reader
10. My Favorite Cat ≫ Brightheart x Male! Reader
11. Stay Alive ≫ Firestar x Dying! Daughter! Reader x Sandstorm (PLATONIC)
12. Because "I Love You" Isn't Enough ≫ Crowfeather x Female! Reader
13. For What It's Worth ≫ Stormfur x Female! Reader
14. If I Trust You ≫ Rootspring x Abused! Female! Reader
15. To Whom It May Concern ≫ Honeyfern x Female! Reader (PLATONIC)
16. Love At First Bite ≫ Silverstream x Male! Reader
17. The Things We Can't Change ≫ Leafpool x Female! Medicine Cat! Reader (PLATONIC)
18. Here And Now ≫ Breezepelt x Female! Reader
19. Genuine Words ≫ Stonefur x Female! Reader
20. Things Change ≫ Jessy x Female! Reader (PLATONIC)
21. How Lucky I Am ≫ Fireheart x Female! Reader
22. Everything Works Out ≫ Mousefur x Male! Reader
23. Thank You!
24. As The World Begins To Shift ≫ Velvet x Crippled! Female! Reader (PLATONIC)
25. When It Rains ≫ Nightstar x Female! Reader

26. Love At First Bite ≫ Silverstream x Male! Reader (PART TWO)
27. New Feelings ≫ Fireheart x Male! Zombie! Reader (PLATONIC)
28. The Things We Can't Change ≫ Leafpool x Female! Medicine Cat! Reader (PART TWO)
29. I Will Be Here ≫ Smudge x Female! Reader
30. Friends Forever ≫ Sick! Honeyfern x Sick! Female! Reader (PLATONIC)
31. Crime and Punishment ≫ Crowfrost x Female! ThunderClan! Medicine Cat! Reader
32. Light At The End of the Tunnel ≫ Brick x Depressed! Female! Reader
33. A Different Kind of Happiness ≫ Velvet x Crippled! Female! Reader (PLATONIC)
34. You Will Be Okay ≫ Sandstorm x Male! Reader
35. Saints and Sinners ≫ Hawkfrost x Female! Reader x Brambleclaw (CHOICE ENDING)
36. Of Luck and Love ≫ Bluestar x Male! Reader
37. A New Beginning ≫ Mothwing x Female! Rogue! Reader (PLATONIC)
38. A Bright Future ≫ Squirrelpaw x Little Sister! Reader x Leafpaw (PLATONIC)
39. Light At The End of the Tunnel ≫ Brick x Drpressed! Female! Reader (PART TWO)
40. Uncertain Fears ≫ Ravenpaw x Female! Apprentice! Reader
41. The Pain Of Regret ≫ Cheater! Ashfur x Pregnant! Reader
42. Love You Still ≫ Honeyfern x Depressed! Female! Reader (PLATONIC)
43. Stay With Me ≫ Brick x Sick! Female! Reader
44. Everything I've Ever Wanted ≫ Brightheart x Male! Reader
45. Dreams Do Come True ≫ Firestar x Female! Reader
46. Love Hurts ≫ Spottedleaf x Injured! Female! Reader (PLATONIC)
47. Unconditional Love ≫ Bone x Female! Daredevil! Reader
48. An update
49. What Is Meant To Be, Will Be ≫ Jayfeather x Female! Medicine Cat! Reader
50. Through It All ≫ Honeyfern x Queen! Reader (PLATONIC)
51. The Encounter ≫ Scourge x Exiled! Female! Reader

52. Must've Been the Wind ≫ Depressed! Bluestar x Male! Deputy! Reader
53. A Night We Will Remember Forever ≫ Stonefur x Female! Reader
54. A Mentor's Pride ≫ Featherwhisker x Female! Medicine Cat! Reader (PLATONIC)
55. Thanks again!
56. Crime and Punishment ≫ Crowfrost x Female! Medicine Cat! Reader (FINALE)
57. Someday ≫ Injured! Brick x Female! Kittypet! Reader
58. Roses and Revelations ≫ Whitestorm x Injured! Female! Reader
59. Lost in the Dark ≫ Fallen Leaves x Female! Reader
60. At Peace ≫ Yellowfang x Female! Reader (PLATONIC)
61. Because of You ≫ Lionblaze x Dying! Female! Reader
62. Gratitude ≫ Mudclaw x Female! BloodClan! Reader
63. Through It All ≫ Honeyfern x Queen! Reader (PLATONIC/PREQUEL)
64. Thank You ♡
65. Romance At It's Finest ≫ Jayfeather x Stick
66. A Light In the Dark ≫ Snowtuft x Dead! Female! Reader
67. Aftershock ≫ Scourge x Exiled! Female! Reader
68. Lackluster ≫ Tigerclaw x Female! Reader
69. You Complete Me ≫ Hattie x Male! Reader
70. Changes in the Weather ≫ Squirrelflight x Depressed! Female! Reader (PLATONIC)
71. In All Bad Things, There Is Good ≫ Flametail x Female! Reader
72. An Unexpected Guest ≫ Brick x Female! Kittypet! Reader
73. Love Yourself ≫ Thrushpelt x Insecure! Chubby! Female! Reader
74. Thanks, guys!
75. I'm Ready ≫ Micah x Pregnant! Reader
76. All is Well ≫ Redtail x Female! Spirit! Reader
77. Glimpse of Us ≫ Onestar x Female! Reader
78. This Is Home ≫ Snake x Adopted! Little Sister! Reader x Ice (PLATONIC)
79. Solace ≫ Bluefur x Little Brother! Reader x Snowfur (PLATONIC)
80. And the Silence Was Deafening ≫ Bristlefrost x Brother!

Reader (PLATONIC)
81. Unexpected ≫ Jayfeather x Crippled! Female! Reader
82. A Redeemed Life ≫ Firestar x Male! Spy! Reader (PLATONIC)
83. This means the world to me
84. Sunshine ≫ Whitestorm x Female! Reader
85. Promises Worth Keeping ≫ Cinderpelt x Injured! Male! Reader
86. Unexpected Hero ≫ Longtail x Female! Reader
87. Personal Belongings ≫ Yandere! Barley x Female! Apprentice! Reader (PLATONIC)
88. Banter ≫ Foxleap and Jayfeather (PLATONIC)
89. Forgive Yourself ≫ Briarlight x Female! Reader (PLATONIC)
90. A Sky Full of Stars ≫ Littlecloud x Female! Medicine Cat! Reader
91. Safe ≫ Scourge x Male! Kit! Reader (PLATONIC)
92. Right By Your Side ≫ Alderheart x Sick! Female! Reader
93. (SERIOUS) we need to talk
94. Choosing to Stay ≫ Leafpool x Suicidal! Male! Reader
95. Healing the Tyrant ≫ Scourge x Female! Medicine Cat! Reader
96. Comfort ≫ Rainswept Flower x Depressed! Female! Reader (PLATONIC)
97. As Long As We Have Each Other ≫ Hollyleaf x Male! Reader
98. These Claws Are for Killing ≫ Brokenstar x Adopted! Daughter! Reader (PLATONIC)
99. A Fight Well-Worthwhile ≫ Alderheart x Male! Reader (PLATONIC)
100. The Moment ≫ Stormfur x Female! Reader
101. Kudos + an update

⚠ Rules and Keys ⚠

[image]

This book is complete, so there's no need for a page for rules any longer. Thanks for the memories, everyone! Check out my new Warriors-related book :]

Love Will Find A Way ≫ Graystripe x Female! RiverClan! Reader

[image]

Art: velo-cats

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Some angst

Your paws glided softly over the damp forest grass, stirring up pollen and the occasional grasshopper as you made your way through the grassy knoll which sat unclaimed by any of the four clans. The last rays of sunlight had begun to sink below to distant treetops, bathing the valley below in a peaceful array of orange and gold. You crossed the last few fox-lengths of smooth ground and sat down at the knoll's edge, shifting your tired paws. It had been a relatively long walk from RiverClan, but the exhaustion and soreness was all worth it. Soon enough a fluffy gray cat would emerge from the right side of the knoll, scraps of greenery clinging to his pelt and the sweet smell of the late greenleaf forest clinging to him like dew. You blinked, swiveling your head in several directions to see if you could catch a glimpse of your forbidden lover, but the forest next to you remained still and silent. You sighed, impatiently flexing your claws. *Where is that minnow-brain? I told him this was important!* You stood up, intent on taking a brisk —and very risky— walk over by the ThunderClan border to see if you could possibly come across the gray warrior, but a massive weight crashed on top of you and squashed you into the cool grass before you could even take a step. You snarled and wrenched yourself free of the mysterious assailant's

grasp, being mindful of your belly while doing so. Whirling around on your hackles with every intention to claw someone or something's eyes out, you drew in a surprised breath when you locked eyes with the tom you had been expecting to find at the remote corner of the forest. His amber eyes were shining mischievously, a dirt-eating grin stretched across his broad face. "Don't tell me I scared you."

You bristled angrily, not even slightly amused by his surprise advance. "You minnow-brained mouse-muncher! Don't you know crushing a cat can hurt them?" Your retort came out more like a furious bellow, and your mate took a small step back, his amber eyes shining with hurt. Immediately guilt-stricken, you let out a slow breath and forced your fur to lay flat, "I'm sorry Graystripe," You murmured sadly, averting your teary gaze. "I've just got a lot on my mind."

His face twisted into an expression of concern, something you'd hardly ever seen. He gently twined his tail with yours, guiding you back toward the knoll's edge. "What is it, darling? Have I done something to upset you?"

"No," You sighed, leaning against his shoulder slightly. "It's just..." You trailed off, desperately searching your mind for the right words. You weren't sure how he would take the news you were about to give him, and the thought of losing the loving gray tom made your heart sink.

"It's just what?" Graystripe asked softly, placing a gentle lick behind your left ear. "There's nothing in this whole forest that could make me angry at you, (Y/N)." Although his words were slightly comforting, the anxious churning deep within your belly was not. *You can't keep this a secret forever,* You told yourself firmly. *He's going to find out eventually— Everyone will!*

"Graystripe, I'm... I'm expecting. I don't know how this happened... We were so careful, I never once thought we'd end up in this—" You were interrupted by your mate pressing his nose gently against your tear-stained cheek, followed by the soft rasping of his tongue. You blinked, looking deep into his loving gaze.

"(Y/N), I'm absolutely thrilled that I'm going to be a father, and so should you. We were careful, but these things happen sometimes. We have to take the bad with the good and accept that none of this will be easy, but it will be worth it." He stroked his tongue across your face several more times, tears brimming in the corners of his eyes. "We'll make this work, my love. You'll see."

"What about our clans?" You whispered, the familiar churning sensation returning to your guts. "Graystripe, they will never accept this! They'll never accept us, they'll never accept our decisions, and they'll never accept our kits! We've broken the warrior code! Can't you see that?" Your voice came out much harsher than you intended it to, but your mate didn't seem to take it personally. He took a deep breath, then turned his gaze to the setting sun.

"I'll join RiverClan if it means being with you, and being able to raise my—*our*— kits." You gaped, your heart still slamming against your ribcage. *He'd give everything he's ever known up just for me?*

"Love... No, you don't have to do that," You insisted gently, resting your paw on top of his. "ThunderClan is your home. I don't expect you to sacrifice everything you've worked so hard to achieve for me..."

"There is *nothing* I wouldn't sacrifice for you (Y/N)," The ThunderClan warrior meowed solemnly. "You're my whole world. Anywhere is my home as long as you're there with me." Your eyes tingled with the onslaught of tears, but they were no longer of fear or uncertainty.

"I love you," You whispered, pressing your nose gently to his. "Thank you, Graystripe. Thank you so much." Graystripe smiled warmly, leaning down and touching his forehead to yours.

"Love will find a way, my beautiful rose. It always does."

Wow, this came out wayyy better than I expected it to, lmao. Also, it's almost five in the morning and I'm still up writing this. What is my life?

I hope you enjoyed my first one-shot! Please feel free to leave positive criticism, feedback, and comments! Leaving a vote couldn't hurt, either!

Love Will Find A Way ≫ Graystripe x Female! RiverClan! Reader - Part Two (FINAL)

[image]

Art: Shyranno

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Birth scene (non-graphic)

Nearly three moons had passed since Graystripe left ThunderClan to raise your kits with you. As you had expected, Leopardstar was not thrilled in the slightest and neither were your clanmates. Thankfully no exiling took place, and the golden-spotted she-cat had begrudgingly agreed to let your mate join RiverClan. "Things will be better this way. Trying to raise kits between two opposing clans would only result in unnecessary bloodshed."She had proclaimed solemnly during the clan meeting when Blackclaw had angrily snarled about exiling you. You were grateful for her support during the difficult time and throughout your pregnancy, but you still occasionally caught her giving you dirty looks. Your clanmates had managed to settle down over the matter, but you knew they still whispered about you when they thought you weren't paying attention. You heard them every time, but you didn't care. All that mattered to you now was Graystripe and your beautiful kits— Which were due to arrive any moment.

It was a peaceful early leaf-fall evening, and the sun had just barely

sunk below the camp. There were no more crickets; they had died with the leaves. Normally you would've been shaking from the chill in the air this time of year this late into the evening, but this year, your pads were slick with sweat and your tongue lolled out of your mouth in a desperate attempt to cool down. It felt like there was fire beneath your pelt, and your skin crawled anxiously. Despite Mudfur's soothing words and the raspberry leaves he had given you earlier to ease the intense pain, you couldn't stop worrying. This would be your first time kitting, and you'd heard plenty of horror stories from the other queens and she-cats who had previously kitted about the experience. "It hurts like nothing else," Mosspelt had told you honestly one morning. "There's lots of blood, and you're never sure when it's going to end. You just have to stay strong." *Thanks Mosspelt,* You thought sarcastically. *Your words were* very *comforting.*

Another spasm clenched your belly, causing to groan loudly and squeeze your eyes shut. The sound of rustling lichen found it's way through the blood rushing in your ears, and you opened your eyes to see Mudfur padding inside with a sturdy twig of an oak. He set the piece of wood down next to your nest and crouched down to your level, resting his paw on top of yours. "Breathe," He meowed calmly, his voice never losing its professional tone. "In and out. Nice and slow, just like catching your breath after a swim." You took the ex-warrior's advice, rocking slowly back-and-forth as you fought through the pain. "Very good. It won't be too much longer. Is there anything else I can get you, (Y/N)?"

"Graystripe," You whimpered. "I want Graystripe." Mudfur nodded, pushing the twig towards you with a paw.

"Bite down on that when you feel the pain coming." You nodded, too out of breath to properly speak. All the whimpering, grunting and crying really took it out of you. You silently wondered if Mosspelt had been permanently traumatized by the birth of her kits, especially now that you were experiencing it first-paw. You vividly remembered when the tortoiseshell had started kitting; her yowls of pain and cursing had probably been heard in ShadowClan's camp. Her kits were all apprentices now, but that didn't change the fact that it hurt like a bee sting, if bee stings involved rivers of blood

and a sore—

"(Y/N)!" Graystripe gasped, barreling like a confused badger into the medicine den. "I'm so sorry, my love! I just got back from the gathering, and Mudfur told me—"

"It's fine," You hissed through gritted teeth as another spasm started building up, feeling lower and more painful than the others. "Just get over here and hold me!" The gray tom nodded, scurrying quickly to your head and rasping his tongue over your ears. Relieved your mate was finally with you, you leaned into his broad shoulder and let several tears escape your eyes. You were scared. You hated to admit it, but you were absolutely terrified of what was to come. Graystripe took notice of your trembling and tightened his embrace, pulling you a little closer to him.

"It's going to be okay (Y/N)," He whispered in your ear. "You will know what to do, and so does Mudfur. I'll be right here to whole time."

"You promise?"

"I promise." Mudfur padded back inside, bringing the anxious and questioning murmurs of your clanmates inside for a brief moment before the lichen closed again.

"Are you both ready to be parents?" He asked cheerily, looking at both you and Graystripe. The former ThunderClan warrior pulled away from you and looked into your eyes with a reassuring nod that said "you can totally do this". His confidence gave you strength, and you turned to Mudfur with a weak smile.

"I think we're ready." Mudfur nodded, crouching by your tail. You let out the breath you'd been holding, closing your eyes. After a few tense silent moments, your belly clenched up with a spasm and you curled your claws into moss as you went along with your natural instincts. Suddenly, there was a wet warmth behind you, followed by a tiny squeal. You looked up at Graystripe, tears forming in your eyes. He met your gaze, his own eyes watery.

"Oh (Y/N), she's beautiful!" He whispered, purring and lapping

behind your ears. You laughed weakly as Mudfur placed the little gray-and-white tabby next to your belly. She had your silky-smooth fur and pointy ears, but she had clearly gotten her nose from her father.

"Hi little one," You whispered, leaning down and gently touching her forehead with your nose. "I'm your mama. I'm so happy you're here." You and Graystripe gazed down at the little bundle of fur you'd created together, tears wetting both of your faces. "I can't believe she's here," You meowed weakly to your mate, who laughed softly and nuzzled you.

"I know. She's absolutely perfect." Another painful spasm rippled through your belly, causing you to cry out and bear down. You paused after a moment, breathing heavily and gripping Graystripe's paw in your own like your life depended on it.

"You're almost done (Y/N)," Mudfur meowed with certainty. "You just need a little more momentum for this kit since it's shoulders are so wide. Try biting down on the twig I brought you." Graystripe nudged the twig toward your muzzle, gently urging you to take hold of it. You bent your head and grasped the piece of wood in your jaws, looking to your mate for some kind of reassurance. He smiled warmly, resting his forehead against yours.

"You can do it, darling. It's almost over. Just think of how much we love these kits." You sighed tiredly, squaring your shoulders and bracing for the next spasm. It came sooner than you would've liked, tearing through your belly like fox fangs. You screamed around the twig, biting down and causing it to shatter into splinters.

"It's a tom," Mudfur announced, gently nudging the squirming kit next to his sister. "Congratulations (Y/N) and Graystripe. Two beautiful, healthy kits. A son and a daughter." You sobbed happily, and Graystripe embraced you once more while Mudfur organized some post-kitting herbs.

"I'm so proud of you," Graystripe whispered, his amber eyes shining. "I knew you could do it. I love you so, so much."

"I love you too," You whispered, your voice strained and raspy from

screaming. "We're parents, Graystripe. We have our own little family." Mudfur padded over, setting a bundle of borage down beside you. He stood straight, watching the scene before him with a smile on his face.

"Eat those when you're ready," He instructed. "I'm going to announce the new arrivals to the clan." The medicine cat slipped outside, and you could hear him meowing several solemn words, followed by a loud cheer from your clanmates. Graystripe laughed, snuggling close to you and resting his chin on your back.

"They're so excited," He murmured, his eyes watery with tears. "Our kits are going to be the best warriors the forest has ever seen. What are you going to name them?" You blinked, gazing at your newborns for a long time. Your son was a carbon-copy of his father, while your daughter was as soft and beautiful as a feather.

"Featherkit and Stormkit," You murmured, unsure of where the "storm" came from. Perhaps it was the dark gray color of his fur that reminded you of the clouds before it rained. "Oh Graystripe, they're wonderful."

"Yes they are," Your mate whispered, twining his tail with yours. "And they have the best mother in the whole forest." You smiled, resting your chin on your paws.

"They have the strongest and smartest father any kit could ask for." Graystripe purred, gently touching your kits' heads with his nose. You had never seen him so close to tears.

"Get some rest, my love. I'll be here when you wake up." You smiled, finally allowing your eyes to fall closed.

"I know you will."

I love writing super emotional scenes like this. It really

challenges my writing skills and makes me more aware of how certain events are supposed to make you feel!

Positive criticism is definitely allowed! Please don't be shy, I don't get mad over those things.

What Was Lost ≫ Stonefur x Apprentice! Reader (PLATONIC)

[image]

Art: AngelDalet

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Violence
• Gore and blood
• Death
• Angst

The blood in your veins felt like ice and your stomach clenched, threatening to spill over. Your only friends, Stormpaw and Featherpaw, were crouched on either side of you, trembling as they gazed up at Tigerstar and his minions with wide, frightened eyes. Your mentor was standing before them, standing in front of you and your denmates protectively. "Stonefur," Tigerstar began, his dark voice sending chills up your spine. "You have one chance to prove your loyalty to TigerClan." Stonefur stared back at him, his blue gaze hard as rock.

"What is it, Tigerstar?" You thought you detected a slight tremble in his strong voice, but he was doing a great job of hiding it. The massive tabby on top of the bone piled smiled, a sight that made your skin crawl.

"Kill the half-clan apprentices." If your blood was ice before, it was a blizzard now. You swiveled you looked up at Stonefur, your eyes brimming with tears. *He wouldn't kill Featherpaw and Stormpaw...*

Would he? A moment later, your fears were diminished slightly.

"You cannot expect me to murder two innocent cats!" Stonefur's voice was firm, and the fur on his shoulders began to rise. Tigerstar stared back coldly, his piercing amber gaze calculating.

"This is your only chance, Stonefur. If you don't do it, someone else will. And you... Well, you will be dealt with on my own terms." You felt bile rise in your throat. It all seemed so hopeless— there was no way out of this. Someone was going to die. The sturdy gray tom bared his teeth in a snarl, moving so he concealed your friends more.

"You'll have to kill me first, Tigerstar!" The cruel leader's eyes narrowed, then a sadistic smirk crossed his face. You rose to your paws, intent on defending your mentor and denmates if given the opportunity. You would not let the cats you love die.

"Very well," Tigerstar purred darkly, turning his gaze to a massive white tom with jet-black paws. "Kill him." The TigerClan deputy nodded once, standing up and unsheathing his massive claws. Without a moment of hesitation he leaped onto Stonefur, knocking him onto his back and delivering several hard blows to the RiverClan deputy's exposed face. Featherpaw let out a desperate wail, and Stormpaw got up to comfort his sister.

"There's nothing we can do," You heard him whisper, his voice strained with anger and pain. "We just have to pray to StarClan that Stonefur wins. He has to win, Featherpaw. He's Stonefur." Despite your fellow apprentice's vain attempt at reassurance, you could detect a note of despair and fear in his voice. Not that you could blame him; you were on the verge of vomiting.

Stonefur managed to throw the massive ShadowClan cat off of him and scramble to his paws, but his wounds were bleeding heavily. Several small puddles of crimson decorated the dull camp, a stark contrast to the white bones and gray sky. "I will not let you harm another one of my clanmates," The gray deputy snarled, struggling to catch his breath. "Not ever!" Then he lunged forward, thrusting Tigerstar's minion back and pummeling his face and chest with unsheathed claws. The white tom—who's name you were unfamiliar

with— hooked his claws into Stonefur's ear and tossed him off to the side. Blood sprayed the ground once again, and your mentor collided with the dirt with an audible *"ah!"* You stared in frozen terror as the ShadowClan warrior pinned Stonefur by his throat, raising a paw full of sharp claws.

"You should've obeyed Tigerstar while you still had the chance," He snarled, his voice dripping with malice. "Then your precious little rats wouldn't have to watch you die!"

"NO!" You thrusted yourself forward with your hind legs, slamming into the white tom's flank and sending him sprawling across the clearing. Stonefur scrambled desperately to his paws, but not fast enough to catch you before you pounced on the murderer again, sinking your teeth into his ear and raking your claws down his shoulder. He snarled, thrusting you off of him with sharp claws. You hit the ground hard, sharp pain shooting up your spine like lightning. Before you had time to get your bearings again, the massive white warrior was on top of you, his breathing ragged and his amber eyes glistening with unbridled fury.

"Stupid apprentice!" He roared, his long claws penetrating your chest. "You will pay for disrespecting TigerClan with your blood!" You opened your jaws to snarl a stinging retort, but all that came out was a scream of pain as the tom sank his claws deep into your chest and dragged them down. Endless streams of dark crimson erupted from the wound, and you gagged as the same thing filled your mouth and threatened to drown you. Everything became a blur. You heard several cats screeching and a horrified scream from who you could only assume was Featherpaw, then everything became clear and Stonefur was crouching beside you, his blue eyes exhausted and glistening with tears.

"Why did you do that?" He whispered. "Why would you do something so reckless?" You blinked, your surroundings slowly coming back to you. Featherpaw and Stormpaw stood several whisker-lengths behind your mentor, their eyes wide and full of tears. You smiled weakly, unable to move. You met Stonefur's gaze, your eyes brimming with tears.

"Clanmates look out for each other," You whispered, your voice

strained and raspy. "We have to—" You coughed, blood spraying the ground by your muzzle. Stonefur visibly winced, and Featherpaw buried her face into her brother's shoulder. "We have to look out for each other. If... If we didn't, there would be no point in... In having clans..." You gasped in a rattling breath, feeling the warm blood spread around your head. Stonefur gently placed his paw on yours. You looked up at him through darkening vision one last time. "I love you," You whispered, your senses growing numb. "Thank you..." Then, your paws gave one final jerk, a soft breath escaped your mouth, and everything faded away. As you drifted into the numbing darkness, you took great comfort in the fact that what had been lost was not your clan, or your friends, or even your pride. What had been lost was you, and as long as your friends and family got to live their lives, you didn't mind.

Rest In Peace, you brave warrior. May StarClan light your path.

I find death scenes strangely comforting to write. I don't know why XD

Once again, thanks a million for reading. Please feel free to leave a request in the comments!

The Little Things ≫ Tallstar x Sick! Female! Reader

[image]

Art: Julia Poppa

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Sickness (no vomiting)

You broke out into a coughing fit for what must've been the seventh time that morning, and you'd only woken up a few minutes ago. Tallstar stirred beside you, groaning softly as he woke up. You sighed, feeling bad for waking him. "I'm sorry," You meowed hoarsely. "I can't stop coughing."

"It's alright love," He murmured sleepily, sitting up and gazing at you through bleary amber eyes. "Would you like me to fetch Barkface?"

"No thank you," You replied, sniffling as your nose started to run. "I just need rest and maybe some catmint." Your mate smiled, pulling you closer and licking your cheek.

"How stubborn. Why am I not surprised?" You huffed, settling back down into the warm moss. Tallstar rose to his paws, padding over to the den entrance.

"Don't leave me," You whined pitifully, giving him a look a lost kit would likely give a passerby. "I don't feel good and I need you here." Tallstar smiled softly, warmth flooding his gaze. You looked away, feeling your fur become hot. Even after all this time, you still found his smile as enchanting as ever.

"I'll be back very soon," He promised. "I just need to get that catmint you want. Are you hungry?" You shook your head, feeling your stomach clench at the thought of eating. Tallstar chuckled again, and you glared at him. "I'll take that as a no." Then, he turned and disappeared through the lichen. Once he was gone, you allowed your eyes to close and drift off for a moment.

"(Y/N), wait up! I'm not as fast as you!" You smirked, turning to look at the tom pursuing you like a cheeky apprentice. He was clearly struggling to keep up, despite his long legs.

"Come on, slow-slug!" You teased. "It's just up ahead!" He scoffed, but kept up a light jog anyway. You sighed happily, shaking your head. Allowing yourself to slow down out of pity, you fell into step beside the young warrior as you both made your way across the springy heather.

"When did you get so fast?" He chuckled breathlessly, turning to look at you. You met his gaze, a flush of heat settling on your skin. His brilliant amber eyes shone like the Moonstone in the evening light, full of compassion and purity.

"I don't know," You purred, rolling your eyes at his cheeky remark. "I guess I'm just better than you." You smirked, casting a sly glance at him from the corner of your eye. He gasped over-dramatically, pretending to be hurt by your challenging remark.

"How could you, (Y/N)? I've been nice to you!"

"Prove me wrong, then!" You teased, your paws itching with the urge to run. "If you can beat me to that boulder over there—" You pointed with your tail to a large rock that sat at the edge of the moor— "then I'll let you be the best warrior." He sighed, shaking his head in exasperation.

"Okay, but no—" You didn't give him time to finish, instead bolting off at the speed of light toward the boulder. He stared after you, a mixture of disbelief and annoyance on his face. "—head starts."

You threw a quick glance behind you, smirking as you saw your best friend struggling to keep up once again. Looks like (Y/N) won't be losing her title tonight! *You picked up speed, leaping over a rabbit's burrow and landing with a satisfying thump at the base of the boulder. A*

moment later your friend caught up to you, panting and glaring playfully. "You cheated!" You smirked again, tossing a tiny pebble at him, which he dodged.

"Did not! You're just slow!" With a mock growl, he leaped forward and tackled you to the ground and pinned you by your shoulders. You looked up at him, feeling your nose turn a shade darker. He must've noticed this because his own nose turned a dark pink and he flattened his ears self-consciously.

"Why did you bring me out here, (Y/N)?" He let you back up, giving you some space to shake scraps of heather from your pelt.

"W-well," You stammered nervously, averting your gaze. "I guess I've been meaning to tell you how much you mean to me, Talltail..." Talltail blinked, his nose turning even darker, if that was even possible.

"(Y/N), I... I feel the same. I just never thought you did, so I kept it to myself..." You both stared at each other in silence for a moment, then without warning, the slender tom took a swift step forward and pressed his nose to yours. You froze, shock rippling through you like a gust of wind. Slowly you relaxed into his embrace and allowed yourself to fall into him in a way you never thought you could. After a moment he pulled away and stared into your eyes and you into his. "(Y/N), will you make me the happiest tom in the forest and be my mate?" You felt tears brimming in your eyes at his proposal, and you immediately began rubbing your cheek against his.

"Yes! Yes I will be your mate, Talltail! I love you more than anything else in the forest!" Talltail purred joyously, returning your loving gesture and twining his tail with yours.

"We'll have the best life ever," He whispered in your ear as you both embraced each other. "I promise—You'll see!"

You woke up to the sound of returning pawsteps and raised your head tiredly to see your mate of many moons returning with several catmint stalks gripped in his jaws, as well as two or three poppy seeds. You smiled warmly, the memory of your dream replacing the ache in your lungs. Tallstar noticed your smile and tipped his head off to one side, setting the herbs down next to you. "What is it,

dear?"

"Oh nothing," You quipped sarcastically. "I was just thinking about how absolutely wonderful you are in every possible way." The WindClan leader chuckled, padding over to you with a shake of his head.

"You always were such a cheeky fox, you." You stretched your neck out to muzzle him, a content purr rising in your sore throat.

"I suppose it's the little things that count." Tallstar smiled warmly, placing a gentle lick on your forehead.

"I suppose you're right, my love. What would I do without you?" You smirked, sitting up slightly and wrapping your tail around yourself.

"Crash and burn." Tallstar laughed heartily, giving you a playful shove with his paw. You laughed as well, feeling much better with the love of your life by your side.

"Get some rest you cheeky fox," He purred. "I'll be back to check on you later." You purred, lapping up the catmint and poppy seeds and resting your chin on your paws.

"I will. Don't miss me too much." He smiled, making his way back to the den entrance.

"You know I can't go ten heartbeats without missing you." You chuckled, feeling the effect of the poppy seeds taking hold.

"I know."

I loved Tallstar a lot in the books, and I was genuinely depressed when he died in Starlight T~T Rest In Peace, my boy.

I liked the concept of this one, and I also love fluffy one-shots

like this. I hope you enjoyed it as much as I did!

What Really Matters ≫ Shadowsight x Female! Reader

[image]

Art: SatzzzArt

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Some angst

You were awoken from your deep slumber by the sounds of distress coming from the clearing outside. Concerned, you raised your head and listened intently for a moment to see if you had dreamed of the crying or not. Sure enough the sounds came again, but slightly louder this time. You rose to your paws as silently as you possibly could and crept over a sleeping Cloverfoot and finally emerged into the moon-bathed clearing that was completely still, say for one familiar cat who was crouched beneath the base of a hollowed-out oak. You sighed sympathetically, making your way over to the broken tom. "Shadowsight?" You murmured, being careful not to startle him. The young medicine cat slowly raised his eyes to meet your gaze, and when he did, you could see the lack of sleep and frustration there.

"I can't take this anymore (Y/N)," He murmured weakly, his shoulders slumping like a dead badger. "I never thought my life would turn out this way. Sometimes..." He paused, taking a deep breath and shuffling his paws. "Sometimes I wish I was never born. I'm starting to think everyone would be better off without me." You felt a few of your heartstrings snap painfully at Shadowsight's despair-filled statement. Your friend had always had a way of being hard on himself, but you'd never seen it this bad before.

"Shadowsight, don't say those things... Mothwing is a complete

mouse-brain and she shouldn't even be here. You can't let that fish-face make you feel this way. She's the worthless mousefodder, not you!" Shadowsight blinked, his green eyes filled with tears.

"You heard what Puddleshine said, (Y/N). I can't be trusted. That's why I've been made a prisoner in my own clan. Do you have any idea what that's like?" His tone held a slight note of defensiveness, but you didn't take it personally. You would be acting the same way if you were in his position.

"Puddleshine is a mouse-brain, too!" You retorted, your voice louder than you had intended. "If he thinks he can just push a full medicine cat down like this —one he mentored— because some RiverClan wretch told him to, he has bees in his brain! You're an amazing medicine cat, Shadowsight. The forest would be lost without you. *I* would be lost without you!" The dark gray tom stiffened, his eyes widening in surprise.

"You... You really mean that, (Y/N)? Even after...?"

"Yes, Shadowsight. Even after Ashfur killed my sister. I couldn't imagine my life without you in it. Who would treat my cuts with just the right amount of marigold? Who would sneak me extra prey? Who would come curl up next to me when I'm having a bad dream? No one else in this entire forest would do that, Shadowsight! You're an absolutely wonderful cat, and that's all that matters." You took a deep breath, forcing your fur to lay flat. "I wouldn't trade you for all the prey in the forest, Shadowsight. I... I love you." The young medicine cat blinked at you, several stray tears falling from his eyes. You moved forward and gently embraced him, stroking your tongue across his ears.

"What would I do without you?" He murmured into your fur. You smiled and chuckled softly before releasing your hold on him.

"Lots of things, probably. But what's important is that we stick by each other's sides and look out for each other. Isn't that what friends do?" Shadowsight smiled, and you thought you saw his nose become dusted with a darker shade of pink.

"Thanks, (Y/N). I love you, too." You both sat in the clearing for

awhile after that, just enjoying each other's presence and gazing at the stars until Shadowsight yawned and rose to his paws.

"It's getting late. I should probably go back to the tree before anyone sees I'm out here." Once again your heart ached for him, and you wanted nothing more than to stay by his side. Suddenly, you got an idea.

"I'll go with you," You declared, standing tall like the first cat to ever conquer a territory. "I don't give two rats' tails what Puddleshine or Mothwing say. You're more important right now." Shadowsight stared at you for just a moment, as if contemplating all the risks and repercussions. Finally he smiled, nodding his head toward his makeshift den.

"After you, my dear. She-cats first." You giggled at his sweet remark, padding softly past him and into the hollow tree. He joined you a moment later, curling up next to you and closing his eyes. "Goodnight (Y/N)," He murmured sleepily. "I love you." You smiled, leaning down and gently touching your nose to his ear.

"I love you too, Shadowsight. Sleep well." Once he began to snore quietly, you settled down beside him and allowed your own eyes to close. You could lose everything you'd worked for tomorrow, and you would be just fine. As long as Shadowsight was with you, anywhere could be your home. *He's kind, smart, and brave,* You thought wistfully as you drifted away. *That's what really matters to me.*

Words cannot express my distaste towards Mothwing, Puddleshine, and Lionblaze >:(Shocking, considering they were three of my favorite characters before this arc.

I know cats don't have tear ducts. Please don't bring it up

If you have a one-shot you'd like to see here, check to see if requests are open and leave yours in the comments! I love getting requests.

When All Is Said And Done ≫ Sharpclaw x Exiled! Sister! Reader (PLATONIC)

[image]

Art: thebestandmostvalidwcdesigns

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Angst

You stared blankly ahead at the path that was leading you down the mountainside, struggling to stay alert as the chill of the night crept under your fur. Normally you would be settling down in your warm nest next to your fellow warriors right now, but you didn't have fellow warriors anymore. You didn't even have a place to call home. The only thing you knew for certain was that you were going somewhere, but you didn't know where exactly. *Far away from here.* The thought came as bitter and resentful, cold as the strongest blizzard. You didn't want to admit it, but a part of you already missed the cats you had once called your friends. You loved them to no end. At least, until earlier that day. You had been falsely accused by Leafstar of stealing prey from the freshkill pile and feeding a band of vicious rogues that later attacked SkyClan camp and killed Billystorm. Despite your best efforts, your pleas of innocence went unheard, and you were sentenced to exile.

You paused, wincing as a sharp pain flared up in your pad. Lifting your paw, you found a decent-sized thorn lodged in between two of your toes. Hissing quietly in frustration, you sank your teeth into the nuisance and pulled, yanking it free with a small trickle of

crimson. *I should probably stop for tonight,* You decided as you veered off the steep path and onto a small grassy ledge. *I've been walking since sunhigh.* You found a small overhang hidden by luscious ferns and hollowed out a good-sized space before laying down at resting your chin on your paws. *Maybe things will be better tomorrow.*

You weren't sure how long you had been asleep for, but you were suddenly jolted awake by the sound of your name being called from somewhere in the distance. You groaned, irritated that your sleep had been interrupted. You first had assumed you had dreamed of the voice, but the moment you let your eyes close for a second time, it rang out again, but closer than before. "(Y/N)! (Y/N), are you out here?" You froze, eyes widening. You recognized that voice. Scrambling to your paws, you pushed your way through the ferns that concealed you and stood on the small overhang, scanning the dark mountainside for the voice's owner. (Y/N)!" There it was again, this time right behind you. You spun around, hackles raised. You suddenly wished you had stayed inside your makeshift den. An achingly familiar pair of green eyes stared back at you, every emotion imaginable fighting inside of them. "(Y/N), it's you! It's really you!" The dark ginger tom laughed happily, leaping down onto the ledge with a big grin on his face. You didn't share the same enthusiasm.

"What do you want?" You asked icily, glaring at him through narrowed eyes. He stared back at you, seemingly taken aback by your hostility. You continued to glare, refusing to let your guard down.

"I couldn't just let you leave, sister. You're my family, and family sticks together." His statement filled you with rage. How dare he say that when he wasn't willing to defend you from your wretch of a leader? You took a step forward, thrusting your muzzle into his face. Your brother swallowed hard, flattening his ears and taking a timid step back.

"Oh family sticks together, does it?" You growled lowly, a snarl rising in your throat. "You weren't saying that when I was being accused of a crime I didn't commit in front of the whole clan!" He gaped for a moment, working his jaw as if struggling to find the

right words. Finally he found his voice again, and his words came out as hollow and sad as a dead tree.

"I'm sorry, (Y/N). I really am. But there was nothing I could've said or done to change Leafstar's mind. You know how stubborn she is." *Do I ever.*

"I'm leaving, Sharpclaw," You muttered, turning away from him and leaping back on to the path below. "and I'm never coming back." You didn't care to apologize for the harshness of your tone. Why should you have to apologize for being angry over a false accusation?

"(Y/N), wait! I can fix this, alright? Just let me talk to Leafstar and I'm sure—"

"I said I'm *leaving,* Sharpclaw!" You snarled, spinning around on your hackles to glare at your brother. "Nothing you say or do will make me want to return to the gorge. I never belonged in a stupid clan to begin with. I'm better off on my own." You saw the tears began to brim in the corners of Sharpclaw's eyes, and you lowered your gaze and let your fur lay flat. "I'm sorry." The dark ginger deputy bowed his head somberly, a few stray tears falling to the ground.

"I understand," He murmured. "Just promise me one thing." You blinked, narrowing your eyes once again.

"What?"

"Promise me that when all is said and done, you'll find me again." You stood still, every emotion possible fighting within you. As hard as it was to accept, you knew what he meant. And as painful as it was to think about, you knew you would find him again, after many years.

"I will." Sharpclaw smiled sadly, then turned away and slowly climbed back up to the path above.

"Goodbye, (Y/N). May StarClan light your path." Then, your brother disappeared into the night like a ghost, leaving you on the lonely

mountainside.

Wow, this was actually painful to write. I caught myself tearing up a few times. At least I know I'm not dead on the inside, I guess.

Leaving a vote and a nice comment really helps me out! If you have the time, please feel free to do so!

What The Future Holds ≫ Firestar x Sandstorm One-Shot

[image]

Art: Frutti

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• None

****

The handsome ginger tom sat on the top of the highrock, his green gaze traveling over the moon-bathed treetops. The cool greenleaf wind whistled softly through the still night, gently rippling through his thick fur. He sighed in content, closing his eyes and allowing it to take his fur. "Firestar? What are you still doing up?" A tired voice murmured from behind him. He blinked, turning his head to see his mate climbing up the rock. He smiled softly at her, scooting over slightly so she had some room.

"I can't sleep," He confessed, shuffling his paws. "Ever since the battle, I've been worried." The pale ginger she-cat blinked, her warm green eyes full of concern and love. She pressed herself to his flank, gently nestling her head into his shoulder.

"What are you worried about, love? The clans won. BloodClan won't ever come to the forest again, and it's all thanks to you."

"That's the problem," He sighed fretfully, shaking his head. "What's going to happen to ThunderClan when I'm gone, Sandstorm? What if a cat worse than Scourge or Tigerstar comes around? What will they do then?" Sandstorm pressed herself closer to her mate, rasping her tongue over his shoulder.

"Don't worry about those things," She whispered, twining her tail with his. "Whatever the future holds, ThunderClan will prevail. Don't you trust Graystripe? What about your clan?" Firestar blinked, turning his gaze back to the swath of stars gathered above the trees. A hollow feeling filled his chest. *So close, yet so far.* He supposed all would fall into the paws of his warrior ancestors in the end, and the thought gave him some comfort.

"You're right. Everything falls into place in the end. Thank you, Sandstorm." Sandstorm smiled softly, leaning back into him. There was a brief moment of silence as the young couple sat together and watched the stars. Then Sandstorm sighed, and Firestar looked down. "What is it, my dear?"

"I worry about you, you know," She murmured, sounding far away, as if she was walking in a world only she knew. "You need to think of more than just being a leader, Firestar. You need to think of yourself. You need to think of *us."* Firestar was surprised, to say the least. Sandstorm was never one to let her emotions show this much.

"I do think about us. Every single moment."

"That's not what I mean. Firestar... Do you want kits?" If he was surprised before, he was utterly dumbfounded now. Sandstorm had never mentioned having kits with him before. *What in StarClan's name has gotten into her?*

"Sandstorm, you're scaring me. What's going on?" Sandstorm met his eyes, her green orbs glistening with tears of happiness. Firestar's jaw must've fell open in concern, because she rested her paw on his in a reassuring way before leaning in and pressing her nose to his.

"I'm going to have your kits!" Her voice was high-pitched, full of excitement, love, and every other positive emotion possible. Firestar leaped to his paws in shock, his own eyes filling with tears.

"You're... You're serious?"

"Yes!" Sandstorm sobbed, embracing the ThunderClan leader. "We're going to be parents, Firestar! Isn't it wonderful?" Firestar purred loudly, rubbing his cheek against his mate's.

"Oh Sandstorm, I couldn't be happier! You're going to be the best mother ever." Sandstorm's smile widened, and she pressed her tear-stained cheek to his.

"And you're going to be the best father." For the first time in days, every fear the young leader had diminished and was replaced by a warm feeling that spread from his paws to the tips of his ears. It no longer mattered what the future held; he had everything he had ever wanted and more.

****

They would've been the best couple in Warriors if it wasn't for Spottedleaf. The distaste I have for that cat is unimaginable >:(

Anyway, I hope you enjoyed this little one-shot! It wasn't as long as the others, but it's quality over quantity boi :p

Feel free to leave positive criticism and other nice comments! A vote helps me out, as well!

In His Heart There Is Still Light ≫ Scourge x Insecure! Female! Reader

[image]

Art: mokithewolf

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Insecurity issues

****

You stayed hidden in the shadows underneath a large cardboard box, watching the alley you called home come alive as the sun disappeared behind the rows of looming twoleg dens. You weren't fond of showing yourself around these cats, especially when BloodClan had plenty of beautiful, more well-built she-cats than you. They were flawless, and you looked like a rat that drowned in the smelly oily stuff that monsters sometimes left behind. Your fur was constantly plastered to your skin like a wet dog, you reeked of garbage, rotting meat, and stars knows what else, and your ribs and cheek bones stuck out of your frail pelt like a corpse. Both of your ears were shredded from countless fights, and a long, ugly scar ran from the top of the right side of your head down to your shoulder. You had gained it in a nasty fight with another stray over some meat a twoleg had discarded. You lost of course, and you had the missing eye and the inability to hold a conversation to prove it. Your name around the alley and further was Flea, even though the name you were given by your mother was (Y/N). The only reason you weren't laying in a ditch somewhere with rats eating your flesh was because a black tom with a red collar decorated with teeth had found you and allowed you to sleep in his alley and eat his food.

You could only assume he had taken pity on you. *Why else would someone give a hideous cripple like me a home?* An itch started up behind your ear, and you took your back claws to it, tearing free clumps of bloody fur and fleas. You whimpered in misery, giving your head a rough shake. You were always itchy, sore, or sick. Why did life have to treat you like this?

A shadow passed over the sparsely-covered box, causing you to jump and scramble back as far as you could. Images of the vicious stray you had fought moons before leaked into your mind, sending you into a downward spiral. Was he finally back to finish you off? "(Y/N), come out. I'd like to have a word with you." You stopped trembling, blinking a few times to clear the goop from your eyes. You knew that voice— It was the first one that showed you anything other than disgust. *"Now,* (Y/N)." Hastily you scrambled to your paws, wincing as sharp pain shot up your gangly limbs.

"Y-yes, sir?" You meowed timidly as you came face-to-face with none other than the cat with the macabre collar. His icy-blue gaze travelled over you for a moment, as if trying to decide if whatever he was about to tell you was worth it, or if he would finally kick you out of BloodClan and let you die alone on the streets. Not that you could blame him.

"Follow me." He meowed coldly. *This is it,* You thought fearfully as you followed your leader across the stinking wet alley to the large scrapcan he slept under. *He's going to kick me out. Either that or kill me.* Maybe the latter would be better. But as you slipped under the only dry space in the alley, you knew neither of those things were going to happen. Not yet, anyway. As you sat down on some old scraps of material, the intimidating black tom turned to face you. "Are you happy in BloodClan, (Y/N)?"

"Y-yes, s-sir," You stammered, fighting the urge to turn and bolt for your box. "V-very happy..." He stared you down blankly, a strangely calculating look that you couldn't describe.

"My name is Scourge. Not sir."

"O-oh... Right, of course... Yes, Scourge." He nodded once, acknowledging your apology. You relaxed slightly, strangely

comforted by his sudden lack of authority.

"There's nothing to be afraid of here, (Y/N). You're BloodClan. You're one of us. Do you know why I accepted you into my clan?" You swallowed hard, afraid to give the wrong answer. Scourge was never the friendly type, and you were worried the slightest mistake could change his whole demeanor. Still, you took a deep breath and sat up straight.

"I always thought it was because... Because you pitied me..." Scourge continued to stare at you unblinkingly. Then, much to your surprise, a small smile crossed his slender face. A cold, emotionless smile, but a smile nonetheless.

"If I pitied you, I would've just killed you on the spot. No, (Y/N)— I let you join BloodClan because we needed a cat like you." Your mouth fell agape slightly. Scourge thought he needed *you?* You couldn't help but to chuckle dryly. Out of all the cats that roamed these streets, he needed *you?* Your leader tipped his head slightly, raising an eyebrow. "Is something amusing?"

"Oh, just the fact that you think I'm needed anywhere," You purred with a new burst of confidence you hadn't felt in years. "A dead rat couldn't make use of me. Why do you think I'm needed in BloodClan?" Scourge sighed, and you noticed the slight sag in his shoulders.

"You can't keep doing this to yourself, (Y/N). You have to believe me when I tell you that *you are needed.* You hold an important role in BloodClan life. You search for food despite your misgivings, you defend our territory despite your trauma, and you show great respect to the cats who adopted you," He lowered his voice and leaned forward, as if making sure no one outside his shelter could hear him. "If I'm being honest, I feel like the only reason the others stick around is because they're either too frightened to try and leave, or they'd die out there on their own. You've proven time and time again that you're a survivor, (Y/N). You lived on those streets for moons and lived through all sorts of horrific incidents. Do you see now? BloodClan needs you, (Y/N). *I* need you." You looked away, fighting back the tears that brimmed in your single eye. Scourge noticed this and sighed again, moving just a little closer to

you. "Keep being you, (Y/N). Beautiful or not, you're a BloodClan warrior, and you always will be." You nodded, looking at your paws. Despite the darkness that had taken over long ago, Scourge still had light in his heart, and he was willing to open up and show it to you. You looked back up at him, a small smile forming on your scarred face. You were grateful for that.

****

I'll be honest, I've never really liked Scourge that much. He's basically an edgy OC that somehow found his way into the books for a brief time xD No offense to all you Scourge lovers out there. It's just my opinion.

Remember to check if requests are open before asking for one, and leave a nice comment and a vote! Feedback is always appreciated!

My Favorite Cat ≫ Brightheart x Male! Reader

[image]

Art: hatahound

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• None

****

You breathed in the soft evening air as you traversed the well-worn path through the forest, mindful of the way the grass gently brushed your flanks. It was a beautiful evening in ThunderClan, made even more beautiful by the she-cat walking next to you. "It's so pretty out here," She breathed, her single blue eye lighting up with wonder. "I still can't believe it, even after all these moons." You felt your nose turn a darker shade at the sound of her genuine voice.

"Not as pretty as you." She turned to face you, and you once again found yourself getting lost in that gorgeous blue orb.

"You're such a flirt, aren't you?" She purred, gently nudging you forward with her shoulder. "Come on, fluff-brain. You promised me a juicy mouse, remember?" You chuckled, allowing the ginger-and-white she-cat to guide you deeper into the forest.

"Yeah. I remember." You both crested a small hill where a tiny stream ran by. You turned to look at your companion, tickling her shoulder with your tail-tip to get her attention. "This is the place," You purred, chuckling slightly at her innocent expression. "Do you want to drive them from their nest and I can grab as many as I

can?"

"Sure," The scarred she-cat said with a shrug. "No matter what, we're still feeding the clan." You nodded in agreement, then leaped onto the other side of the stream and stood in front of the grassy burrow. Brightheart crept up behind it, then slapped the top with a paw. All at once mice began scurrying out in a daze, and you were able to pick off four or five of them. "Nice catch fluff-brain," Your friend purred, raising an eyebrow. "Have you figured out how you're going to fix your poison ivy problem?" You blinked, genuinely confused. That's when you looked down and realized that the prey had chosen a spot next to a patch of the itchy plant, and you had walked straight into it.

****

"Done." Cinderpelt meowed with satisfaction, stepping back to admire her work. You groaned, collapsing into the soft moss as the intense itching finally subsided. The crippled medicine cat raised and eyebrow, shaking her head in amusement. "I admire your determination to make sure your clan is well-fed, (Y/N). I don't know any other warriors who would go romping through a poison ivy patch to get a few mice." You rolled your eyes, biting back a stinging retort.

"Leafbare is coming," You reminded her solemnly. "Warriors need to hunt as much as they possibly can. Without cats like us, the cold moons would be much—" The lichen covering Cinderpelt's den rustled, and a familiar scarred ginger-and-white head popped inside. You smiled softly, your ears warming up. There was nothing that could ever go wrong for you that Brightheart couldn't make better.

"Is he okay?" She meowed anxiously, her blue eye clouded with concern.

"(Y/N) will be fine," Cinderpelt announced professionally, padding across the den to greet her sister. She flashed you an annoyed look, her tail-tip twitching. "A bit egotistical, but fine." You chuckled slightly, ears flattening with embarrassment.

"What can I say? I am the greatest cat in the whole forest." Brightheart smiled softly, padding across the den and gently nuzzling your cheek with her nose.

"You are in my eye," She murmured. "You *are* my favorite cat, after all." You felt your nose turn a few shades darker, chuckling under your breath at the thought of this kind of attention from a she-cat as pretty as Brightheart. Cinderpelt smiled, taking a step towards the den entrance.

"I think I'll go see if I can find anymore catmint." Once she was gone, Brightheart leaned down and gave you a soft lick on the cheek, a purr rising in her throat. If your nose was dark before, it was the color of the blood in your veins now. The cat you had loved in secret for so many moons just licked your cheek in the most affectionate way possible.

"Brightheart?" You meowed once she had pulled away from you.

"Hm?" She hummed in response, ripping her head off to the side."

"You're my favorite cat, too." She smiled, her nose turning a darker shade of pink.

"I'm glad. Thank you, (Y/N)."

****

Brightheart is the G.O.A.T . I felt so bad for her after the accident T-T

I am still halfway asleep, so I apologize for any errors or anything like that xD Life is hard when you have to work.

I'll try to get some more one-shots written tonight since I don't work on weekends. We'll see, though

Stay Alive ≫ Firestar x Dying! Daughter! Reader x Sandstorm (PLATONIC)

[image]

Art: mandareeboo

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Some gore
• Angst
• Death

Edit: Yes, this chapter is based off of Hamilton. You can stop asking asking about it now

****

You weren't even sure what had happened at first. All you knew was that ShadowClan scent had been found rather deep into ThunderClan territory, so Firestar had sent you, Cloudtail, Rosepetal, Thornclaw, and Brackenfur to patrol the area and see if you could find any further evidence before he decided to confront Blackstar. The five of you had set out late into the evening and arrived at your destination, where Cloudtail announced that the scent was much stronger than it had been the day before. Everything after that was a blur. Scorchfur leaped out of nowhere and tackled the white warrior to the ground, shredding his ear. You moved to defend your clanmate, but Ratscar was on top of you before you could jump on the gray tom. Five other ShadowClan warriors made their appearance and it became quite clear that your patrol was outnumbered. Rosepetal suddenly let out a screech of

pain and you managed to throw Ratscar off of your back and race to her aid. Applefur had the cream-colored she-cat pinned by her neck, ready to slash her throat. You sprang onto the ShadowClan she-cat's back, shredding her ear and clawing one of her eyes. Applefur had thrown you off in a rage, and before you could get up, she sank her teeth deep into the back of your neck. Now you were being carried hastily back to camp by Lionblaze and Foxleap, dark, thick blood staining the snowy ground crimson.

Firestar's POV

Firestar emerged from his den, shaking scraps of moss from his pelt. There appeared to be a commotion in the camp, as every ThunderClan cat was anxiously pacing about, hackles raised and eyes wide with horror. "You mean Firestar's daughter?" Someone murmured quietly as the leader made his way down to the assembled crowd. His ears perked up at that. *Which daughter?*

"What's going on?" Firestar asked, maintaining a collected stance. His clan seemed to suddenly notice his presence, because everyone began muttering amongst themselves, sorrow in their eyes.

"It's (Y/N)," Lionblaze meowed slowly, approaching the front of the crowd. "She's..." He trailed off, swallowing as of a thorn was lodged in his throat. Suddenly, all of Firestar's composure was gone.

"What about (Y/N)?" He demanded, noticing Rosepetal's deep wounds. "What's happened to her?" Once again, Lionblaze sighed sadly, shaking his head. He looked back at Foxleap, who timidly stepped forward and bowed his head.

"(Y/N) was gravely injured by Applefur during a border skirmish," He meowed quietly, as if speaking too loud would fracture the very ground they were standing on. "Jayfeather is taking care of her. She was—" Firestar didn't wait to hear another word. With a snarl he shoved past Foxleap, galloping toward the medicine den like his life depended on it. He charged past Leafpool and Squirrelflight, who were sitting together with somber expressions. Jayfeather emerged from his den, turning just in time to see Firestar hurtling toward him.

"Where is my daughter!?" He demanded desperately, his tone rising with panic. The blind tom blinked in surprise, then regained his composure.

"Firestar, come in. They brought her in a half an hour ago. She lost a lot of blood on the way over—"

"Is she alive!?" Firestar demanded once more, his voice trembling like an aspen. The thought of one of his kits bleeding out made him sick. Jayfeather looked down, his ears flattening and pain crossing his slender face.

"Yes," He replied calmly, struggling to stop his voice from cracking. "but you have to understand, Applefur bit straight into her neck and broke the bone." Firestar felt his heart plummet into his chest, and he wanted to turn away and vomit.

"Can I see her, please!?" Jayfeather stepped off to the side, granting his leader access into his den.

"I'm doing everything I can," He meowed quietly, sorrow lacing his voice. "but the wound was already infected when she arrived." Firestar pushed his way through the lichen, tears forming in his eyes as he saw what lay before him. It was (Y/N). She was laying on her side, flank rising and falling as she took each shuddering, anguish-filled breath. Her (F/C) fur was stained with blood, and a good-sized pool of the crimson liquid resided under her head and decorated the moss around her. The ThunderClan leader timidly approached his daughter, one of his tears falling onto her cheek.

"(Y/N)..." He whispered, creeping forward and gently resting his paw on hers. She stirred slightly, her (E/C) orbs flickering open and focusing on her father. She smiled weakly, tears streaming down her bloodstained face.

"D-dad..." She croaked, blood dribbling down her chin. Despite that, her smile never faltered. "I did exactly as you said, dad... I held my head up high..." Firestar forced a sad smile, gently pressing his nose to (Y/N)'s cheek.

"I know," He whispered, gently nuzzling her in hopes to show how

proud he was of his daughter. "I know; you did everything just right..." She smiled again, slowly raising her head to look at him. Firestar stared back, pain ripping into his heart like claws. *You didn't deserve this!*

"Even before we got to touch..." She gasped, allowing her head to fall back again. "I was defending my clan... I saved Rosepetal..." She wheezed and more blood sprayed the ground in front of her muzzle. Firestar rested his chin on her head, gently shushing her like he used to when she was a kit afraid of a thunderstorm.

"I know, love, I know. Just relax, okay? You need to save your energy. You need to stay al—" A horrified cry tore through the air. Firestar whirled around to see Sandstorm standing behind him, her green eyes wide and filled with tears of pain and fear.

"Sandstorm—" His mate rushed past him, crouching by (Y/N) and nuzzling her cheek.

"Is she going to be okay!?" She demanded, her voice cracking. Firestar slowly opened his jaws to reply, but Sandstorm didn't seem to be in the mood for listening. "Who did this, Firestar!? Who hurt our (Y/N)!?" The leader's throat felt drier than sun-bleached prey bones. Suddenly (Y/N) reached out for her mother with a paw, resting it on Sandstorm's shoulder. The pale ginger she-cat turned to look at the (F/C) warrior, tears brimming in her eyes.

"M-mom..." (Y/N) whispered, clearly struggling to speak as blood filled her throat. "I'm so sorry for forgetting what you taught me..."

"Oh, my daughter..." Sandstorm whimpered, licking (Y/N)'s torn ear. (Y/N) shuddered as another painful spasm wracked her, causing more blood to stream from her mouth.

"We used to practice hunting, remember?" The injured she-cat murmured, her cloudy (E/C) eyes flooding with happiness at the memories. Sandstorm smiled sadly, purring.

"I remember. You would always get voles confused with shrews. I would always have to remind you..." Her voice cracked, and a soft sob escaped her. (Y/N) smiled weakly, her breathing slowly

beginning to settle.

"I would always try to catch the biggest vole I could find because... Because I knew they were dad's favorite..." Firestar winced, his heart twisting in his chest. He never knew that's why (Y/N) was always so determined to catch voles over any other prey. He suddenly wished he had spoken to his kits more.

"I know," Sandstorm whispered, settling down beside her daughter and resting her chin on her shoulder. "I know..." She took a deep breath, then, to Firestar's surprise, she began to sing.

"You are my sunshine, my only sunshine. You make me happy when skies are gray..." (Y/N) smiled, her eyes beginning to close as she sang the next part of the lullaby in a tired, broken voice.

"You'll never know, dear, how much I love you..." Sandstorm smiled, closing her eyes and cuddling closer to her kit.

"Please don't take my sunshine away." (Y/N) had fallen completely still. Her flank no longer rose in shuddering breaths. In fact, it no longer rose at all. Sandstorm opened her eyes, noticing the lack of movement beneath her. She sat up, gently cradling (Y/N) underneath her. Fear crossed her eyes, and the tears began flowing again. She leaned in a little closer, her nose touching (Y/N)'s. "Please don't take my sunshine away..." The wounded she-cat didn't make a sound. Sandstorm's face slowly twisted into an expression of unimaginable pain. Firestar turned away, unable to bear the horrendous sight before him. A loud, agonized scream ripped through the night air as Sandstorm collapsed on top of her daughter, sobbing uncontrollably and burying her face into the fallen warrior's fur. Firestar stared numbly at his paws. (Y/N) was gone.

****

I legit teared up writing the lullaby part. This song in Hamilton

never fails to break my soul T-T

I'm so tired, lol. I'm going to get some sleep before work

If you have a request, check to see if they're open and leave it in the comments! I'll get to it ASAP.

Because "I Love You" Isn't Enough ≫ Crowfeather x Female! Reader

[image]

Art: Theatricals

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Some angst

****

You sat alone at the freshkill pile, finishing off the last few bites of the grouse you had picked from the sparse remains of the day's hunting patrols. You and your patrol had taken a bit longer than usual checking the ThunderClan border, so you hadn't gotten the best chance at freshkill. Not that you were complaining, though— You got to spend a little extra time with the tom you had always found stronger than the rest, Crowfeather. Suddenly, as if the universe had read your thoughts, the slender dark blue-gray warrior stalked out of the dirtplace, his tail-tip twitching to and fro. You ducked your head, too flustered to meet his gaze or even look at him directly. He noticed you and nodded briskly in greeting, then strode past you as if you were just another gorse bush among the many that decorated the camp. A sharp pang of despair pierced your heart, causing your eyes to grow damp. It didn't seem to matter how hard you tried; he never noticed you or even acknowledged your existence. Suddenly feeling weary, you rose to your paws and retreated to your nest, curling up tight abs hoping none of your clanmates would notice the tears streaming down your

face.

Crowfeather's POV

Crowfeather watched (Y/N) curl up in her nest with her back turned to him. A longing ache rose up like docile flames around his heart, and he desperately wanted to rush to her side and tell her what had been on his mind for the past few moons. Ever since Nightcloud and Breezepelt had come to terms with themselves and forgiven him for his disloyalty, the WindClan deputy had began to realize that something was missing in his life: (Y/N). It had been (Y/N) all along. He turned away from her sleeping form hastily, claws biting into the springy heather. *How are you supposed to tell someone you love them when that has clearly never worked before?* He stalked toward the camp entrance, disguising his pain with anger as usual. *"I love you"* wasn't enough to save Feathertail. *"I love you"* wasn't enough to convince Leafpool to stay by his side. *"I love you"* had never been enough to rebuild Nightcloud's trust. What good would the same three words do for (Y/N)? *Love only gets you hurt in the end,* Crowfeather mused bitterly as he began running across the open moor. *What's the point of saying it out loud?*

He ran for what seemed like miles, but in reality, it couldn't have been more than a few minutes. He finally came to a stop at the end of the stream that marked the ThunderClan border, his broad chest heaving and his pads slick with sweat. Huffing, he trotted lightly to the small pool of clear water, hastily sweeping his gaze over the array of lush flora that grew there. *If I can't tell (Y/N) I love her, I'll just have to show her.*

Your POV

The next evening you returned to camp with your apprentice, Whistlepaw, padding beside you. The usual serenity of the day's end had settled on WindClan, and every cat young and old was sharing tongues and settling down to sleep. As you crossed the small clearing, you noticed a familiar sleek, dark blue-gray warrior standing next to the warriors' den, staring at you expectantly. You dropped the rabbit on the freshkill pile and nodded to Whistlepaw. "Choose some prey and go eat with your denmates. You did very well today." The gray tabby nodded her head excitedly, then raced

towards Songpaw and Flutterpaw with the shrew she had caught earlier still gripped in her jaws. You turned back to your long-time crush, approaching him nervously.

"Hey." He meowed monotonously when you reached him.

"H-hey," You stammered, tears beginning to brim in your eyes. "What's up?" The handsome deputy took a deep breath through his nose, letting it out quietly. You stared at him in silence, patiently waiting for his response. You'd never seen him act this way before; it had to be important.

"I... Have something for you, actually." He mumbled awkwardly, nodding his head behind the warriors' den. "Come on." You watched as he slipped behind the gorse bushes that made up the den, disappearing into the thick shrubs. Confused—and slightly frightened by his sudden change in personality— you followed him and emerged into a private area of camp where hardly anyone ever went. Crowfeather was standing several whisker-lengths ahead, his dark blue eyes brimming with every emotion possible. You could make out pain, fear, and most surprisingly, the gentle glow of compassion. "I...I didn't know how to tell you," He began nervously, taking in a shaky breath. "so I just decided to show you." He stepped off to the side, revealing the plumpest rabbit you had seen in moons and a bundle of wild roses. You looked back up at the tom you thought had no interest in you whatsoever, a tear slipping down your face.

"Crowfeather... You did all of this just for me...?" Crowfeather chuckled under his breath, a soft half-smile finding it's way onto his broad face.

"Yes. I'm... Not that good with feelings, (Y/N). I'm sorry I made you feel like you weren't enough. The truth is, you're more than enough. You're... You're everything to me, (Y/N). I wouldn't trade you for a million beautiful sunsets, every rabbit on the moor, or all the greenleaf sunshine. As long as I have you, I have everything." He paused, breathing in again, but more confident this time. "I guess what I'm trying to say is... I... I..." He stammered like an apprentice being scorned for stealing from the freshkill pile. You purred, the tears streaming freely down your face. With a single step forward,

you pressed yourself to his side and rubbed your cheek against his.

"I love you, too." You didn't need to hear it in words to know it was true. No one would go through the effort and stress Crowfeather had for someone they didn't care about. This was real, and you believed that with all the love in your heart. All the nights you had spent cold and alone would now be replaced by warmth and passion, something you could've only dreamed of before now. *I have everything now,* You realized as Crowfeather gently pushed you onto your back and touched his nose to yours. *and nothing could ever make me as happy.*

****

I'm so sorry I haven't written anything for the past few days. I've been dealing with a personal affair and it has taken up most of my free time. Thank you all for being so patient !

I like the way this one-shot turned out. Not too sappy, but not too dry, either. You know I don't play >:)

For What It's Worth ≫ Stormfur x Female! Reader

[image]

Art: Warrior Cats Designs

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Angst
• Mentioned death

****

It was raining again. You had lost count of how many times the sky had turned a miserable gray and cried since TigerClan's fall. It seemed like it had been wet and cold everywhere you went forever. You had received your warrior name merely two sunrises ago, but you couldn't find it in yourself to rejoice. Your dear father, the last living relative you had, was killed by Tigerstar's tyrant of a deputy while your leader just stood by and watched. Stormpaw and Featherpaw had been there, too. They had also witnessed the unimaginable horrors.

The wild rose you had dropped on the mound of dirt was begging to wither away in the rain, it's once lush and bright red petals now reduced to a dull, miserable color of their former beauty. You watched the color slowly disappear, an achingly numb feeling residing where your heart should've been. "I'm sorry dad," You whispered to the ground. "I'm sorry I let you down. You told me to be brave, and I turned away like a coward. It should've been me that died, not you." Thunder roared somewhere far off in the distance, and the rain began to fall harder. You watched as the last of the petals disappeared into your father's grave, your stomach twisting into a painful knot. *Why did it have to be you...?*

"(Y/N)..." A sad murmur, followed by the slight sensation of a tail sweeping down your spine pulled you from your thoughts. You blinked the last few tears from your eyes and looked up into a pair of tired amber eyes. Stormfur. Of course it had to be Stormfur.

"What?" You replied flatly. The half-clan tom's eyebrows raised in surprise. You continued to stare at him with nothing but annoyance, your teeth clenching together. You had grown to despise your former friend since he was given part of your father's name.

"I... I was worried about you," He began timidly, averting his gaze as if he was still an apprentice being scorned. "so I decided to see where you were. I...kinda figured you'd be here." He smiled nervously. You ignored him, turning your attention back to the disturbed earth. *I don't owe him anything. I don't have to talk to him.* Stormfur allowed the rain to fill the silence for another few heartbeats before taking a single step toward you and following your gaze to the recently-dug grave.

"Stonefur was the bravest cat I knew," He murmured distantly, as if lost in his memories. "I'm so proud to say I was his apprentice. He taught me so much. RiverClan was very lucky to have him as a warrior." You looked away, seething despite your soaked pelt. It wasn't fair that Stormfur got to spend more time with your father than you did when he was alive.

"Leopardstar named you in honor of my father," You replied harshly, turning to glare at your clanmate. "You better be the greatest warrior the forest has ever seen." The dark gray tom flinched at your tone, slowly looking back at the ground without saying a word. Then, he sighed softly and rested his tail-tip on yours.

"I'm so sorry, (Y/N). I'm sorry you've lost so much. It's not fair at all, and it's really not fair that I got named after your father before you. I wish things had turned out different. I really do." He fell silent again, turning his head to look at you with compassionate eyes full of genuine sympathy. "I didn't know your father like you did, (Y/N). But for what it's worth, I love him too." You stared at Stormfur for what felt like an eternity, tears brimming in your eyes and disappearing in the rainwater that streamed down your face. You

finally broke hold of his gaze, allowing your shoulders to slump in defeat. There was no point in hiding your emotions from anyone; they already knew you were hurting.

"Thank you Stormfur," You murmured tiredly. "That means a lot to me." Your friend smiled at you sadly, then gently twined his tail with yours. You accepted the comforting gesture and moved a little closer to him. The storm had finally began to settle down, and the downpour was reduced to a light sprinkle. The dark gray clouds slowly began to disperse, revealing the milky purple twilight that had been hiding behind them. For the first time since TigerClan's reign, you felt at peace.

"Let's go home." Stormfur meowed gently, nudging you to your paws. You obliged, allowing the dark gray tom to guide you back across the marshy clearing. Maybe what Stormfur had said was worth something; maybe all you needed was someone to lean on.

****

This didn't come out as good as my other one-shots IMO, but it's 5:30 in the morning and I didn't necessarily decide on a specific plot. I just kinda went with it

Remember, kids: If you're going to spend three hours writing, deleting, and rewriting a one-shot, do it before you're going to sleep

If I Trust You ≫ Rootspring x Abused! Female! Reader

[image]

Art: esquire

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Mentioned abuse
• Angst

****

Dark. Alone. You jolted wide awake, greedily sucking in mouthfuls of cool air. Every muscle in your body was tense, ready to aid you in a bloody fight for your life if necessary. You closed your eyes, taking in several slow, deep breaths. The feeling of the damp night air rushing into your throbbing lungs allowed you to relax slightly, and you allowed your claws to slide back into your toes. You were safe in the warriors' den, surrounded by your friends. You had nothing to fear logically, yet the pain of remembrance still clung to you like a massive, heavy burr. Your heart and mind were still scathed from the time you spent imprisoned by "Bramblestar" in ThunderClan, tending to his every need and desire. You swallowed a thick ball of saliva that had formed at the back of your throat. It was a painful thing to remember.

A soft breeze rippled across the ferns that obscured the entrance to the warriors' den, pulling you out of your broken mind. You blinked to clear the awful memories, a few stray tears slipping down your cheeks. *I have to get out of here,* You thought anxiously, suddenly aware of the stuffiness of the den's air. *I need fresh air.* Being as quiet as you possibly could, you rose to your paws and carefully

stepped over Plumwillow and Sandynose before weaving around a snoring Macgyver and stepping out into the empty clearing. You sighed, allowing your shoulders to slump and your tail to drag as you left camp and ascended the small ridge into the forest. It seemed like you hadn't slept in moons. Ever since you had been returned to your clan after Ashfur's defeat, nothing felt right. Your body ached where claws and teeth had pierced, and the loss of your innocence plagued you whenever you closed your eyes. As you finally settled underneath an ancient oak tree at the edge of a ravine, you couldn't help but to wish you had just died. At least that way, your clanmates wouldn't have to suffer for your trauma.

You were on the verge of drifting off once more when a twig snapping jerked you back into reality. Heart pounding, you sat bolt-upright, swiveling your head in every direction as you searched the darkness in a panic for a familiar pair of amber eyes. But the eyes you finally located were a soft sky-blue, and their owner was anything but menacing. "Oh. It's you, Rootspring." The yellow tabby chuckled uncomfortably, shuffling his paws in the dewy grass.

"You don't sound very happy to see me. I'll just... Go." He turned to leave, but you sprang to your paws and raced over to him, almost in a panic.

"W-wait! I didn't mean it like that! I-I just... I just..." Your eyes started to well with tears as the realization of how alone you truly felt came crashing over you. You had never felt that way until you were returned to SkyClan after nearly a moon of torture and abuse.

Rootspring's sky-blue eyes widened slightly, and he outstretched a paw and took a small step toward you. "Hey, take it easy, alright? I wasn't mad, I just didn't want to bother you." He noticed the wetness of your eyes, and his shocked expression twisted into one of concern. "What are you doing out here, anyway? It's the middle of the night. Aren't you cold?" You sniffled, unable to make a sound, so you just nodded feebly and looked at your paws. He nodded in understanding, a small sigh escaping him. "I'm sorry, (Y/N). I'm sorry you had to go through that. If there was something, *anything,* I could've done to prevent it, then I would have. I can't even imagine how much suffering you endured." A distant light blazed over the treetops, and you looked up to see a shooting star racing through

the night sky like a cat made of fire. *I wish it didn't hurt this much.*

"I'm scared," You confessed quietly, padding over to the ravine's edge and plopping down. "I can't trust anyone anymore. Everywhere I look, I see *him.* In puddles of rainwater, in the treetops, even in the sky. I can't sleep anymore, and I'm afraid I never will again." You looked down, gazing into the seemingly endless darkness of the chasm below you. "I'm not sure how much longer I can go on like this." Rootspring allowed the soft breeze and the crickets to fill the silence for a moment, then he reached forward and gently rested a paw on your shoulder.

"It's okay to be scared, (Y/N). You've been through a lot. Any cat who went through that would be scared and less trusting. No one is holding it against you."

"How do you know that?" You whispered, turning your head to look into his stunning blue orbs. "How can you be certain our clanmates don't see me as some traitorous Tigerstar knockoff? What makes you think there's not at least one cat in the forest that thinks I'm a rotten piece of crowfood?" Rootspring's eyes glistened with pain at your words, and you could've sworn you saw one or two tears metastasize in them.

"Because they just aren't. Nothing that happened was your fault, (Y/N). Everyone knows that. They blamed Ashfur, not you." His tone was so gentle and reassuring, you almost threw yourself into his embrace, but you stopped yourself. You felt guilty for feeling this way, but you just couldn't bring yourself to trust him. You knew Rootspring was a good warrior with a kind heart, but your trauma forced you back into the shadows of caution.

"If I trust you," You began slowly, your voice cracking with emotion. "will you promise me you will never hurt me the same ways he did?" The yellow warrior blinked, but his expression slowly melted into one of genuine love.

"I promise, (Y/N). I promise I would never hurt you on purpose. You know that." Somewhere deep down, you did know, but the thought of being hurt all over again horrified you. You looked back into the ravine, then back at Rootspring.

"Okay," You decided, offering your friend a small smile. "I'll give you a chance."

"I'm glad." He meowed, twining his tail with yours. "We'll make this work, (Y/N). You'll see."

****

I love Rootspring so much. I was kinda crushing on him during TBC, not gonna lie xD

Hey, don't look at me like that. You're the one reading this book

I sincerely hope you enjoyed this one-shot, because I really enjoyed writing it! I'll be working on a request from one of my pawsome readers next, so keep a look out for that!

To Whom It May Concern ≫ Honeyfern x Female! Reader (PLATONIC)

[image]

Art: wavey

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Some angst

This is a request for the wonderful Pinestripe37! I truly hope you enjoy your one-shot, and I appreciate your request!

****

You returned to camp with a small vole and two mice dangling from your jaws, and resentment clinging to your fur like pine sap. You had been having a peaceful hunt with Thornclaw, Cinderheart, Icecloud and Hollyleaf, then the little black-furred hairball decided it would be a great idea to harshly criticize you on your hunting form and lecture you about how leafbare was coming, and the clan needed as much prey as possible. You had taken her criticism with a forced smile to avoid an unnecessary fight, but the lack of telling her off had left you irritated and somber.

"Go choose some prey and come sit with me and Hollyleaf, (Y/N)!" Cinderheart called cheerily from her place outside the warriors' den. "It'll be fun!" You wrinkled your nose in disgust, glaring at the gray she-cat.

"No thanks." You replied flatly. You turned away, pretending to not

see the look of hurt that flashed across her face. *They'll be fine without me,* You thought resentfully as you slipped into the warriors' den and flopped down into your nest. *Everyone would be fine without me.* You closed your eyes, allowing sleep to get the better of you and pull you into a swath of welcoming darkness. The only place you could ever be happy.

You couldn't have been asleep for more than a few minutes when the sensation of a warm paw resting on your shoulder roused you. Irritated, you raised your head and glared sleepily over your shoulder. "What?" You had expected to see Cinderheart or Hollyleaf demanding an explanation, but you were surprised to see your best friend, Honeyfern, staring down at you. You averted your gaze, embarrassment flooding your face. You should've known it was her. No other cat bothered to be so gentle with you.

"Cinderheart told me you gave her the cold shoulder awhile ago. What happened?" You sighed harshly, sitting up and shaking your head to unfold your left ear. Why did she care so much? Had Cinderheart been that hurt?

"It's not your sister I'm mad at," You mumbled, still half-asleep. "Just don't worry about it, okay? It's no big deal." Honeyfern twitched an ear impatiently.

"I'm not going to stop worrying until you tell me, (Y/N). My best friend is hurting, and I'll do whatever it takes to see her smile again." She must've noticed your unamused expression, because she gave you the stare of a kit begging for milk and whined, *"Pleeeaassse?"* You stared at her for a moment, then sighed in defeat and shook your head. There was no arguing with Honeyfern when she was determined.

"Hollyleaf started being Hollyleaf during our hunt," You grumbled, feeling worse as you recounted the details of the unpleasant experience. "She told me I look like a half-drowned badger when I pounce. I don't understand what the big deal is. I caught the stupid vole. Every cat in this clan treats me like a mouse-brained apprentice. They act like I can't do anything right, and I'm starting to think they might be right. Maybe I just don't belong in ThunderClan. Maybe I'm better off as a fat kittypet. I don't think

anyone would miss me much." Honeyfern blinked, clearly taken aback by your rant. She sighed deeply, sadly, then she reached forward with a paw and rested it on yours.

"Cats will talk," She meowed gently, "but that doesn't mean what they say is true. You're one of the best warriors in the whole forest, (Y/N). Hollyleaf is probably just jealous. So don't ever think you're useless, okay? Because even if no one else can see it, you'll always be the greatest warrior who ever lived to me." Warm tears brimmed in your tired eyes, and you felt your heart grow ten times lighter.

"Do you really mean that, Honeyfern?" You meowed softly, reaching up and wiping away the tears with your paw.

Honeyfern smiled softly. "Of course I do, mouse-brain. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have a conversation that needs attending to." She rose to her paws and winked before disappearing outside. You weren't exactly sure what Honeyfern did, but you heard a snarl from who you could only assume was Hollyleaf, followed by the black she-cat stomping furiously into the den and curling up in her nest without a single word. Your best friend returned seconds later, sporting a proud and amused grin.

"What did you do?" You laughed quietly, not wanting to wake the sleeping badger.

"Oh, nothing much," The light brown tabby meowed coyly with a shrug. "I just let her know that friends stick together." You laughed harder, touching your nose to Honeyfern's forehead in a gesture of friendship. She purred, returning the favor before giving you a playful cuff over the ear. "Alright, we've had our fun. Let's get some sleep. We have a patrol to go on tomorrow." She winked, and you caught on to her revenge plan. You smiled, laying down in your nest and making room for your dear friend. She joined you a moment later, resting her chin on your neck.

"Goodnight, Honeyfern," You murmured, your eyelids already growing heavy with sleep. "Thank you for being concerned about me." Honeyfern chuckled, touching her nose to your ear before resting her head next to yours.

"You're welcome. Goodnight, (Y/N). I'll always be by your side." You smiled, happiness making you feel like your chest was about to burst. *I know you will.*

****

Tell me that's not something Hollyleaf would actually do xD She's prob my least favorite character in the books.

Thanks again for requesting, Pinestripe! I hope it met your expectations!

Alright, I'm off to bed. I'm so tired I can't move T-T I'll try to write more later today.

Love At First Bite ≫ Silverstream x Male! Reader

[image]

Art: VanyCat

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Minor gore

****

You threw yourself into the RiverClan warrior, knocking them off their paws and successfully freeing Mousefur from their grasp. The dusky-brown she-cat was bleeding heavily from a deep gash on her shoulder, and her green eyes were hazy with pain. You nudged her to her paws, jerking your muzzle in the direction of ThunderClan camp. "Quick, Mousefur! Run!" Mousefur heaved herself to her paws with a grunt, then disappeared into the thick shadows of night. You were too busy making sure she fled safely from the scene of the battle to notice the silver-and-white tabby sneaking up behind you. All you had time to register before she pounced on your back and sank her claws into your shoulders was the flash of her blue eyes in the dark and the weight that sent you crashing to the ground. With a deep-throated snarl, you vaulted yourself upward, throwing your attacker off your back with ease. You whirled around, squinting through the blood that was dripping into your eyes, but you froze in place. It was the pretty silver she-cat you'd seen at gatherings. You didn't know much about her, but you'd heard her name mentioned several times. *Silverstream.* She took full advantage of your stupidly-timed admiration, lunging forward and sinking her teeth into your ear. You let out a screech of pain and fought against her grasp, but

to no avail. She released her grip with a harsh pull of her head, tearing a chunk of your left ear away with it. You hissed through gritted teeth, thrusting your hind paws into her slender belly. She toppled backward, landing on the wet stone with a splat. You sprang back to your paws, grimacing as a spurt of crimson sprayed from your torn ear. "You're on ThunderClan territory!" You snarled, rounding on her like a fox. "Get out of here before I have to hurt you!" In all honesty, you didn't want to hurt her worse than you already had. Even though she was from a rival clan — and you hated to admit this — you had always admired her strength and beauty.

Silverstream laughed harshly, unsheathing her claws and taking a step back in preparation to lunge for you again. "Oh no, (Y/N). I believe you will be the one leaving." She thrusted herself off her hind paws, reaching for you with outstretched claws. Suddenly, a flash of pale gray fur shot out in front of you, and Silverstream hit the ground with a loud grunt. Once the sprays of water cleared, you saw that Willowpelt had managed to tackle your rival just in the knick of time.

"Not if I can help it!" Your denmate growled, thrusting her muzzle into the RiverClan she-cat's face with a snarl. "Let this be a learning experience, fish-breath. When you mess with one ThunderClan warrior, you mess with all of us. Don't pick fights you won't be able to win." Willowpelt gave Silverstream a single swipe across her muzzle, then stepped off to the side and allowed the silver tabby to scramble back to her paws. She glared at you both, her hackles raised and shoulders spiky. She looked as if she were about to make another move, but before she could, a furious, grudge-filled snarl rang out across the clearing.

"RiverClan, retreat!"

The young RiverClan warrior narrowed her deep blue eyes, taking a deep breath and forcing her fur to lay flat. "Victory belongs to ThunderClan today," She growled lowly, "but next time, RiverClan will tear your pelt to shreds."

Willowpelt snorted, taking a step toward Silverstream and curling her lips back in a snarl. "We'll see about that, fish-face." The pretty

silver tabby turned away, then cast you one last hatred-filled glance over her shoulder before charging after the defeated RiverClan warriors and into the darkness on the other side of Sunningrocks. Willowpelt relaxed once she was out of sight, then turned to you with a concerned expression.

"Are you alright? Your ear is bleeding pretty bad."

You blinked, finally tearing your gaze away from the place where Silverstream had disappeared. "Huh? Oh, yeah. I'm fine. Thanks, Willowpelt." You began limping back across the bloodstained rocks to join your clanmates in a victorious yowl, and Willowpelt trotted up beside you.

"Who was that?" The younger warrior asked curiously just as you both reached your fellow warriors. You looked over your shoulder one last time to RiverClan's side of Sunningrocks, a strange hollowness opening in your chest.

"I'm... Not really sure."

****

Nearly seven moons had passed since the battle over Sunningrocks, and life had returned to normal in ThunderClan. Leafbare came and went as usual, taking its hardships with it. Patrols were catching more prey than ThunderClan had seen in moons, and Willowpelt had even settled down with Whitestorm and given birth to a litter of his kits, who had all been made apprentices. Sunningrocks still belonged to ThunderClan, and so far, RiverClan hasn't made any further attempts to reclaim them. Your left ear had never fully healed, but despite the very visible damage to your body, you couldn't help but to feel at peace.

That was, until one evening.

You were on one last border patrol with Whitestorm, Brightpaw, and Sandstorm one evening just as the sun was sinking below the trees when the very familiar — and very strong — smell of a cat you hadn't seen or heard of in moons touched your tongue. You paused, sniffing the air. Whitestorm paused as well when he

realized you were no longer following the patrol. "Is something the matter, (Y/N)?" He asked with a quizzical raise of his eyebrow. Sandstorm and Brightpaw had stopped as well, tilting their heads at you.

"Oh! Uh, n-no, nothing's wrong! I think I can smell a whole nest of voles over here," You pointed to a thick hazel shrub with your paw, praying your anxiety didn't show too much. "You guys head back. I'll catch up with you later." All three of your clanmates exchanged confused looks, but eventually, Whitestorm dipped his head and wished you luck on your hunt before leading the she-cats into the forest. You let out the breath you had been holding in a relieved sigh, then padded over to the dense shrub and peered inside. "Hello?" No answer. "I know you're in there, Silverstream. You might as well come— *Ack!"* You couldn't help but to cry out in shock as a weight crashed down on top of you, driving your muzzle right into the dirt.

"You really need to work on your awareness," A familiar voice purred like silk in your ear. "A newborn kit could've seen me behind that tree." You bristled, both out of annoyance and alarm. What in StarClan's holy name was she planning on doing?

"Alright, alright, you got me. You win. Now can you please get off of me?" She obliged, leaping off to the side and stroking her tongue across her paw several times. "What are you doing here?" You hissed, padding over to her. "If someone sees you, you're crowfood!"

She blinked, clearly unfazed. "You've seen me. Why haven't you run back to your camp yowling about a RiverClan intruder?"

"You didn't answer my question," You retorted, ears warming up to a painfully hot degree. "Why are you on ThunderClan territory?" The gorgeous RiverClan warrior smiled, then burst out in a fit of giggles. You stared at her, frozen in place by her unexpected reaction, and the way the fading sunlight lit up the features of her face. She stopped giggling, then rose to her paws and strode right up to you, as if you were an old friend. You felt your breath hitch in your throat. *She's even prettier up close.*

"I came all this way to see you, minnow-brain. I told you I'd get my

revenge, didn't I?" Now you were more confused than you had ever been in your entire life.

"W-what? How is this revenge?" You sputtered, taking a step back. "We fought each other! Why do you want anything to do with me? We're from different clans! Why—"

"Oh, take it easy, you great lump!" Silverstream laughed, the joyous sound reverberating through the small clearing. "No one needs to know I was here. In fact, no one ever will know. Can you keep a secret, (Y/N)?" You stared at her, completely dumbfounded. This situation was getting weirder by the second.

"I-I guess so."

Silverstream grinned, her dreamy blue eyes lighting up with excitement. "Great! I think you're really cool, (Y/N). I know I haven't made it obvious, but I've noticed you quite a bit. I'd been thinking about approaching you at a gathering before, but I was too nervous." Suddenly, her confident demeanor slipped away, revealing the shy and insecure cat underneath. "After seeing you defend your friend in the battle for Sunningrocks, I couldn't stop thinking about you. You seem so kind and genuine, unlike any cat in my clan." She took a deep breath, a chuckle escaping her. "You know how RiverClan cats can be."

Despite the situation, you found yourself chuckling, as well. "Yeah. And you know ThunderClan: Fuzz-brained mouse-munchers who can't see past their own noses." Silverstream started laughing again, and you joined her. Soon, the forest that surrounded you was filled with the sound of your joy. It was a nice feeling.

"Well," Silverstream purred once your laughter died down. "It was nice talking to you, (Y/N). I better get back to RiverClan before I'm missed." You were almost sad that she had to leave. You could've spent all night talking and joking with her. It had been a long time since you'd felt so at ease with someone. She noticed your faltering smile and stepped forward, gently licking your cheek. You froze, your face heating up like a raging fire. Silverstream laughed one more time, taking several steps back toward the RiverClan border. "Goodnight, (Y/N). Meet me at Fourtrees tomorrow night!" Then,

she turned and bounded up the slope and into the willow trees beyond.

"Uh... Yeah!" You called after her, still recovering from the unexpected interaction mere moments before. "I'll definitely be there!" But as you turned and began making your way back through the dimly lit forest, you couldn't shake the looming guilt and anxiety.

StarClan, help me. What have I gotten myself into this time?

****

Wooww, this one was super long! It took me all day to write xD It turned out pretty good, though!

Dang , (Y/N)! Back at it again with the Graystripe stuff . Lol, just kidding. You're relationship with Silver is pretty cute!

Part two will be up sometime in the near future. I don't know when, but I promise it's coming, so stay tuned!

P.S, I'm not sorry about the title. Fight me

The Things We Can't Change ≫ Leafpool x Female! Medicine Cat! Reader (PLATONIC)

[image]

Art: AngelDalet

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Some angst

****

You padded into the medicine den, dragging your paws as if they were made of stone. Leafpool was sitting with her back to you, deep in concentration as she separated the raspberry leaves from their stems. You stood still at the den entrance, watching your mentor with a sick feeling in your stomach. What if she disowned you for what you were about to tell her? You had always been close with the older medicine cat, and you couldn't stand the thought of never speaking to her again. Leafpool finally became aware of your presence, and looked over her shoulder.

"Hello, (Y/N)," She greeted you with a warm smile. "I see you've found some borage. Well done!" You slowly padded over to her side abs dropped the thick bundle of leaves on the ground, pawing at them absentmindedly. *Borage. What we give queens after kitting.* "(Y/N)? Are you alright?" You came back to reality, and upon your arrival, you noticed the slight tremble in your bones. You weren't sure if that was what alerted your mentor to your condition, or the obvious change of your nose's color.

"I don't know," You confessed quietly, still lightly pawing at the herbs. "Leafpool... What happens when medicine cats have kits?" The tabby she-cat froze for a moment, and you looked up to see her amber eyes widen with something distant, as if she was staring at something only she could see.

"W-well," She began, swallowing as if she had a tough bite of freshkill stuck in her throat. "I suppose it depends on several things. For one, clan leaders typically decide what happens to cats who have broken the code, and it could be anything from a minor punishment to exile. Most cats in that situation get lucky, I think. Clans need as many cats as they can possibly get, so I assume the leader would consider new kits a blessing." She paused, taking a deep breath and steadying herself. "At least, I hope they would." She got her bearings back and turned to face you again, her amber eyes still cloudy. "Why do you ask?"

You started to sob. "I'm sorry, Leafpool... I made a mistake... A bad one... I messed up so bad... I'm so stupid!" Just then, Jayfeather walked in, his ears twitching. He blinked several times, alternating between swiveling his head toward you, then at Leafpool.

"I'll just... Go." Then, he disappeared back through the lichen with an irritated mutter. "She-cats."

Leafpool pressed herself close to you, gently pulling you into an embrace. "It's alright, (Y/N). What's going on?" You looked up at her, struggling to focus on her blurry face. She stared back at you, fear and confusion swimming in her amber eyes.

"L-Leafpool... I'm- I'm pregnant!" You wailed, doubling over as if a boulder had fallen onto your shoulders. "This... This wasn't supposed to happen! We were careful! O-or, I... Thought we were..."

Your former mentor shook her head in a state of astonishment, working her jaw as if trying to find the right words to say. "O-okay... (Y/N), slow down. Who have you been seeing?" The lack of anger in her voice managed to calm your frazzled nerves slightly, and you took a shaky deep breath and slowly began to calm down. Leafpool waited patiently, her tail-tip gently rested on yours.

"Crowfrost. H-he's a ShadowClan warrior."

Leafpool nodded, a soft sigh escaping her. "Things like this happen sometimes, (Y/N). What's done is done, and you can't change anything now. All you can do is understand that you need to take responsibility for your actions and decide what you want to do." She blinked, her amber kind eyes softening as she studied you. "What are you going to do, (Y/N)?" You looked at your paws, an ice-cold dress suddenly filling your veins. You didn't know what you were going to do. What were you even supposed to do? You couldn't get un-pregnant!

"I-I don't know," You stammered, beginning to tremble. "I'm so scared, Leafpool... I don't want to leave ThunderClan..."

The older medicine cat leaned down and touched her nose to your forehead, placing a gentle lick between your ears. "I won't tell anyone, (Y/N). This will be our little secret. If anyone asks, just say you haven't been exercising as much as you should. I'll tell them the same thing."

"What happens when I go into labor?" You asked, raising your voice slightly. "How will be explain that? Everyone will find out!"

Leafpool raised her paw and rested it on your shoulder, leaning down and touching her nose to yours to settle you down. "We won't be here. I'll tell Firestar we have an important mission when you get closer to kitting. We'll find a safe, warm place for you to have your kits. When we come home, we'll say we found them abandoned in the forest. No one ever has to know, (Y/N). No one *will* know." Her gentle tone calmed you, and you closed your eyes as exhaustion began to take over. Leafpool sighed softly and pulled you into a comforting embrace. You both sat there for a long time, surrounded by a mess of herbs as you found comfort in one another's presence.

You finally pulled away after awhile, looking into your hero's eyes with tears streaming down your face. "Thank you," You whispered. "I don't know what I'd do without you, Leafpool."

"Everything will be okay, (Y/N)," Leafpool promised solemnly. "I'll make sure of it."

****

If any of you would like to see a part two, please let me know! I had a lot of fun writing this, and I wouldn't mind giving it a second part!

Leafpool is probably my third favorite cat in the books. She was so sweet T~T

Feel free to leave a request somewhere if they're open! Oh, and please be as specific as you can when requesting. It helps me a lot!

Thanks for the support, guys. Much love!

Here And Now ≫ Breezepelt x Female! Reader

[image]

Art: NeatNete

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Some angst
• Minor gore

****

As the last of the Dark Forest warriors retreated into the shadows, you allowed yourself a moment to breathe. Blood was streaming down your face from a wound on your forehead, both of your ears had been shredded, and you couldn't put any weight on your right hind leg due to the deep gash on your hackle that Brokenstar had inflicted. Your clanmates were gathered next to you, each as exhausted and torn up as you. You surveyed the familiar faces through one open eye, panic beginning to rise in your throat as you realized the one face you cared about finding was nowhere to be seen. "Breezepelt!" You cried out in a wheeze, your throat still sore from screeching. "Where is Breezepelt!?"

Your former mentor, Harespring, padded up beside you and rested his tail on your shoulder. "He's alive, (Y/N). But I'm afraid—"

"He's a traitor!" Weaselfur snarled, leaping to the front of the crowd and turning to face them with a lash of his tail. "You all saw him out there, so don't pretend you didn't!" The tom flashed you a nasty glare, and you flinched slightly. Harespring stepped a little closer to you, stroking his tail gently down your spine.

"That's *enough,* Weaselfur," He demanded in an authoritative tone. "WindClan has lost enough tonight. Where's the sense in picking unnecessary fights? Hasn't enough blood been spilled?" The ginger-and-white tabby curled his lips back in a snarl, and for a horrifying moment, you thought he was going to leap on Harespring and rip his throat out.

Suddenly, Onestar stepped in front of you. "Enough!" He demanded, silencing the whole group. "Harespring is right. We will gain nothing from fighting amongst ourselves. Where is the honor in that?" Your clanmates began murmuring to one another, eyes filled with pain, exhaustion, and every other emotion you could imagine. Nightcloud and Crowfeather looked especially tense, scanning the faces of their clanmates as if expecting an attack. "Right," Onestar continued, his voice calmer. "Our wounded need attention. Kestrelflight, see to (Y/N) first. I'm worried about the gash on her leg."

"Yes, Onestar." Kestrelflight meowed, padding over to you and gently guiding you away from Harespring and across the clearing. You limped heavily toward the medicine cat's herb-scented den, pretending not to see the dark gray tom slinking out of camp with his tail between his legs.

****

Several moons had passed since the Great Battle, and life had slowly began to return to normal in WindClan. Despite the loss and hardships all four clans had endured in the days and weeks that followed, everyone had pulled through and proved once again that the clans would prevail. You were taking a serene walk across the moor at dusk when you saw him. The familiar dark gray tom with the spiky fur and battle scars was sitting atop a slope that overlooked WindClan territory, his back to you. You paused, fighting with yourself. It had been moons since you'd spoken to the cat you had once considered your best friend. He had gone out of his way to avoid you after the battle, and you had chosen to leave him alone under the assumption that he blamed you for something. You had planned to never speak with him unless he spoke to you first, but as you stood at the bottom of the hill watching him, a pang of regret began to bubble up in your chest. Was it really worth

it to sacrifice a friend over unspoken words?

You slowly made your way up the slope, your paws making little to no sound on the springy heather. Breezepelt twitched an ear as you approached, however, turning to look over his shoulder. You padded up beside him and sat down, following his gaze to the setting sun. "Hey." You meowed quietly, not wanting to push your boundaries. Silence filled the gap between you, and for a moment, you wondered if you were dreaming. Then, he sighed and slumped his shoulders, muttering a discouraged "hey". You allowed silence to fill the void again, shuffling your paws as you tried to think of the right thing to say. You'd almost forgotten how to talk to him.

"I regret everything." It left his mouth in a painful murmur, as if he were trying to hold a great monster inside of him. "I betrayed my clan, my friends, my family. I let them down. But worst of all, I let you down, (Y/N)." He bowed his head like a cat accepting death. "Nothing can began to express how sorry I am for that." You stared at him for a moment, pain sinking into your heart like claws. Breezepelt has made some very bad decisions, but that didn't make him a bad cat. At least, not to you.

"You didn't let me down, Breezepelt," You meowed quietly, barely brushing the tip of your tail against his. "you made a mistake. We all do that. The important thing is that we learn from them and promise to do better." The dark gray warrior sighed heavily, a tired sound that told you how miserable he was.

"I've definitely learned something. I just... I don't know if I am a good cat, you know? Like, I've spent my entire life full of hatred and resentment toward my father. What would StarClan say to a cat who couldn't even make amends for a few petty arguments?"

"You had every right to be angry, Breezepelt," You reassured him gently. "Anyone would be angry if they went through the same stuff you did. You can't spend the rest of your life beating yourself up over something that's over now. Your clanmates have forgiven you, and so has Crowfeather."

He turned to face you, a flash of hope crossing his slender face. "Do you really think so?"

"No," You replied confidently. "I *know* so. You just have to forgive yourself." He stared at you for a moment, then turned his gaze back to the sky. The sun had almost completely vanished, replaced by a gentle swath of stars that seemed to be glowing brighter than ever before. "See?" You whispered, subconsciously moving closer to him. "They know you're a good warrior, and so do I." He looked down at you, and for a moment, you thought you could see the soft light of love glowing in his amber eyes.

"You're a very kind she-cat, (Y/N)," He murmured. "Thank you. For everything." You smiled softly, a purr rising in your throat as you stood mere inches away from his nose.

"I couldn't imagine my life with anyone else," You whispered as the moon rose high above the moor and a shooting star blazed past it. "You're my everything." And with that, you both simultaneously leaned forward, and after a brief moment of tense silence, pressed your mouths together in a passionate kiss. You closed your eyes, allowing him to gently push you onto your back. You both pulled away for air a moment later, staring into each other's eyes and breathing heavily.

"You're amazing," Breezepelt whispered, licking your nose. "I'm so lucky." You purred, wrapping your paws around his neck and pulling him in for another kiss. Maybe the past really didn't matter, after all. Maybe all that mattered was here and now.

****

I don't like the way this one turned out as much, but it's almost 7am and I need some sleep

I hope you enjoyed this one-shot, and I thank you once again for your support!

Genuine Words ≫ Stonefur x Female! Reader

[image]

Art: raggityfox

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Some angst
• Cats making out lol

****

The cool breeze gently caressed your sore back, rippling through your fur and stirring up a strange sensation of peace within you. The past few days hadn't been easy for you. First, a border skirmish between ThunderClan had broken out during a patrol due to you being unable to keep your mouth shut, and you'd lost part of your right ear and bore a deep scar across your muzzle. It had all been blamed on you, and Leopardstar had punished you by forcing you to clean the elders' den and rid trek of ticks like you were a minnow-brained apprentice. Since the skirmish, you hadn't felt like yourself. The things you used to enjoy seemed bland and uninteresting now, and no fish you ate tasted nearly as juicy. Something unpleasant was going on inside you, and you didn't quite know what to do.

The sound of grass shifting under paws caught your attention. You turned your head slightly to the left to see your good friend, Stonefur, leap up beside you. You watched him as he took several steps toward you and sat down mere whisker-lengths away from you. You tore your gaze away from his broad features, focusing on the dramatic sunset millions of miles away from the river. Stonefur followed your gaze, his dark blue eyes coming alive in the array of

orange and gold. You said nothing, not wanting to ruin the peaceful aura. *I seem to ruin everything else,* You thought, bitterly amused. *The least I can do for him is keep my muzzle shut for a moment.* But instead of irritated silence, you were surprised by something completely different.

"I've always thought RiverClan gets the best view of sunsets," Your friend meowed softly, gently pulling your gaze back to him merely with words. "I mean, sure, WindClan has the open moor, but is there really a better place to watch the sun go down than the river? I doubt it." You were stunned into silence. You hadn't been expecting the deputy to say anything to you; he was on the patrol you messed up, after all. Why would he ever want to talk to you ever again? You were just an embarrassment to your clan. "Like something you see?" He purred, suddenly ripping you from your dark thoughts.

"Oh, um... Yeah! W-well, actually no! B-but I'm not saying you're unattractive. I think you're very attractive! I-I just didn't-"

Stonefur laughed, throwing his head back in a joyous way. "Take it easy, you furball. I'm just messing with you." You laughed awkwardly, feeling your ears heat up at your inability to see the remark for what it truly was.

"Sorry. I guess I'm a little on edge." You chuckled, allowing your shoulders to relax. The sturdy gray warrior scooted a little closer to you, and your ears grew hot once again as his tail-tip lightly brushed against yours. "Sorry for snapping at you, Stonefur," You apologized sincerely, turning to look at your friend. "I just haven't felt like myself since... Well..."

"I know," Stonefur meowed honestly, twining his tail with yours. "Mistakes were made, and that's okay. Sometimes cats just mess up in one way or another. It's nothing to worry about, (Y/N). It's all in the past now. Everyone has pretty much forgotten about it."

"Leopardstar hasn't," You sniffed, flattening your ears and staring down at your reflection in the clear water. "I don't think she'll ever let me forget this."

Stonefur smiled sympathetically, gently smoothing your bristling spine with his tail. "Leopardstar is only trying to make sure you understand what you did was wrong. She would've done the same with any one of our clanmates. A leader's main concern is making sure his or her clan is unharmed and well-educated. Leopardstar would die for you, (Y/N)," He paused, looking down at the water and smiling at your reflection. "and so would I." He leaned over and touched his nose to your cheek in a reassuring way. You giggled, playfully pushing him away from you with a paw. He smirked, swiping you over the ear and tackling you down. You stared into his dark blue depths, your whiskers twitching involuntarily as his sweet breath tickled your face. He stared back, something lively glistening on his eyes' shining surface.

"The color of the sunset really brings out the kindness in your eyes," He meowed softly after a moment, moving his nose a little closer to yours. "Anyone could be fooled into thinking they're made of Moonstone."

You smiled softly, leaning forward and touching your nose to his. "You say the sweetest things, Stonefur. I can't believe I'm this lucky." With that, the handsome gray warrior connected his mouth with yours, and you wrapped your paws around his strong neck and pulled him so close toward you that your bodies locked together, and his lower half rested between your hind legs. He placed both his front paws on either side of you as he moved his head from side-to-side, capturing every breath you took and purr that rippled from your throat. Finally, after what seemed like moons, Stonefur removed his mouth from yours for air. You both stared at each other, smiling like smitten apprentices and breathing heavily.

"We should head back," You murmured, giving him one last lick on his nose. "It's getting pretty late." But as you were getting up, Stonefur gently placed a paw on your chest and pushed you back down. You cocked an eyebrow curiously, feeling your entire face heat up.

"We don't have anywhere to be," He whispered, gently kissing you again. "Let's enjoy what we've created tonight. The clan will be okay." You purred, relaxing underneath him and allowing yourself to sink into the cool stone below you.

"If you insist, dear." Then, you both began kissing again as the moon rose above the water.

****

I'm so, so sorry I haven't written anything in a few days. I've been pretty busy with family stuff, and I just haven't had the time to sit down and write. Thank you for being so patient!

I wanted to write another Stonefur x reader, since he seems to be one of the most popular characters. I hope you enjoyed it, because I rewrote it like 5 times

Remember: I love hearing from readers! A comment and a vote always helps a ton! Thanks!

Things Change ≫ Jessy x Female! Reader (PLATONIC)

[image]

Art: stan cinderpelt

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Some angst

This is a request for Pinestripe37! Please go check them out; they're an amazing person!

****

"Move your tail, (Y/N)! There's still plenty of work to do repairing the nursery!" Molewhisker's irritated command sent ripples of fury up your spine. You grabbed another broken branch from the former den, tossing it behind you with a grunt. *Feel free to come and do it yourself if you don't like how I'm doing it,* You sneered silently. *At least with a mouthful of twigs, you won't be able to complain every five seconds.* For the past few moons, you had sensed a growing insufferable distaste toward your clanmates, the senior warriors in particular. They seemed to only mingle with cats who desired to bow down to them, and you felt more pushed aside and forgotten by the second. You were quite certain none of your clanmates felt the same way, since they all seemed happier than ever to assist in any way they possibly could. You clawed a gnarled root up from the muddy ground, carelessly tossing it over your shoulder. *I wish I felt the same way.*

A dark brown she-cat slipped past you, her red collar jingling as it brushed against the mud-covered ferns. You smiled at her, waving

your tail in a friendly greeting. Her name was Jessy, a kittypet Bramblestar had rescued from a flooded twoleg den at the beginning of the storm that had devastated the clans, and she was the closest thing to a friend you had. "Hi," You meowed, abandoning your near-finished repair job and padding over to the kittypet. "How was the hunting patrol?"

She sighed lightly, chuckling to herself. "It definitely could've been better. My collar kept making noise, and Spiderleg blamed me for the mouse he was stalking getting away. I was actually standing perfectly still; he's just terrible at stalking." You snorted, shaking your head in disgust. It was exactly like Spiderleg to blame an innocent cat for his pathetic insecurities. The more you thought about the gangly senior warrior, the more you realized how much you despised the clan you had once loved. Everyone had changed, and since the storm had destroyed everything you'd once known, you hadn't felt like ThunderClan was your home. And you knew for a fact that any of the other three clans would feel just as abysmal.

"I'm sorry about that," You meowed sincerely, fixing Jessy with an understanding stare. "The cats here tend to take everything a little too seriously. Are you okay?"

She blinked, clearly confused. "I'm fine, (Y/N). Are *you* okay?" She studied you with concern in her amber eyes, her ears flat with worry. You could only imagine what had caught her attention was the tenseness in your shoulders, or the exhaustion on your face, or perhaps it had been the tremble in your voice as you fought back a flood of frustrated tears.

"I-I don't know," You confessed weakly as you placed the last twig in the damaged den roof. Jessy watched you, a concerned frown stretched across her muzzle. "Sometimes I wonder if I really belong here, in ThunderClan. I'm starting to feel like I want to go somewhere— *anywhere* —but here." Tears we're now flowing down your cheeks, and you wiped them away with a paw to conceal your pain. Jessy sighed sadly, gently nudging you with her shoulder and guiding you away from the wondering eyes of your clanmates.

Once you were out of camp, you both began traveling toward the lake, your pawsteps perfectly in sync. Jessy looked over at you, her

amber eyes shining in the late afternoon sun. "I'm sorry you feel that way, (Y/N). I wish there was something I could do."

"Thanks," You mumbled, stepping over a rabbit's burrow. "I wish there was, too. I guess I'm just going to have to deal with it." The damp grass turned into warm sand under your paws, and you sighed as the sun touched your back and began to soothe your aching muscles. Jessy caught up to you at the water's edge, and you both sat down and stared out across the still water.

"What if you didn't have to deal with it?" The kittypet meowed suddenly, breaking the evening silence. You blinked tears from your eyes, turning to stare at your friend.

"What do you mean by that?"

Jessy purred with amusement at your confusion. "I mean, you don't have to stay in ThunderClan. You could always leave." She paused, her eyes lighting up with excitement as a new idea popped into her mind. "That's it! (Y/N), you should come be a kittypet with me!" Your jaw fell open, and you quickly clamped it shut again. Leave ThunderClan to be a kittypet? You had only been a warrior for one season. Was it really worth it to throw all your hard work away and become soft and plump in a twoleg nest?

"Whoa, okay," You began, still stunned from the sudden suggestion. "That's a *big* decision, Jessy. It's not every day a cat just decides to leave their clan and eat kittypet food. I was born in ThunderClan. Leaving isn't that easy."

"I know that," Jessy replied honestly. "I'm just saying that your life would be way easier. Think about it, (Y/N)! No more den repairs, no more struggling to survive in leafbare, no more ridiculous rules, and no more feeling bad about yourself! Kittypets just get to lay around in the sun all day and go wherever they please. There are no borders or unnecessary bloodshed, and you'll never go hungry again. And I promise collars aren't that bad! You'll get used to it really fast!" You fell silent, staring at the ground. She had some good points. Not having the pressures and pains of daily clan life would be nice. All you'd ever have to worry about again was yourself and Jessy. You would always be warm, and you'd only

have to hunt if you wanted to. The more you thought about to cozy life of a kittypet, the more you longed to experience it for yourself.

"It sounds to good to pass up," You confessed, your heart pounding in your chest at the thought of what you were about to say. "so, yes. I will go back with you, Jessy. I'll become a kittypet with you."

"YAY!" Jessy squealed in excitement, tackling you into an embrace. "Oh, you're going to love it, (Y/N)! Twolegs are so nice, and their beds are so warm and cozy! The food they give you is kind of dry, but it's really tasty! Oh, and it's so much fun to chase butterflies in your garden! If you catch them, don't eat them, because I don't think they taste very good, but it's still fun to..." You listened to her ramble on and on about the joys of being a housepet, and you couldn't help but to smile and laugh. All your worries had melted away like the snow in newleaf. Leaving ThunderClan would be strange— and a bit frightening— but as long as you had Jessy, you would be just fine.

"It's time for me to go," You murmured to the darkening sky as Jessy continued chattering about how much fun the two of you would have together. "Thank you for allowing me to be happy."

****

This one-shot was a lot of fun to write! It's been awhile since I've read Bramblestar's Storm, so I hope I didn't butcher Jessy too bad ^^"

I always liked Jessy. I was honestly kind of sad when she left, because I was really hoping she would stay like Stormcloud. Oh, well. I hope we get a novella on her some day, at least!

Thanks for requesting again, Pinestripe! I always love writing them for you !

If you have a request, leave it in the comments or PM me! I'd

be very happy to write it for you! (If they're open, of course.)

Thanks for reading, commenting and voting!

How Lucky I Am ≫ Fireheart x Female! Reader

[image]

Art: mobiusghost

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Annoying toms

****

It was a serene morning in ThunderClan. The sparrows sung in the trees, the sun gleamed gently in the forest clearing, and there wasn't a cloud in the sky. You were sprawled out on a flat rock, eyes closed and tail-tip twitching slowly as you dozed off under the comforting warmth. Voices in the distance suddenly caught your attention, slowly drowning out the soft babbling of the river as they drew nearer. Irritated that your nap was interrupted, you raised your head and glared at the two toms who were approaching you with dirt-eating grins as they laughed at some ridiculous joke.

"Could you be a little louder?" You snapped, your voice echoing in the stillness of the forest. "I don't think you've scared off all the prey yet." The first tom, a well-muscled handsome ginger warrior known as Fireheart looked in your direction and twitched his whiskers in amusement.

"Ha, sorry, (Y/N). We didn't know you were out here."

You huffed, rolling your eyes and resting your head down again. "Clearly."

Fireheart turned to his friend, a plump gray warrior, and jerked his muzzle toward the tree line. "You can head back now if you want, Graystripe. Just remember to grab those mice we buried on your way there." Graystripe replied with a suggestive waggle of his eyebrows, but quickly turned and ran when Fireheart tossed a small stone his way. Fireheart watched him leave, shaking his head. "Mouse-brain."

You shook your own head, allowing your eyes to fall closed again. Those two fuzz-brains got on your nerves more than enough, especially lately. You heard pawsteps gently approach you from behind, followed by a soft chuckle from the flame-colored warrior as he sat down beside you. "How are you feeling?" He asked, gently touching your tail-tip with his.

You sighed with content and discomfort, shifting to a more bearable position. "I'm okay," You replied in a yawn. "Just tired, mostly." A burning sensation in the back of your throat caused your stomach to clench, and you gagged slightly. "And a little sick." Fireheart smiled sympathetically, settling down on his belly and allowing his paws to hang over the water's edge. You could hear him gently swishing the water around, and you couldn't help but to smile softly to yourself. He still acted like an excited apprentice sometimes, especially when he was around you. You found it to be sweet; you didn't know of any other cats like him. *I suppose I can consider myself lucky?* You slowly rolled onto your other side, watching him through one open eye. The tom in question slapped at a minnow swimming by, only to lose grip on the slippery rocks and plunge face-first into the water. You began to laugh, shaking your head in disbelief. *Maybe not.*

A moment later, terrified by the cold water, Fireheart shot back over the rocks, landing on a small patch of grass and gasping for air. Still laughing, you rose to your paws and waddled over to where he was crouched. "You alright, mouse-brain?"

He spat out a chunk of moss, giving himself a firm shake. "Y-yeah," He stammered breathlessly with a chuckle. "I'm good." You winced as a sudden pain shot through you, doubling over for a moment. Fireheart's expression twisted into one of concern, and he took a step forward and rested his paw on your shoulder. "Are *you*

alright?"

You smiled at him, straightening back up as the pain subsided. "I'm alright, Fireheart. You have nothing to worry about." He blinked, his gaze traveling down your body.

"What about the little ones?"

You looked down at your flank, gently rasping your tongue over the swollen part. "I think they're better than ever." You looked back up at Fireheart, your heart swelling. "Cinderpelt says it should be any day now."

"Good," Fireheart purred, leaning forward and touching his nose to your forehead. "I can't wait." You sniffled, a few tears slipping down your cheeks. You leaned into his embrace, inhaling the comforting scent of his fur.

"Me neither. You're going to be the best father in the whole forest."

He rasped his tongue over the back of your neck, gently resting a paw on your belly. "And you're going to be the best mother."

****

I know this one wasn't as long as the others, but this idea popped into my head and I just had to write it :)

Leave a request somewhere if you wish for me to write something for you! I'd be happy to do it!

Everything Works Out ≫ Mousefur x Male! Reader

[image]

Art: Draghins

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Some angst

****

You sighed in frustration, kicking a pebble with your paw. You watched as the tiny copper-colored stone sailed out over the river, skipped across the water's surface for several heartbeats, then vanished into the murky blue. Today just wasn't your day. You'd somehow managed to get on both Whitestorm and Spottedleaf's nerves, despite those two being the most patient and understanding cats ThunderClan had to offer. Then, Lionheart invited you to go on his hunting patrol, and you'd missed every catch except a tiny, shriveled excuse of a squirrel. "It's better than nothing," Lionheart had told you when you begrudgingly dropped your catch on the freshkill pile. "ThunderClan is grateful for every piece of prey caught. Don't be so hard on yourself." Although his words were slightly comforting, you knew that he was just as disappointed in you as the rest of your clanmates. You didn't know it yet, but your day was about to get much worse.

"(Y/N), we need to talk."

You sat up and turned your head to see your mate of many moons, Willowpelt, padding up to you. Relieved to see her after your terrible day, you smiled and rushed to greet her, but hesitated. Her

ears were drooping with sorrow, and her brilliant blue eyes revealed a slew of conflicting emotions. You tipped your head, worry causing your throat to tighten. "Willowpelt? What is it?"

The cream-colored she-cat took a deep breath, then let it out slowly and met your gaze. "We can't be together anymore, (Y/N)... I... I made a mouse-brained mistake."

"I'm sure it's not that bad," You meowed, confused. "You've never done anything bad to me, Willowpelt. What could possibly make me love you any less?"

Your mate's eyes suddenly filled with tears, and she looked at the ground, her paws beginning to tremble. You reached forward to comfort her, but she pulled away. "(Y/N), that clump of white fur in our nest wasn't from a rabbit. It... It was Whitestorm's." You felt like the sky was crashing down on top of you. You stared at the she-cat you had given everything to, her face becoming blurry as painful tears clawed their way into your eyes. Every single "I love you" flashed before your eyes, as well as every promise and every piece of prey you had ever shared with her. Sickness welled up deep inside you, threatening to crawl up your throat and spill out of your mouth in a violent flood. Willowpelt continued to stare at her paws, shame and torment lacing her once-beautiful features.

You began to back away from her, shaking your head in disbelief as tears streamed down your cheeks in a flood. "I don't even know who you are anymore." Then, you turned and pelted into the forest, leaving your broken relationship in the clearing behind you.

You burst through the camp entrance not thirty heartbeats later, gasping for air. A good friend of yours, Mousefur, was exiting the warriors' den, and when she saw you, her face twisted up in grave concern. "(Y/N), what in StarClan's name happened?" She asked gently, her amber eyes wide. "You look like you've been attacked by badgers!" You slowly looked up to meet her gaze, but before you could say anything, a sob ripped from your chest, causing you to double over and moan in unimaginable pain. Several of your clanmates gathered around, murmuring anxiously.

"Is ShadowClan attacking?"

"Did someone die?"

"Where's Willowpelt?"

You sobbed harder, and Mousefur leaned against you and gently guided you away from the crowd. Once you were out of sight and safely hidden from the prying eyes of your clanmates inside the empty warriors' den, Mousefur sat you down and turned to face you. "(Y/N), what's going on? Are you hurt?"

You took in a shuddering breath, struggling to gain some kind of composure. "You could say that," You mumbled, wiping the tears off your cheeks with a paw. "Mousefur, Willowpelt... Willowpelt cheated on me with Whitestorm... I... I don't know what to do without her..." Your old friend stared at you in silence, then sighed in disbelief and gently pulled you into an embrace. You began to sob into her shoulder, burying your face as deep as you could into her fur.

Mousefur began to gently rub your trembling back with a paw. "I'm so sorry, (Y/N)," She whispered, sounding as if she was about to cry, too. "You don't deserve this, and it's clear that Willowpelt doesn't deserve you."

You pulled away from her embrace, looking her dead in the eyes. "I can't let her go, Mousefur. I can't lose her!" Your voice came out harsher than you intended it to, but the dusky-brown she-cat didn't seem to take it personally.

"I know you lover her, (Y/N)," She meowed softly, placing a paw on your shoulder. "but it's over now. I know you don't want to believe that, but some things just can't go back to the way they used to be." You started to cry again, so she reached forward and pulled you into another embrace. "I know," She whispered. "I know. It'll be alright, (Y/N). Let her go. It'll be alright..." You continued to sob into her fur, releasing all your pain and frustration in your tears. As you cried, you began to realize that even though it hurt, even though it felt like everything was coming to a horrible end, it really wasn't. Perhaps this was just the beginning.

****

Nearly two seasons had passed since you and Willowpelt broke up, and things were much better for everyone. Willowpelt seemed very happy with Whitestorm, but you didn't mind because you knew you were even happier than either of them. A soft yawn beside you brought your attention back to reality, and you looked down to see your mate stirring beside you. You smiled softly, leaning down and gently touching your nose to her ear. She smiled back at you, smoky pulling herself into a stretch. "Good morning, love," She yawned, sitting up and rasping her tongue over your cheek. "How did you sleep?"

"Good," You purred. "I always sleep well when you're next to me, Mousefur."

"Oh, quit it, you big flirt." She smirked and playfully nudged you with her shoulder. You rose to your paws and followed her out into the clearing, heart fluttering as you watched the soft sunlight dance on her gorgeous pelt and shine in her eyes. "I'm going hunting by the WindClan border," She meowed, turning to face you. "Care to join me?"

"I promised Sandpaw I would take her to mark the ShadowClan border today," You replied, giving Mousefur an apologetic smile. "When we finish training for today, I'll take you to that clearing with the wild roses that you love so much. Deal?"

Mousefur smiled brightly. "Deal." Then, she turned and bounded out of the camp and into the forest. You watched her leave, your heart swelling with love. You would've had no idea that the worst day of your life would turn out so wonderful.

****

Mousefur is sooo underrated asdfghjkl

I'm pretty happy with how this one turned out, so I hope you are as well! Thank you so much for reading, and remember to

leave a request if you wish!

Btw, this was heavily based off of the song "Be Alright" by Dean Lewis. Give it a listen. It's a great song :3

Thank You!

I literally just finished writing the one-shot you read before this, and I was about to log off when I noticed that this book has over 1k views!

You guys have no idea how much this means to me... I never thought I would get this far.

I started this book thinking it was just going to be something I updated every once in awhile when I was bored, but it's become so much more than that. This book has literally become my everything, and I have you guys to thank for that

Thank you so, so much for all your love and support! I am eternally grateful . You really gave me something to be proud of, and that's something I haven't felt in a long time. I cannot thank you enough !

With that being said, I would love to hear from you guys more. I absolutely love getting feedback from my readers!

PM me whenever you want. I'm totally down to just talk!

Once more, thank you so much! I love you guys!

As The World Begins To Shift ≫ Velvet x Crippled! Female! Reader (PLATONIC)

[image]

Art: Silverzoul

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Some angst
• Some gore
• Injury
• Velvet being adorable

This is another request for the lovely Pinestripe37! Be sure to go give them some love !

****

If you had known what the battle with ShadowClan would cost you, you would've pretended to have greencough. It started off as ShadowClan being ShadowClan and harassing Bramblestar over the kittypets he was offering temporary shelter to, but the conflict had quickly become violent when a patrol decided to cross into ThunderClan territory to hunt. Their excuse was that ThunderClan must be too weak to defend their borders, since they were half-housepet.

"Warriors of ThunderClan, we shall not allow those frog-eaters to take what is ours any longer!" Bramblestar's snarl rang out over the pouring rain, sounding as vicious as the roaring thunder itself. You were lined up in a perfectly straight form along with your fellow

warriors, watching your leader intensely. He was going on about how ThunderClan would always come out on top, but you had a nasty feeling in the pit of your stomach. Heavy rain wasn't exactly ThunderClan's strong point, and neither were dense, dark pine forests. Just as Bramblestar finished his speech, Rowanstar and his warriors appeared over the crest of the hill, eyes blazing and dark pelts bristling in spite of the rain.

You couldn't remember much after Bramblestar yowled the command to attack. You must've hit your head harder than you thought. What you could remember was Cloverfoot crashing into your flank and sending you sprawling across the wet grass. You had clawed both her ears and even managed to nick her right eye, but she had the upper advantage. She harshly grabbed you by your scruff and thrusted you up against the wet trunk of a pine, causing the needles to painfully pierce into your back and shoulders. Then, she leaned close and snarled something that would stick with you until the day you died.

"What kind of warrior are you? You can't even land a good blow!" She cackled, then raked her claws across your muzzle and vaulted her hind paw so hard into your hip, a sickening, wet crack rang out over the chorus of screeching and snarling, along with your agonized scream.
After that, your vision blacked out and you could only hear the sounds of a fading battle and Lionblaze's panicked cry.

"(Y/N) is hurt bad! Someone get a medicine cat!"

And now here you were, nearly two full sunrises later, staring at Leafpool in horror while your new friend — and kittypet — Velvet, sat next to you and gently rubbed your back with a paw.

"Y-you mean I'll never be able to be a warrior again?" You choked out, tears brimming in your eyes.

The senior medicine cat bowed her head, her amber eyes pained for your loss. "I'm sorry, (Y/N). I'm afraid that's true." Your entire life flashed before your eyes. Your first time out of camp as Ivypool's apprentice, the first mouse you caught, your first battle, everything spun around you in a blur as you struggled to come to terms with

what you had just been told. All your hard work, dedication, and loyalty had gone to waste. Suddenly, you felt more angry than sad.

Leafpool dipped her head, then rose to her paws and padded to the den entrance. "I'll give you two some time." Then, she disappeared into the lichen covering. The moment she was gone, you buried your face in your paws and began to cry. Velvet rested her chin on your spine, gently rasping her tongue across your trembling pelt. You just cried harder, unable to hold it in any longer.

"Shhh," The gray kittypet whispered. "It's going to be okay, (Y/N). Everything is okay."

"N-no!" You wailed, struggling to breathe. "N-no it's n-not! Don't you g-get it!? I've lost everything! I'm *worthless!"*

Although she seemed slightly startled by your sudden outburst, Velvet still embraced you and held you as close to her as she possibly could. "(Y/N), calm down... It's okay, breathe..." She began taking slow deep breaths, and it wasn't long before you started to follow her lead. "There you go," She murmured as she sat up and continued to stroke your back. "That's it; just like that." You continued breathing until you had calmed down enough to speak, then slowly turned to look Velvet in her eyes.

"I don't want to stay here," You confessed, wiping away the last few tears from your eyes. "I can't stay in ThunderClan and watch my clanmates go on with their lives while I'm stuck in the elders' den all day and night. That's not what I want, Velvet. I want to go back to the twolegplace with you. I..." You swallowed thickly, feeling as if a tough piece of prey was lodged in your throat. "I want to be a kittypet." Velvet stared at you, her amber eyes slowly widening in surprise.

"(Y/N), are you sure? I'd be very happy to have you, but do you really want to give up being in a clan? I totally understand if you just want to—"

"No," You interrupted firmly, hardening your gaze. "I don't want to be here, Velvet. I'll never be happy in ThunderClan this way."

"Okay," Velvet sighed, sitting up and wrapping her tail around her paws. "If that's what you want, I'll support you, (Y/N). Just... Just promise me you'll never forget where you came from." You smiled. Her concern for you warmed your broken heart, and for the first time since the battle, you felt alive again.

"I won't."

****

It had been horrible telling your clanmates you were leaving. Some were understanding and sympathetic, while some had been utterly furious with your decision. "Leaving your clan is an act of a traitor," Lionblaze had snarled when you told him and his mate. "There have been plenty of warriors who were injured worse than you, and they're still here. Look at Briarlight, for StarClan's sake!"

"Not every warrior chooses the same path," Cinderheart had meowed gently, twining her tail with his. "Briarlight stayed because she still had family in ThunderClan." She turned to look at you, and her blue eyes had been filled with sympathy and pain. "(Y/N) doesn't."

You wanted to be grateful for the cats who supported you, but it made leaving that much more painful. It had been especially hard to say goodbye to Squirrelflight, who had taken you in when your parents were killed. The memories began to fill your fatigued mind, threatening to suffocate you.

"We're here!" Velvet sang, leaping up onto the stones that led to the entrance of the twoleg nest. You stared up at the looming structure, feeling your heart drop slightly. It looked so... Big in the darkening environment. So much so, that you found yourself taking a subconscious step back. Velvet noticed your discomfort and padded to your side, gently nudging you forward. "There's nothing to be afraid of," She purred as you both reached the see-through den entrance that was built into the wall of the structure. "My twolegs are the kindest people you'll ever meet!" You were about to ask what a *people* was, but Velvet pushed you inside before you could.

You stared in awe at the inside of the den, your jaw hanging open

slightly. The twolegs had hung strange things on the walls, and the ground under your paws was soft and warm. An overwhelming array of scents reached your tongue, causing you to sneeze. Velvet laughed, dashing out in front of you. "Come on! I'll show you my bed!"

You blinked to clear the haze, then reluctantly followed her deeper into the strange place. You trailed after the kind kittypet, passing a wide-open space where all the strange smells were coming from. Twoleg's padded around inside the clearing, yowling happily. You picked up speed, limping as fast as you could to catch up with Velvet. When you finally did, you found yourself in a quiet space next to two large white monster-like things that roared and shook like a raging thunderstorm. *What in StarClan's name are they?* As if reading your thoughts, Velvet appeared beside you and laughed.

"The twolegs use them to clean their pelts. I'm not sure how it works, but I see them putting colorful furs inside, and when they take them out, they smell really good."

You pulled your gaze away from the roaring monsters, shuddering slightly. "O-oh. That's... Nice." The soft gray she-cat padded over to a fluffy pink nest filled with what looked like feathers, but upon closer inspection, you discovered that it was some kind of twoleg material, and it was the softest thing you had ever set paw on. Velvet waited patiently for you to climb into the strange nest, scooting over so you could find a comfortable place to rest your damaged hip. Once you were fully situated within the comfortable structure, you sighed heavily and rested your chin on your paws. *What a day. I can't believe this is my life now.* You were going to miss the feeling of the wind rushing through your fur as you chased a squirrel, and the comfort of curling up next to your denmates when the weather was cold, but the thing you would miss most of all was the sense that you belonged somewhere and mattered somehow. Tears crept to your eyes, and you allowed a few of them to slip down your face. Velvet stared at you for a moment in gentle silence, then rose to her paws and bounded out of the quiet area. She returned a moment later with something dangling from her jaws. You blinked, slowly raising your head.

"Here," She meowed gently, nudging the mysterious object toward

you with a paw. "His name is Fuzzy. He always makes me feel better when I'm sad."

You took a closer look at whatever it was that she had just given you. It looked exactly like a mouse; it had the same soft gray fur and round pink ears, but instead of legs, it had fuzzy pink and yellow round things. You looked up at Velvet, your heart swelling. She smiled at you, her amber eyes filled with compassion. "You can have him, if you want. I have plenty of other toys."

"Th-thank you, Velvet. I really appreciate that." Your voice trembled as you fought back tears, but this time, they weren't tears of sorrow.

Velvet smiled, slowly stepping into the nest and curling up beside you. "I'm glad you like him." She allowed silence to fill the space for a brief moment, then, she turned to look at you.

"Hey... (Y/N)?"

"Hm?"

"I'm glad you decided to stay. With me, I mean. I think you're really fun to be around, and I can't wait to start a new life with you."

You purred, leaning over and resting your head down next to hers. "I'm glad I decided to come with you, too, Velvet. You're the best friend anyone could ever ask for. I... I love you."

Excitement lit up her amber orbs, and the goofiest grin you had ever seen stretched across her face. "I love you, too!" You both started to laugh, a sound you never thought you would ever be able to make again. Your life would certainly be very different now, but maybe, just maybe, you could find happiness here.

****

This was so much fun to write! It's the longest one-shot I've written so far xD My thumbs lowkey hurt

Thanks for the request, Pinestripe! I always love writing them for you !

If you have a request, just let me know! I love getting them.

When It Rains ≫ Nightstar x Female! Reader

[image]

Art: chillycactus

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Mentioned illness

****

The rain pattered down softly on the stone roof of the den, filling the warm space with a soothing aura. You wouldn't have it any other way; curled up close to the love of your life, listening to each other's heartbeats while a storm passed outside. It was everything you had ever wanted.

The battle-scarred black leader — best known as Nightstar — turned his stunning dark blue eyes up to you, a smile gently stretching across his face. "Can't sleep?" He twined his tail with yours, silently willing you to come closer to him.

"I can never sleep during storms," You confessed. "Something about them makes me nervous. I think it's the—" Right on cue, a loud crash echoed outside, shaking the den. You shuddered, subconsciously shifting closer to your mate with a sigh. "—thunder." He gazed down at you sympathetically, a small half-smile present on his handsome face.

"Don't worry, my dear," He murmured, rasping his tongue across the space between your ears. "There's nothing to be afraid of here. You're safe and sound in my embrace." Although you knew what he

was saying was nothing but true, your chest felt tight with anxiety. Storms, especially thunderstorms, never failed to frighten you. You looked up at Nightstar, tears beginning to brim in the corners of your eyes. "It's okay, (Y/N)," Ge repeated, slightly more firm, but still reassuring. "We're completely safe in here. It's nice and warm, and the rain can't even touch us. How many cats do you know that have died from a thunderstorm?"

You laughed shakily, pulling yourself together. "Not a single one. How many cats do you know that have a cheeky furball for a mate?"

Nightstar smirked, his tail curling up in amusement. "Just you. And I know for a fact that you love it." You huffed, reaching up and cuffing his ear. He growled playfully, swatting at your muzzle. You reared back, dodging his blow, then ducked underneath it and sprang onto him. He toppled back with a grunt, glaring at you in a none-threatening way. You stuck your tongue out, making an exaggerated *mmm* noise.

"It just goes to show you that she-cats always come out on top!"

He curled his lip back, a mock snarl escaping his clenched teeth. "You asked for this, smart-ears!" Then, he sat up, wrapping his paws around your neck and gently pushing you back into your nest. You both began to laugh, completely unaware of the storm that was raging outside. Suddenly, Nightstar's laughter twisted into a violent cough, and you quickly sat up as he doubled over.

"Are you okay?" You meowed urgently, placing your paw on his heaving back. He'd had this problem for moons; Runningnose had called it *asthma,* but you didn't quite know what the word meant, only that it was a problem with the lungs.

"I'm okay, love," He panted once his coughing fit subsided. "You don't need to worry. I'm as strong and healthy as ever."

"I know you are," You murmured, padding in front of him and gently lifting his chin with a paw. "I just don't want you to overwork yourself."

He chuckled tiredly, resting his tail on your back and guiding you over to the nest you shared. "I won't. StarClan gave me nine lives to lead ShadowClan for many moons." You smiled at him as you both settled down, touching your nose to his.

"You're my everything," You whispered. "You'll never know how much I love you, Nightstar."

"I love you, too." He purred, resting his chin on your neck with a content sigh. You closed your eyes, the heaviness of sleep beginning to weigh on you. It was then that you realized the storm had ceased, and had been replaced by the gentle song of crickets and the wind rushing through the pines. You shifted slightly, allowing your mate some extra room. He took it gratefully, making sure to twine his tail with yours to show his appreciation.

"Goodnight," You whispered to the comfortable silence. "Sleep well, my love." But he was already long gone, snoring softly. You smiled, allowing the fuzziness of a dream take you into it's warm embrace. No matter how many seasons passed or how many times ShadowClan struggled, you would always have Nightstar, and that was more than enough for you.

****

Short but sweet, just how I like it.

Nightstar is such an underrated character imo. He was so kind in Yellowfang's Secret, and I think he deserved better .

I know he never technically got nine lives and his name was technically Nightpelt, but the wiki said his name was Nightstar, so I went with that. Also, I thought him telling you he had nine lives was him comforting you with a lie, because he knew you would worry yourself sick if you knew the truth.

Thanks for reading, guys! I hope you have a great day/night

Love At First Bite ≫ Silverstream x Male! Reader (PART TWO)

[image]

Art: dracofelisdraws100cats

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• None

****

Crisp air struck your face as you left the safety of the forest and emerged onto the open moor. You could see Fourtrees looming in the distance, tall and proud like great lions. You swallowed, fighting back the worm of apprehension that was squirming in your belly. You knew what you were doing was strictly against the Warrior Code, and you knew that if anyone found out, it would most likely be the end of your time serving ThunderClan. But as you felt like cool breeze rush through your fur and smelled the sweet tang of the night air, you somehow couldn't care less. Freedom was something you rarely tasted, and it served as a delicacy.

You raced across the new wide-open world, gorse bushes and wildflowers flying past you in a blur. The crest of the hill where Fourtrees sat grew closer and closer, and eventually, the heather became soft, cool grass under your paws and your nostrils were filled with the wild and wonderful scents of the forest again. You burst through the thick ferns that surrounded the clearing, skidding to a halt at the base of the ancient oaks. The stars shone boldly through the lush green branches, casting a silver light on the

gnarled roots.

"Whoa," You breathed, staring in awe at the famous trees. "It's even more stunning up close." A giggle sounded from the very top of the middle tree, and you looked up to see a familiar pair of crystal blue eyes.

"Yeah, but it's even better up here!"

You gaped, jaw hanging open as you watched her skillfully maneuver her way down the trunk. "How did you get up there?" You asked, utterly amazed.

Your new friend shrugged. "I climbed."

You let out a snort. "You don't say. Why even bother?" You could tell by one look at the looming trunks that a climb to the top would be tedious at best. You *were* a ThunderClan cat, but that didn't necessarily mean you liked the feeling of sharp branches snagging your pelt, or the feeling of vertigo as you climbed higher and higher. In fact, you only hunted in trees if it was absolutely necessary.

Silverstream smirked, her tail-tip twitching deviously. "Because it's fun! Come on, minnow-brain; I'll show you!" The pretty silver she-cat leaped onto the first branch, then to another, turning to look down at you once again. Even though she wasn't even halfway to the top, you had to swallow a lump in your throat. You *hated* heights.

"Are you coming, scaredy-mouse?" She teased, her blue eyes glittering mischievously. You sighed, giving in to your ego. With a grunt, you leaped up and sank your claws into the trunk and began hauling yourself further up the tree branch by branch. Silverstream was still several tail-lengths ahead of you, and she was scaling the canopy with such ease that you felt a small twinge of jealousy.

Maybe I should try my paw at swimming, You thought sarcastically as you scaled the last two branches and leaped up beside Silverstream. *because it seems ThunderClan and RiverClan have switched places.*

Your RiverClan friend smiled at you as you sat down beside her, her usual mischievous smirk replaced by a genuine smile. You smiled back, albeit awkwardly, but she didn't seem to mind. "Wow," You chuckled, still catching your breath. "You sure know how to show up a ThunderClan warrior."

She purred, letting out a small *mrrow* of amusement. "I've just had a lot of practice— more than any of my clanmates. There's no way in StarClan I could climb all day like you." You smiled, deciding not to mention the small fact that you refused to hunt in trees unless you had to; that would just be embarrassing.

You blinked as a soft gust of wind rippled through your fur, causing the leaves around you to quiver. Turning your gaze upward, you saw that Silverstream was right. The night sky had come alive with the spirits of your ancestors, twinkling and dancing about like tiny bright snowflakes. It truly was a beautiful sight to behold. But as your gaze left the distant lights and rested on the she-cat that sat beside you, you knew there were far more beautiful things.

"Um... Silverstream?" You meowed quietly, uncertainty rippling through you.

Silverstream turned, her blue eyes dancing like tiny moons in the starlight. "Yes, (Y/N)?" You swallowed a thick ball of saliva that had formed in the back of your throat, anxiously flexing your claws. She was way out of your territory.

"I... I was just wondering if you wanted to keep meeting like this. I-I mean, I've really had fun tonight, and I think it would be great if we could stay in touch. Y-you know, like friends do? If you d-don't want to, I totally understand. I just thought—" The RiverClan warrior gently stroked her tail across your muzzle, silencing you. You looked away, your ears hot with embarrassment.

"I would like that." She murmured, leaning so close to you that your whiskers brushed together. You stiffened, your heart pounding against your ribs like a platoon of war-bound warriors charging into battle. The most beautiful she-cat you had ever come in contact with was so close to you that you could feel her gentle breath on your muzzle. You never would've thought you would ever get to

experience it. You both laughed awkwardly, looking in opposite directions. Once the sound of your heart died down to a steady beat and the blood stopped rushing in your ears, you realized that the crickets had stopped chirping and birds had begun to sing all around you. You looked up to see the swath of stars beginning to fade as the sky turned from an inky black to a dark indigo. Silverstream noticed this, too, because she rose to her paws with a yawn and began descending the large oak. You followed after her, easily gliding through the luscious canopy until your paws were safely resting on solid ground again.

"Thanks for coming, (Y/N)," She purred, gently flicking your ear with the tip of her tail. "I'll see you at the gathering." Then, she turned and bounded across the clearing and vanished into the shadows of the early morning. You watched her go, a flutter in your chest. All your previous doubts had melted away like snow, leaving behind a warm, light feeling that made you want to leap into the air and dance all the way back to ThunderClan. You had never felt this happy in your life.

****

I'm sorry I disappeared for awhile. Something really stressful has been going on in my personal life.

I think this one-shot turned out pretty cute! I love writing fluffy romance .

Thanks for tuning in, everyone! Your support is always appreciated!

New Feelings ≫ Fireheart x Male! Zombie! Reader (PLATONIC)

[image]

Art: EmDraws

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Some gore
• Some angst

****

You opened your eyes, squinting against the painfully bright sunlight that penetrated the gaps in your makeshift den. With some extra focus and determination, you managed to heave yourself to your paws, despite the horrible aches and pains that accommodated being undead. It didn't seem fair, really; the twolegs that took you in as a kitten had been kind at first, but it soon became clear that they had no interest in you as a living creature. They would tie you down and inject you with all sorts of awful things, and it would cause your fur to fall out in clumps and blood to seep from your mouth, nose, and eyes. You hadn't asked for the life you had been given, and it sometimes left you with a bitter taste in your mouth. You reached up with a bloody, rotting paw, gently feeling the raw patch of flesh on your neck where a heavy silver collar used to be. The twolegs had used it to speak to you using thoughts, and it had gotten you into all sorts of trouble.

At least I don't have to worry about that anymore.

Distant voices outside caught your attention. With a raspy *mrrow,* you rose to your paws and slipped out of the den, leaving behind bloodstained patches of (F/C) fur on the bracken stems behind you. Four cats were rapidly approaching your turf, chattering like a nest of magpies. A low growl rumbled deep within your throat, wet and creaky sounding. The cat in the lead, a broad-shouldered flame-colored tom, beckoned with a jerk of his head for the other three to follow him. You quickly ducked back into the shelter of the bracken patch as the strangers passed, your milky (E/C) eyes wide.

I had no idea other cats lived out here. It seems a little far.

Another growl rippled from you, but this time, it wasn't from your throat. It came from the pit of your stomach, telling you that it was time to eat. You hadn't had a decent meal in days, and the thought of a cat's flesh made your mouth water. The big gray warrior looked particularly tasty, with the generous amount of muscle and fat that decorated his skeleton.

The group of four disappeared into a thick cluster of pines, and you rose to your paws and began creeping after them, making sure to stay downwind and to not step on any twigs or other things the forest discarded. This would be your best meal in days.

Fireheart's POV

"...and I couldn't even get him to tell me why he said it. Can you believe the nerve of that cat?" Graystripe was rambling on about a rather nasty encounter that he had with Longtail, something about a dispute over a piece of freshkill. This wasn't news to his best friend— the overweight warrior was known for getting aggressive when it came to food.

"Um... Yeah, Graystripe. That's pretty rude of him." Fireheart wasn't really listening to the rant, but rather watching their apprentices carefully as they weaved between rocks and trees, ready to leap forward and scold them if they decided to do something mouse-brained. The young pair was well-known for getting up to trouble, especially Cinderpaw. The bubbly young she-cat had always struck him as a bit naive, even for an apprentice.

"Whoa, check this out!" Brackenpaw's startled yowl cut into Fireheart's thoughts, and he quickly picked up his pace to a jog and made his way over to where the young tom was standing. Upon further investigation, Fireheart found a suspicious scent lingering in the air, and a bloody clump of (F/C) fur clinging to a low branch on one of the pines.

"What do you think it is?" Cinderpaw meowed excitedly, her fur bristling with eagerness. "Maybe it's a trespassing ShadowClan warrior! If it is, we should find them and rip them to shreds! I've been practicing the new battle moves you taught me, Fireheart! I bet I could take down a grown ShadowClan warrior all by myself! Don't you think so? ShadowClan won't *ever* think of stealing our prey again when I'm a warrior! I'll be—"

"Hush," Fireheart retorted at his apprentice, giving her a warning look. "I heard something in those ferns over there." Cinderpaw tilted her head in confusion, then followed his gaze to the thicket of lush green leaves sitting perfectly still in the center of a small clearing that was strewn with pine needles.

"I don't hear anything," Brackenpaw meowed uncertainly, squinting to get a better look at the ferns. "Maybe it's a squirrel or something."

Graystripe finally caught up to the trio, panting as he tried to catch his breath from the short jog. "What is it? Is ShadowClan trespassing?" Despite the fact that they were close to the reclusive clan's border, Fireheart somehow doubted that's what was lurking in the shadows. He couldn't explain it, but something felt... Different. Plus, the scent that was lingering in the area didn't smell like any ShadowClan cat he'd ever come across. I'm fact, it hardly smelled like a cat at all.

"I don't think so," Fireheart replied slowly, taking a small step back and ushering for the apprentices to do the same. "It doesn't smell like a ShadowClan warrior." Graystripe opened his jaws and took in a long deep breath, but immediately gagged and covered his nose with a paw.

"You're right about that," He mumbled, his voice thick from the lack of oxygen. "It smells like crowfood and dirt." Fireheart gave his pelt

a shake, fighting against the growing sense of unease that was spreading in his chest. Something definitely wasn't right.

"Let's keep moving," He meowed, turning to address his patrol. "We still have a lot of territory to cover, and we're not doing our job by standing here and gawking at some ferns. We'll finish the patrol and report this... *Situation* to Bluestar when we get back to—" Suddenly, a shape darted out from the shrubbery, throwing itself forward so fast, Fireheart barely even had time to decide what it was. Graystripe let out a shriek of horror as whatever it was slammed into him, knocking him to the ground in a thick cloud of dust.

"It *is* a ShadowClan warrior!" Cinderpaw squealed, her voice annoyingly high-pitched. The dust began to clear, and the scene before them was revealed. Graystripe was wrestling violently with a patchy, grotesque-looking tom, who appeared to be trying to sink his teeth into the gray warrior's throat.

"Stay back!" Fireheart commanded Brackenpaw and Cinderpaw harshly before leaping forward and landing right on the attacker's back, sinking his claws deep into his shoulders. The flesh came off with more ease than normal, and Fireheart fought back a gag as he realized the cat underneath him was *rotting.*

The strange tom let out a screech as Fireheart's claws tore free of his shoulders, abandoning his quarrel with Graystripe and whirling around to face his new opponent. Graystripe gasped harshly as he was released, twisting around on to his belly and standing with his hackles raised. His left ear and nose were bleeding, but he didn't appear to be badly injured. Cinderpaw and Brackenpaw sat at the edge of the brawl, their eyes wide with awe and terror.

Fireheart growled, lashing his tail. "Who are you, and what are you doing on ThunderClan territory?" He demanded, not letting his guard down once. The stranger eyed him suspiciously for a moment, his odd milky eyes brimming with confusion. Then, he took a step back, his claws still unsheathed.

"I haven't eaten in days," He croaked, his voice strained and raspy. "Would you really deprive a starving cat of food?" Fireheart felt his jaw drop slightly, and a prickle of fear shot up his spine. Did he

mean he was trying to *eat* Graystripe?

"I can't let you do that," Fireheart retorted, arching his spine so the mysterious tom knew he meant business. "If you don't want to be missing both your ears in a few moments, I suggest you leave the forest and never come back." The rotted tom narrowed his eyes, as if sizing up his foe. Then, he let out a wet screech and lunged forward, his claws outstretched. Fireheart sprang forward just as the walking corpse was about to land a vicious blow, raking his claws across his opponent's right eye. The intruder collapsed to the ground in a heap, groaning weakly before falling still. A pool of off-colored blood was spreading underneath his head, turning the grass a brownish-red. Fireheart and Graystripe looked up at each other in unison, eyes wide.

"What just happened?" Graystripe panted, finally allowing his fur to lay flat.

"I'm not sure," Fireheart breathed, giving himself a hard shake to clear his fur of debris. "but I don't think anyone has ever experienced something like this in the forest. At least, not that I'm aware of."

Graystripe looked down at the unconscious tom, swallowing hard. "Is he...?"

"No." Fireheart responded, noticing the shallow rise and fall of his rotting flank. "We have to take him back to camp. If he dies out here and someone finds out about it, we could be in huge trouble." He refrained from mentioning that the tom already looked dead, but Graystripe read his thoughts.

"It... Looks like he's already past that point."

"Still," Fireheart replied, harsher than he had meant to. "we need to make sure he's okay. Cinderpaw, go find Yellowfang and tell her we're on our way back with an injured cat. Brackenpaw, tell Bluestar exactly what happened. Go!" The two siblings nodded in unison, turning around and racing into the forest. Once they were gone, Fireheart turned back to Graystripe, who's nose was wrinkled in disgust.

"I guess that means we have to carry him back?" His amber eyes glittered with an almost pleading light, as if he were silently begging his friend to not make him go through with the stomach-turning task.

Fireheart sighed, chuckling sympathetically. "I'm afraid so, Graystripe."

****

Several hours later, Fireheart sat next to Sandstorm outside the warriors' den and explained everything that had happened. She was, of course, understanding, and managed to comfort him enough to the point where he didn't feel as if he'd brought a threat into the heart of ThunderClan.

"I'm sure he just got lost, Fireheart," Sandstorm meowed, gently twining her tail with his. "StarClan knows what the poor cat has been through. He probably has some serious trauma."

Fireheart sighed, pushing the remains of the vole away from him. "You're probably right. It's just so weird. Why would he want to eat *Graystripe?* Why wouldn't he just hunt a mouse or something?"

"This is going to sound crazy," Sandstorm breathed, crossing her front paws. "but I honestly think he's one of those corpse-cats that queens tell stories about. You know, the cats that come back from the dead and terrorize living cats."

"You think he's a *zombie?"* Fireheart was beyond baffled. He'd been hearing all sorts of ridiculous theories and speculations all day, but Sandstorm's had managed to top all the rest. "Sandstorm, be reasonable, for StarClan's sake! Everyone knows zombies aren't real. They're just tall tales cats make up to freak each other out. Even if they were real, don't you think someone would've seen one by now?"

The pale ginger she-cat twitched her ears, turning to look at the medicine den. "Who knows. Maybe they have to exist in certain places." Fireheart opened his jaws to reply, but Yellowfang stepped out into the clearing before he could. The camp, which had once

been filled with the noisy chatter of ThunderClan cats, fell into an eerie silence at the sight of the ragged medicine cat. Fireheart found himself leaning forward, his heart fluttering uncomfortably.

"Our little problem is alive," Yellowfang announced, her voice sounding slightly strained. "but he is blind in one eye." She turned her gaze to Fireheart, narrowing her eyes. "We can thank Fireheart for that." Fireheart chuckled under his breath, awkwardly ducking his head as his clanmates all turned to look at him.

Thanks, Yellowfang. That was definitely necessary.

"What's wrong with him?" Darkstripe meowed suspiciously from his place beside the Highrock. "He's *rotting,* for StarClan's sake!"

"I've never seen anything like it," Yellowfang admitted, giving the dark gray tabby an acknowledging dip of her head. "but from what I can tell, he was once dead. I don't know how he possibly came back, so don't ask. All I know is that he's too weak and sick to care for himself. I opt that he stays here in ThunderClan until he is well enough to travel again." Immediately, the gathered crowd began to yowl in protest.

"Are you *insane?"* Longtail snarled, leaping to his paws with a lash of his tail. "We can't just let some undead pile of crowfood live in our camp! Who knows what kinds of diseases he has?"

"The other clans will think we're a joke!" Dustpelt added, coming to stand beside Longtail. "This will make ThunderClan look like heathens!"

"We'll have to share our prey!"

"It will be one more mouth to feed!"

"I say we throw him out into the forest and let him fend for himself!"

"What if he tries to *eat* us?"

"Enough!" An aggravated snarl sliced through the heated shouts like claws, and the entire clearing fell silent once again as Bluestar made

her way to the center of the crowd and surveyed each of her warriors. Fireheart looked away, feeling ashamed of himself. What kind of warrior carried an unknown intruder into their camp?

"As much as we dislike the idea," Bluestar continued, her gaze burning like blue fire. "Yellowfang is right. ThunderClan are noble cats. We would never leave another to death, intruder or not. StarClan would care for this cat, so we must care for him, as well." She turned her gaze to Fireheart, and he felt his stomach clench apprehensively. "Fireheart," She began, taking a step closer to him. "I feel it should be your responsibility to take care of our guest, since you brought him into our camp. You must feed him, tend to his wounds, and make sure he stays in your sight. Am I clear?"

Fireheart dipped his head respectfully, relief washing over him. "Y-yes, Bluestar." A snort sounded from somewhere in the crowd, followed by an irritated grumble.

"Leave it to a kittypet to look after an *intruder."*

Fireheart ignored the harsh remark, instead turning to look at Sandstorm, who gave him a reassuring smile. He returned it, but the uncertain feeling in his gut was still gnawing at his insides.

"This meeting is over. Everyone, go about your business." Bluestar announced, turning and making her way back through the crowd. Everyone began breaking up into groups, muttering amongst themselves. Fireheart sighed, letting his gaze fall to his paws as his mind raced.

"Don't worry," Sandstorm murmured, rubbing her cheek against his. "Everything will work out, Fireheart. You'll see."

Fireheart blinked, looking up at the starry sky. "I hope you're right."

Your POV

It was the intense throbbing on the right side of your face that pulled you back into consciousness. Inhaling through gritted teeth, you pushed yourself up, only to collapse again. You landed on something soft, and you looked down to see — through one eye —

that you were laying on a nest made up of moss and ferns. Not only that, but the parts of your body that had been missing flesh for years were now neatly patched up with pungent-smelling plants and sticky mixtures. You were more confused than anything. How had you ended up here when you had been knocked unconscious in the middle of the forest? Your mind was so busy racing with questions that your senses didn't fully process the presence in front of you.

"Um... Good morning. I brought you some freshkill."

You jumped slightly, jolting your sore body. Wincing, you looked up to see the flame-colored tom that had knocked you out in the woods standing before you, a mouse resting at his paws. Suspicious, you craned your neck and sniffed at the food. It didn't appear to be laced with anything bad, so you tentatively took a small bite and chewed. It didn't beat warm flesh, but you decided that it wasn't very smart to try and obtain that here.

"Thanks, uh...?" You meowed slowly, looking the tom in the eyes.

"Fireheart." He responded simply. "What's your name?" You averted your gaze, straining your hazy memory for the name you had been given at birth. It escaped you sometimes, just like everything else. The twolegs that kept to captive for so many years had called you *Number 77,* but you were certain that wasn't the name your mother had given you. You tried to remember her face, her scent. After a moment of flashing through images of busy thunderpaths and bright lights and loud noises, you finally recalled a beautiful face with soft (F/C) fur and (E/C) eyes, along with a specific scent only you could know. Tears began to brim in the corners of your eye as you remembered her calling you to come and sleep.

"I-it's (Y/N)," You replied absently, still lost in the shadowland of long-lost memories. "My name is (Y/N)."

Fireheart stared at you, then his deep green gaze softened and he looked at the ground. "I see. That's a very nice name." You murmured a quiet "thank you", then stared at your wrapped paws. You suddenly weren't hungry anymore. You hadn't thought about your past in years, and it reopened wounds that had closed long ago.

The ginger tom smiled sadly, sighing. "Do you need anything, (Y/N)? I can fetch Yellowfang if you need something for the pain."

"No," You replied hoarsely. "I think I'm okay. Thank you, Fireheart." Your throat was tight with emotion, and you had to fight to hold back a flood of tears. Fireheart gazed at you for a moment longer, then dipped his head.

"Alright. If you need anything, just holler. I'll be around." You nodded absently. The strong tom dipped his head once more, then disappeared through the lichen. You stared at the spot he had vanished, a hollow feeling in your still chest.

Why is he being so kind to me?

Fireheart's POV

Fireheart slipped out of the medicine den, a strange sadness gripping his heart. He wasn't sure what had brought it on, but he could only assume it had something to do with the look of utter agony in (Y/N)'s eye.

I wonder what he's been through, Fireheart wondered as he padded over to where Graystripe was sitting. *He seems so haunted.* Graystripe smirked as his friend approached, letting out a *mrrow* of amusement.

"How's your new friend?" He asked wryly as Fireheart sat down beside him. "Has he told you all his deepest secrets yet?"

"Very funny, Graystripe," Fireheart muttered, not amused in the slightest. "I don't think he's doing so great."

"I mean, yeah," Graystripe snorted. "He's a *zombie,* for StarClan's sake." Fireheart took a deep breath, struggling to remain calm. His best friend's definition of humor got on his nerves sometimes.

"I know that. I meant he's not well emotionally. He seems... Down. Almost like he's been through something awful. Like, worse than being a zombie." Graystripe dusted off the last of his rabbit, swiping his tongue over his jaws as he mulled the idea over in his head. Fireheart stared at him, waiting for a response.

"I dunno," He mumbled, rising to his paws and giving his pelt a shake. "Try talking to him about it. Maybe there's something he wants to tell you." The fluffy gray tom started to walk away, but turned back and looked over his shoulder. "Hey, aren't you supposed to be joining Whitestorm's patrol?"

"Fox-dung!" Fireheart hissed, springing to his paws. "I completely forgot! Thanks, Graystripe!" Then, he raced across the clearing, reaching the back of the patrol just as it filed out of camp. Longtail narrowed his eyes as Fireheart fell into step beside him, then sniffed and trotted ahead to walk beside Darkstripe. Fireheart ignored the stuck-up gesture, falling to the back of the group. He had bigger things on his mind.

****

Later that evening, Fireheart returned to camp from a solo hunt to find the entire clan gathered in the clearing, talking urgently amongst themselves. Yellowfang was standing in the middle of the platoon, speaking to Bluestar about something he couldn't make out.

Depositing the blackbird on the freshkill pile, Fireheart approached the crowd and gently made his way to the front. Bluestar turned to face him as he approached, her deep blue eyes concerned. Unease twisted in his belly. What was going on?

"Hello, Fireheart." Bluestar meowed solemnly. "You were meant to watch our guest. Don't you remember?" Now he was just confused. What did she means by " watch our guest"? A sudden stab of fear pierced Fireheart's chest. Was (Y/N) dead?

"Yes, Bluestar," He meowed respectfully with a dip of his head, struggling to keep his fear at bay. "I do remember. What's going on?" The clan began murmuring again, this time hissing harsh insults and accusations his way. Bluestar raised her tail for silence, then turned to address Fireheart again.

"Your new friend is missing, Fireheart. Do you have any knowledge about this?" Alarm stabbed him in the gut like claws.

"(Y/N) is missing? For how long?"

Yellowfang stepped forward, her amber eyes weary. "Since sunhigh. We've searched the entire forest, but we haven't found him anywhere. We were hoping you knew where he might have gone, Fireheart." The clan turned their gazes on him one by one, silently accusing him of plotting some devious raid. Fireheart swallowed, struggling to maintain his composure under their harsh gazes. He had only known (Y/N) for a day and a half, but he had grown to care for the zombie like a close friend.

"Well?" Bluestar pressed, firmer this time. "Where is he, Fireheart?"

"I don't know," Fireheart confessed, an idea suddenly popping into his head. "but I have an idea."

Your POV

You took a deep breath, breathing in the soft scents of the evening. You had slipped away from the group of wild cats when they weren't looking, desperate for a moment of peace and quiet. You had found it here, in the center of s silent clearing decorated with four large oak trees. You'd never seen such a wonderful place.

Rushed pawsteps sounded from the shrubs at the other side of the clearing, and a flame-colored tom burst out of them, swiveling his head around frantically. When his gaze rested on you, he shuddered with a relieved sigh and slowed his pace to a steady jog as he made his way over to you.

"What are you doing out here?" He panted, sounding like a mother who had just saved her kitten from crossing a busy thunderpath.

You blinked, wrapping your skeletal tail around your paws. "I needed some space. Is that bad?" Fireheart stared at you for a moment, then laughed breathlessly, as if he had just dodged a roaring monster. He padded closer to you, leaping onto the gnarled root and following your gaze to the setting sun.

"I was just worried. Everyone was worried." You snorted, rolling your eye.

Do I look like a kitten to him?

"I can take care of myself. Just because I'm half-dead doesn't mean I'm feeble." To prove your point, you leaped off the root and raced across the clearing, jumping over a good-sized rock and coming to a halt back in front of him. Fireheart chuckled awkwardly, his ears flattening in embarrassment. You raised an eyebrow, smirking.

"Sorry, (Y/N). That's not what I meant. It's just, I'm supposed to take care of you, and everyone back at camp kind of thought I'd let you escape."

"Don't worry, idiot. I'm not going anywhere."

You both sat in comfortable silence for awhile after that. You couldn't help but to feel differently about Fireheart than you had about a cat for years. It had been so long since you'd had someone to trust and laugh with. You were suddenly very glad that you wandered into the forest. Fireheart turned to look at you, a puzzled light in his eyes. You met his gaze, silently willing him to say something.

"Um... What's up with the feathers on your ears?" He asked, pointing to the white feathers you had found underneath a pine tree. You reached up, gently feeling them. You smiled softly, feeling comforted by their presence.

"My mom used to bring me feathers when I was a kitten. I feel closer to her this way."

Fireheart stared at you for a moment, then smiled. "I bet she's always with you, (Y/N). Feathers or not." The face of that beautiful she-cat flashed across your mind, blurry but present. You smiled, turning your gaze back to the setting sun.

"Thank you, Fireheart. That means a lot to me." Somehow, despite the aches and pains in your stiff body and the slight throb in your heart, you were at peace. If someone had told you that you would meet a cat who could be your friend two days ago, you would've thought they were crazy. But now, as the sun disappeared under the distant hills and the stars came out of hiding, you knew you finally

had the friend you wanted. And maybe, just maybe, as long as you had Fireheart, being undead wouldn't be so bad.

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This is why I've been gone for a couple days xD This thing has over 4k words, da ng

Comments are always appreciated. I love hearing from you guys!

The Things We Can't Change ≫ Leafpool x Female! Medicine Cat! Reader (PART TWO)

[image]

Art: Cosmetanoia

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Birth scene
• Some gore
• Some angst

A/N: The relationship between (Y/N) and Leafpool is platonic. I didn't put it in the title because I ran out of room.

****

You struggled to catch your breath as you finally made it to the top of the ledge, Leafpool scrambling up beside you. "This is far enough, I think." She meowed confidently once she had finished giving the secluded hillside a once-over. "How do you feel about it?"

You turned your gaze over your surroundings, a pang of homesickness rippling through you. "It will do, I guess. It's as good as we're going to get." Leafpool smiled at you sympathetically, gently sweeping her tail across your swollen flank. You got the sense that she was worried for you.

"Any day now," She purred. "You're going to do fine, (Y/N). Try not to worry too much."

"I can't help it," You fretted, lashing your tail. "There's so much that could go wrong! What if something happens and you don't have the right herbs?" Leafpool dipped her head in understanding, placing a paw on your shoulder to steady you.

"I'll find every herb necessary. You know I would never let anything happen to you." You sighed, doing your best to swallow the uncertain fear that resided in your heart. Leafpool had been a medicine cat since before you were kitted. You had no doubt that she could handle whatever injury or ailment was thrown at her, but that didn't mean something out of her control could come up and result in tragedy. Whether said tragedy was a stillborn kit, you losing too much blood, or whatever else could possibly go wrong during kitting, you couldn't shake the thought of it.

"I need to lay down," You breathed, suddenly feeling light-headed. Leafpool nodded and leaned against you, gently guiding you over to a shady spot underneath a blossoming lilac bush.

"I'm going to hunt," She announced once you were comfortably settled in. "I'll be back in awhile, okay? Just rest here until I get back."

You smiled weakly. "Okay." Your former mentor turned and began carefully making her way back down the hill, leaving you by yourself on the desolate ledge. You sighed softly, turning your gaze to the swath of silver stars that glittered far above.

Please don't let anything happen to me or my kits.

But if the ancient warriors heard you, they didn't respond.

****

You were jarred out of a deep sleep by a sharp pain in your belly. You forced your eyes open against their will, sitting up and looking down at your swollen abdomen. Another sharp pain gripped you, stronger than the first. Hissing through gritted teeth, you doubled over and sank your claws into soft moss.

I'm not ready, You whimpered silently. *Please, just let me wait until*

morning...

But as another pain rippled through your belly, this time in the form of a clenching spasm, you knew your kits weren't going to wait for the sun to come up. Whimpering, you turned around to where Leafpool was sleeping, her back turned to you and her flank rising and falling softly.

"Leafpool!" You hissed, feeling a twinge of guilt at the harshness in your voice. "Leafpool, wake up! I think it's time!" The senior medicine cat rolled onto her back, staring up at you with dazed amber eyes.

"(Y/N)? What is it?" She sounded hoarse and distant, as if she was still far away in a dream.

"I'm in labor, mouse-brain!" You hissed, louder this time. "The contractions woke me up. I'm scared, and I suddenly have no idea what to do!" At this, Leafpool's eyes shot wide open, as if she'd never been sleeping at all. With a speed that would've convinced anyone the sky was falling, she sprang to her paws and rushed to your side. If you weren't in so much pain, you would've found her urgency heartwarming.

"It's okay, (Y/N). You're okay," She meowed gently, guiding you back to your makeshift nest. "Just lay right here and try to relax. I have everything we need."

"O-okay." You gasped, your limbs trembling violently as you laid back down. Leafpool disappeared outside of the bush, returning a moment later with a mouthful of herbs. Once she dropped them next to you, you realized that they were raspberry leaves and borage, the two most important herbs for kitting.

"Don't you have any poppy seeds?" You snapped, your voice strained and desperate.

Leafpool sighed, smiling sympathetically. "You know you can't have poppy seeds during this, (Y/N). You need to be able to tell when the kits are coming." You groaned loudly, frustrated with your former mentor. Sometimes, the rules of what could and couldn't be given to

a cat in certain situations was aggravating. Especially when you were the cat in said situation.

"Well, I need *something!"* You insisted desperately, tears streaming down your face as another agonizing contraction gripped you. "This hurts way too much!"

"That's what the raspberry leaves are for," Leafpool meowed calmly. "They won't completely take away the pain, but they should help you relax a bit." She pawed three of the spiky green leaves towards you, nodding once in an encouraging way. You lowered your head and scooped the leaves into your mouth, chewing them into a bitter-tasting pulp and swallowing with a shudder. Leafpool smiled and rested her paw on yours, as if trying to allow some of her strength to seep into you. You smiled back, beginning to tremble less as the raspberry leaves took effect. You recalled the time when you were just a young apprentice and Millie gave birth to her kits, and winced as the memory of her pained groans and cries came back to you. It hadn't looked like a pleasant experience at all. But then you remembered the joy on her face as her kits were placed by her belly, and the kits snuggling in close to their mother. Tears sprang to your eyes, and Leafpool leaned down and touched her nose to your forehead.

"You'll be okay," She whispered. "Everything will be just fine." You just nodded, burying your face into her fur. It seemed so unfair. Why did you have to give up your kits when no one else did?

****

Several hours had passed since you went into labor, and it seemed that no matter how many raspberry leaves you consumed, the pain never became any less unbearable. You knew that the kitting process got increasingly difficult the longer it went on, but you had never expected it to be this agonizing. You were sprawled out on your side, your tongue lolling out of your mouth as you did your best to deal with the contractions. Leafpool was sitting right beside you, gently stroking her paw down your convulsing flank.

"Keep breathing," She encouraged you gently. "That's the best thing you can do to manage the pain now." You inhaled sharply through

your nose, holding it for a moment before letting it out in a long, slow breath from your mouth. As much breathing as you had been doing for the past couple hours, you couldn't help but wonder if it was really helping. It just made you light-headed and nauseated, but perhaps your nausea derived from the strong scent of blood that threatened to overwhelm you, or the thought of what was to come. You were halfway into a light slumber when a painful contraction gripped you, causing you to jolt awake and cry out. Leafpool glanced at the end of your nest, where a surprising amount of blood had began forming a puddle.

"Don't panic, (Y/N)," She meowed, rising to her paws. "Do you feel like you need to push?"

"Y-yes!" You gasped, positioning your haunches. "Oh StarClan, this *huuuuurrrts!"*

"I know, I know," Leafpool responded in an urgent way, looking at you to reassure you while still keeping a close eye on your tail-end. "Just follow your instincts, alright? You'll know what to do." And so, you did. When the next awful contraction tore through your belly, you clenched those muscles as tight as you possibly could, screaming all the while. Leafpool meowed several words of encouragement throughout the process, but you couldn't make them out amidst the haze of pain. Your head throbbed, your spine ached, and the stench of blood nearly drowned you in a sea of fear. You wondered if this was StarClan's punishment to you for breaking the warrior code, and if you were going to die after all.

Suddenly, a small wet thump sounded from behind you, followed by Leafpool's joyous exclamation. "It's a she-cat!" You finally relaxed, collapsing into the moss and gasping for air. You closed your eyes, tears streaming down your face as you listened to the older medicine cat's tongue lapping wet fur and the tiny, feeble cries. You flinched slightly as damp fur pressed against your belly and a tiny mouth latched on to one of your teats, suckling softly.

"Good job, mama," Leafpool purred, smiling at you proudly. "You just brought a ThunderClan warrior into the world." Those words made you feel a little sick. A ThunderClan warrior? Maybe. But what would happen when she found out she was half ShadowClan?

Still, you wearily lifted your head to get a good look at her. She had your (F/C) pelt and the same shaped ears. The only difference was her nose, which was a pale pink like Crowfrost's, unlike your (f/C) nose.

Suddenly, another contraction tore through you, and you cried out. Leafpool sighed, smiling sympathetically. "You still have three more kits. Try to stay focused." You wanted to cry. It was going to be a long night.

****

It was probably the worst few hours of your life after your first daughter was born. It seemed like the pain would go on forever, but finally, just as the sun began to peer over the mountain peaks, you were curled up with four healthy kits at your belly. Three of the four kits were she-cats, leaving only one tom who was a carbon copy of his father. He had the same broad shoulders and lean body, the same fur color, and even his whiskers resembled Crowfrost's. It made your heart ache.

"(Y/N)... Do you have names for them?"

You looked up to see Leafpool padding into your makeshift den, her amber eyes glistening with an array of emotions. Sympathy and pain being the main ones.

"Yes," You murmured, examining your four kits once again. "I'd like to name this one Poolkit," You meowed, gently touching your nose to your first daughter's head. "In honor of my best friend and hero."

Leafpool smiled softly, ducking her head. "That is a great honor, (Y/N). Thank you."

You moved to the two other she-cats, licking their ears in turn. "These two are Lilackit and Sunkit, after the lilac bush that sheltered us and the sun that rose just after their birth." Leafpool smiled, taking a step forward and sitting down beside you. Pain clenched your chest as you gazed down at your only son, whom you hadn't thought of a name for yet. Leafpool noticed your discomfort and twined her tail with yours, gently resting her paw on your

shoulder.

"I don't know what to name him," You whispered. "I can't think of anything." That was a lie, however. You desperately wanted to name him after his father, but you knew you couldn't. The clans would grow suspicious of their matching fur color, and they would figure everything out if they had matching names.

"How about Frostkit?" Leafpool suggested. "It's still his father's name, but not so identical that anyone would get ideas." You blinked, letting the run through different scenarios in your head. It definitely fit. It had a nice ring to it.

"Okay," You agreed. "Poolkit, Lilackit, Sunkit, and Frostkit."

"They're beautiful," Leafpool meowed gently. "Ferncloud will take good care of them, (Y/N)." A sharp pain pierced your heart, causing your eyes to brim with tears. It wasn't fair. It wasn't fair, but you didn't have a choice. Your kits would be happier in ignorance than in knowing their birth was against the code. It would be better this way. There were just some things that you couldn't change.

"I love you," You whispered to the four bundles of fur curled up beside you. "Never forget that."

****

I guess I should've said there would be tons of angst in this one-shot... Oh well.

Sorry I've been disappearing lately. A lot has been going on and I'm tired constantly xD Help

Thanks a trillion for all your support and love, guys! I'll see you in the next one!

I Will Be Here ≫ Smudge x Female! Reader

[image]

Art: Sorrel

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Some angst
• Some gore

****

It had been a long night. Your housefolk had taken you to the cutter's and leave you there to be tortured and poked with strange objects. You weren't exactly sure what they did, but the fur on your belly was shaved, and in it's place was a nasty red slash covered up by soft, white material. Your brother, Rusty, had managed to evade the trip by hiding under the big lilac bush in your garden.

Lucky, You thought bitterly as your female twoleg gently set you down in your soft bed and gave you an affection pat on the head. *That sneaky tom gets away with everything. Where is he, anyway?* Upon the realization that your brother's scent was stale and his food bowl was untouched, you became concerned.

"Rusty?" You called out, ignoring the stab of pain from your wound. There was no response, which was strange. He usually came out of wherever he was hiding when you called his name.

Now slightly panicked, you rose slowly to your paws and padded over to the flap that led to the garden, hissing in annoyance as the hard clear thing around your head caught on the side. "Rusty?

Where are you?" You called, forcing your way through. You examined your garden frantically, desperate for any glimpse of orange fur among the green and yellow.

"Rusty, you're scaring me!" Your voice had almost risen to a wail, and tears had started to brim in your eyes. "Please answer me!" Suddenly, a flicker of movement near the fence caught your eye, and your heart fluttered as you trotted over to it. "Rusty! There you are!" A round white head adorned with black patches poked out of the shrubs, and your heart sank. "Oh. Hi, Smudge."

The plump kittypet tilted his head off to one side, hurt glistening in his green eyes. "You don't seem very happy to see me."

"Oh, no! It's not that!" You assured him, feeling guilty about your choice of words. "It's just... I thought you were Rusty. I just got back from the cutter's, and I haven't been able to find him. Do you know where he is?" Smudge's expression twisted into one of sadness, and fear shot through you. Something bad happened while you were away.

"I do know where he is," Your neighbor replied slowly, seeming nervous. "but I think you should sit down before I tell you." You stared at him for a moment, then slowly sat down, wincing as sharp pain shot up your belly.

"W-what's happened, Smudge?" You asked timidly, petrified of the answer. Smudge sighed, sitting down across from you and resting his paw on yours. His gaze traveled across your face slowly, as if he didn't want you to know the truth.

"Um, (Y/N)... Y-yesterday, Rusty decided he wanted to join a group of cats that live in the forest. You know, one of those clans Henry always goes on about. He's..." Your friend paused, taking a deep breath. "...not coming back." You felt sick. Rusty left? Why hadn't he waited to tell you goodbye? Tears burned your tired eyes, and without the ability to reach up and wipe them away, you let them fall.

"He...He's gone?" You choked out weakly. "W-why didn't he tell me?"

Smudge looked at his paws, sighing softly. "I don't know. I guess he wanted to leave as soon as possible." You couldn't breathe. It felt like teeth had clamped around your throat, suffocating you in a wave of sorrow, regret, and anger. How could he be so selfish? He *knew* how much he meant to you; you'd told him millions of times. Why would he think it was okay to just *leave?* Smudge raised his eyes again when he heard your hitched breathing, then gently leaned forward and rested his forehead against yours.

"I'm so sorry, (Y/N)," He murmured sadly. "I know you were his best friend. He will never stop loving you. Not ever. He may be gone now, but he will always be your brother. Okay?"

You leaned further into your friend's embrace, sobbing painfully. "O-okay..." Deep down, you knew he was right; Rusty loved you more than anything, and he hadn't left because of anything you had said or done. You knew you had to accept the fact that he was happier out in the forest, but that was proving to be extremely difficult.

"He was my whole world!" You cried, burying your face deeper into Smudge's fur. "I don't want him to go..." Smudge simply tightened his embrace, gently pulling you closer to him as you sobbed and wailed.

"I know, (Y/N). I know."

****

Later that evening, you were awoken by the feeling of warm fur pressing against your back. Groaning softly, you raised your head and did your best to blink the haze of sleep out of your eyes. "Huh?" You rasped groggily. "Who's there?"

"It's just me," A familiar voice whispered back. "I'm sorry I woke you up. I didn't mean to." Your vision cleared and you realized that Smudge was laying in your bed behind you, his right paw draped lazily over the side. You purred with amusement, shaking your head.

"You're such a dork. Why are you here?"

"I... Wanted to make sure you were okay," He meowed, his usually pink nose turning a dark shade of red. "You had a pretty rough day, and I wasn't sure if you wanted some company or not..." He trailed off with a nervous chuckle, averting his gaze and flattening his ears. You smiled softly, gently flicking his hind leg with your tail-tip. He grinned sheepishly at your touch, his nose turning even darker.

"Of course I don't mind, Smudge. I always like seeing you."

He relaxed, slowly resting his head down on the side of your bed. "I'm really glad. I like seeing you, too." You both laid there in silence as the sunlight that covered the wood on the ground grew darker, and the birdsong outside was replaced by the chirping of millions of crickets. You couldn't help but to think that Smudge was missing your brother just as much as you were, and part of the reason he snuck into your twolegs' den was because he needed some comfort, too.

"Smudge?" You meowed softly, raising your head to look at your friend. He was fast asleep, however, his eyes closed and his tail-tip gently twitching. A small smile was resting on his muzzle, occasionally faltering, but it always returned. You figured he was dreaming about all the times he ran through gardens with you and Rusty, catching butterflies and hunting mice for fun. A small pang burned in your chest at the endless array of memories. You and Smudge could still run through gardens and catch mice, but it would never be the same without your brother. But at the same time, you felt as if a brand new adventure was beginning.

"Goodnight, Smudge," You whispered to your sleeping friend. "I love you." You finally allowed your heavy eyes to close, welcoming the warmth of a deep sleep. Maybe things would be okay, after all.

□ ??? POV □

He watched the two cats settle down through the clear spot on the outside of the twoleg den, a strange combination of sorrow and happiness weighing on his shoulders. He smiled, his eyes brimming with tears.

"Take care of her, Smudge."

Then, he turned and crossed the garden, leaping over the fence and disappearing into the warm night.

****

This one was kind of a tear-jerker, so I apologize for that ^^" It worked out pretty well, though.

In case anyone is still stumped, your wound is from getting spayed at the vet's. I just figured I should make that clear.

Thanks for reading, guys. It means a lot

Friends Forever ≫ Sick! Honeyfern x Sick! Female! Reader (PLATONIC)

[image]

Art: Draikinator

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Sickness

This was a request for my very loyal and very kind reader, Pinestripe37! **I sincerely hope you enjoy your request! Only the best for you!**

****

It had started with a slight cough and a runny nose. Leafpool had prescribed you some catmint and poppy seeds, then sent you on your way. However, the next day your cough had worsened into an unpleasant wet gurgle in your chest and you could no longer breathe through your nose. You returned to the medicine den, and after a few quick physical examinations, she announced that you had come down with a case of greencough. In order to prevent the spread of the disease, you had been quarantined in the abandoned twoleg nest on the edge of ThunderClan territory. Then, one by one, your clanmates joined you. It made you feel like a pierce of fox dung if you dwelled on it for too long; you had been the first cat In ThunderClan to fall ill, and thanks to you, all your friends, family, and clanmates got sick.

A burning sensation flared in your chest, and you shook into

another violent fit of coughing. The taste of phlegm escaping your heaving lungs made you shudder. A bundle of herbs suddenly landed in front of you, and you looked up to see your friend, Honeyfern, standing in front of you. You smiled weakly, rasping your tongue over your jaws.

"Hey," You croaked. "What are you doing here? You'll catch your death."

"I'm sick too, mouse-brain," Your friend huffed with a twitch of her whiskers. "I've got the same thing as you, just not as bad. Now shut your muzzle and eat the herbs, already!"

You rolled your eyes. "Alright, *mom."* Holding your breath to avoid as much of the taste as possible, you bent your head and scooped the green bundle in your jaws and chewed. It was a strange mix of sweet, sour, and bitter, and it made you feel sick.

"Don't throw those up," Honeyfern meowed urgently. "I really don't think I can walk all the way back to camp and come all the way ba —" She broke off in a coughing fit, doubling over and covering her mouth with a paw. Her cough was nowhere near as deep and wet as yours, but it still sounded rather uncomfortable.

"You should lay down." You told her, scooting over in your nest to make more room.

"I'm fine," She wheezed pitifully. "there are much sicker cats who need to be taken care of. Since I'm one of the healthier ones, it's my job to—" She started coughing again, harder this time. You stood up abruptly, wincing as pain shot through your aching limbs.

"I'll believe you're fine when hedgehogs fly," You retorted. "I'm going to get you some catmint or something. Stay put!" You shot her a warning glare, then exited the makeshift den and began padding through the forest towards camp. The further you walked, the more your chest and throat burned. You had to stop several times to burst into a coughing fit, but you finally reached the thorn barrier guarding ThunderClan's hollow.

The tendrils parted and Leafpool stepped through with a mouthful

of different herbs. Her eyes widened when she saw you, and she set the leaves down at her paws. "(Y/N)! What are you doing all the way over here? You know you're in no condition to travel!"

You were still trying to catch your breath from your slow lumber through the forest. "S-sorry," You wheezed. "I-I just wanted to get... Some catmint for.... For.... For Honeyfern. I.... I think she's.... Getting worse."

Leafpool sighed like a disappointed mother. "Okay, (Y/N). You've made your point. Take these herbs back to the twoleg den and have her eat them. Everything you need is in the bundle already." You muttered a quick "thanks", then scooped up the leaves in your jaws and began making your way back into the forest.

"(Y/N)!" Leafpool called as you were leaving. You turned and looked over your shoulder, an eyebrow raised. The medicine cat cast you a stern look. "After this, I'll claw your ears off if I catch you walking around again!" You nodded, your mouth too full to respond. She must have understood, however, because she smiled and disappeared back into camp. You started your painful trek through the forest, squeezing your eyes shut and praying to StarClan you wouldn't collapse. Just when you thought you couldn't take it anymore, the wood walls of the twoleg den appeared through the lush greenery. The sounds of sick cats reached your ears, and you sighed in relief.

Honeyfern peeked out of the crumbling structure once you were closer, her light blue eyes shining with a combination of admiration and anger. "I cannot believe you walked all the way back to camp just to bring me herbs!" She snapped once you reached the den entrance. "You're too sick to travel, (Y/N)!"

"You're starting to sound like Leafpool," You grumbled, dropping the bundle of leaves and pushing them towards her. "Here. Eat these."

Your friend shot you an irritated look. *"I'm* starting to sound like Leafpool? You're the one forcing herbs down my throat!"

"Just shut up and eat them!" You retorted.

"Fine, *mom."* Honeyfern scowled, mimicking your sarcastic quip from earlier. You rolled your eyes, watching her swallow the leaf mixture. Suddenly, a wave of fatigue crashed over you. Groaning, you collapsed roughly beside Honeyfern and closed your eyes, breathing heavily. You were nearly unconscious when your friend rolled over and rested her paw on your shoulder. You opened one eye, turning it up to look at her.

"You know I was just joking earlier, right?" She meowed, concern glistening in her mind eyes.

You blinked, somewhat confused. "You mean when you told me not to throw up because you didn't want to walk back to camp?"

"Yeah." She meowed, seeming slightly insecure.

You smiled at her. "I know, Honeyfern. You don't have to worry about that stuff. I'll always love you."

She smiled back, flashing her signature grin that never failed to make you feel at ease. "I'll always love you too, (Y/N). Promise we'll be friends forever?"

You chuckled hoarsely. "I promise."

****

I thought this prompt was the cutest idea ever! I could totally see this happening with Honeyfern. She was the sweetest girl ever .

Thank you so so soooo much for requesting, Pinestripe37! **I love doing your requests if you ever want another one**

Votes, comments, and feedback are greatly appreciated! Thank you, everyone!

Crime and Punishment ≫ Crowfrost x Female! ThunderClan! Medicine Cat! Reader

[image]

Art: Nizumifangs

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• None

****

The grass felt nice and cool under your paws as you padded up the small slope towards the moonlit clearing. You were heading to the abandoned twoleg den at the edge of clan territory to meet a certain cat, one who meant the world and more to you. His name was Crowfrost, a well-built, handsome tom with smooth black-and-white fur and rippling muscles. You had met him at a gathering moons ago when he had approached you and the other medicine cats and began making small talk. You were wary of him in the beginning, but after several more gatherings and a few late night meetings later, he earned your trust, and two seasons later, he earned something more.

"Crowfrost?" You meowed quietly, ducking your head under a rotting piece of wood and peering into the musty darkness. No response came, so you backed out of the abandoned den and padded around to the back. His scent was definitely present, but it was so stale it had to have been from the last time you met here.

You weren't sure where to look for him.

You rounded the corner of the decrepit structure, ears straining for any pawsteps in the leaves or fur brushing against shrubs. Once again, nothing happened. You started to worry that something had happened to the ShadowClan warrior on his way to the twoleg den, or someone had finally found out about his secret escapades. You swallowed, struggling to maintain composure.

Keep it together, (Y/N). He's probably just running a little late.

Just then, a twig snapped somewhere behind you, and a weight crashed down on top of your back. You cried out in shock, bracing yourself as you were pushed all the way to the ground. Laughter erupted from your attacker. You growled in annoyance, dragging yourself out from under him and giving your pelt a firm shake.

"You scared the fur off of me!" You snapped, playfully lashing your tail and turning to glare at your mate. He laughed harder, his deep blue eyes shining brightly in the moonlight. You huffed, averting your gaze. The sight of him never failed to make your ears burn.

"I can tell." He chuckled once he had settled down. "You're never this jumpy. What's going on with you?"

"Leafpool thinks I'm looking for catmint," You sighed, shuffling your paws against a sudden cool breeze. "Usually I sneak out when she and Jayfeather are asleep, but I couldn't tonight. Longtail and Mousefur both have greencough, and if they take a turn in the middle of the night and I'm not around, Leafpool or Jayfeather will find out I'm gone and get suspicious." You felt bad for using the elders' illness for your own gain, but it was true. You couldn't let anyone find out where you had been sneaking off to since you were an apprentice.

Crowfrost smiled at you, rubbing his muzzle against your cheek with a soft murmur. "I guess that means we'll have to be extra quiet, then."

You smirked playfully, nudging him with your shoulder. "I guess so."

****

You were laying with your head rested on Crowfrost's chest, listening to the rhythmic beating of his heart and his steady breathing. He had his paw draped over your shoulders, rasping his tongue over your ears. "You're amazing," He murmured, his breath tickling the inside of your ear. "I love you so much."

"I love you, too," You meowed softly, pushing yourself up with your paws resting on his chest and touching your nose to his. "You're the most wonderful tom in the whole forest." He smiled, gently reaching behind you and stroking the back of your neck with his paw. You both laid there for a moment, just gazing into each other's eyes. Then, you realized that the sun was nearly gone, and crickets were beginning to sing all around you.

"I have to go now." You meowed with a sigh.

Crowfrost's smile faltered, and he looked away for a moment. "I know."

"The gathering is coming up," You meowed, fighting back tears at the sight of his disappointment. "we'll meet again then, and we can even sneak away after." It didn't sound fair. The next gathering wasn't for over a moon, and the thought of going that long without seeing the ShadowClan warrior nearly made you ill.

But nevertheless, Crowfrost put on the best smile he could manage and gently pushed you off of him as he stood up. "Alright, then. I'll see you around, (Y/N)."

You smiled back. "I'll see you around." Then, he turned and disappeared into the thick cluster of pines behind the twoleg den. You watched him leave, your smile twinging into a concerned frown.

Cat's actions always have consequences, You thought nervously as you mused over the events of the night. *Am I going to regret this?* But as the image of Crowfrost's handsome face and kind voice replaced the images of punishment in your mind, your worries melted away like snow.

Everything will be fine. It always is.

****

This is the prequel to my Leafpool two-shot. Of course, you and I both know everything will not be fine for you...

I hope you enjoyed this mini one-shot! I love the way it turned out, and I had a lot of fun writing it! Please let me know if there's a one-shot you would like to see in my book!
(Make sure requests are open first)

Light At The End of the Tunnel ≫ Brick x Depressed! Female! Reader

[image]

Art: cheecats

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Some angst
• Themes of depression

A/N: I have this headcanon where kittypets/non clan cats understand a bit of slang. (e.g. pet names, insults, objects, etc...) I feel like this would mostly apply to city cats, since they are around twolegs the most

****

You never were one for social events. You preferred to stay hidden away in the shadows, safe from judgement and far away from curious, prying eyes. You only ever seemed to get funny looks these days, as well as whispers and softly uttered comments concerning the funny way you walked or the way your tail always seemed to be dragging behind you. It was all so overwhelming for you, so on warm summer nights like this when BloodClan gathered together in the alley to sing, yell, and do all sorts of other high-intensity things, you simply sat on the chain-link fence and watched them from a distance.

You sighed through your nose, shifting your weight so the sharp

rods on the fence didn't dig into your haunches. It was so unfair. You had never wanted anything more than to feel like you belonged with your friends, to sing and joke and laugh with them, but you never could.

So much for happily ever afters.

The sound of something banging against a metal trashcan followed by a slew of curse words caught your attention, causing you to look down and see a lanky, lean-built reddish-brown tom covered in scars and imperfections stalking towards your perch, his shredded ears bobbing aimlessly. You shook your head, turning your gaze back to the loud alley. You knew the raggedy tom as Brick, one of Scourge's closest aliases. He always seemed standoffish and brass, so it came as so surprise that he had come out by you to escape the commotion.

"Hey there, doll-face. You mind giving me a paw?"

You looked down at him, resisting the urge to claw his slender muzzle. You *hated* being called doll-face, and you knew that he knew it. Brick seemed to have a strange desire to get on your nerves as much as he possibly could. You had always figured it was just a tomcat thing.

"Alright, numbskull," You muttered, extending a paw towards him. "just don't get any ideas." He hooked his paw onto yours and you hauled him up next to you, turning your gaze forward again to avoid making eye contact.

"Heh. Thanks, doll-face. Really appreciate it." You ignored him, scooting a little further away from him and continuing to watch the party rage on before you.

"You ain't missin' much," Brick meowed after a moment of silence. "Most interestin' thing that's happened so far is Bone gettin' his head stuck in that old sofa. Y'know, the one Hoot 'n Jumper fight over all the time." You grunted in acknowledgement, completely uninterested in what he was saying. You already knew you weren't missing much. You never were.

The rust-colored tom looked over at you, his amber eyes softening slightly. "C'mon, princess. What's goin' through that pretty head of yours?" You gritted your teeth, anger starting to boil over. Why was he acting so worried?

"I'm not a kitten," You snapped with a lash of your tail. "I can take care of myself." Brick blinked, then nodded and turned his gaze back to the lively alley. You thought he had decided to just drop it and move on, but of course, that was too good to be true.

"It's alright, (Y/N). I know what it's like to not wanna talk about somethin'. Just know that if ya ever do, I'm your man." He gave you a friendly wink, but you just shook your head and chuckled.

"And what exactly makes you think *you* out of all the cats in this city can cheer me up?" You challenged him playfully, turning to look at him with a raised eyebrow.

He seemed surprised. "Eh... Well, I suppose..." He trailed off, as if mulling over his choices. You watched him, confused. How could answering a simple question be so difficult? "I suppose I think I can cheer ya up because ya mean a lot to me, y'know?"

You blinked. "Oh. I see." In truth, you were rather taken aback. That was the last thing you would've expected him to say. You had been expecting a snarky, annoying remark, but instead, what you got was much... Sweeter. It almost didn't feel right. Brick wasn't exactly known for saying kind things out of the goodness of his heart.

"Rat got your tongue, doll-face?" Brick meowed, cutting into the heavy silence. You blinked, giving your head a shake to clear your thoughts.

"Y-yeah. Sorry about that. I'm just not used to meaning anything to anyone." You averted your gaze, opting to watch a garbage-eating contest between Gremlin and Boulder. Brick suddenly twined his tail with yours, pulling you a little closer to him. You looked back up at him, shocked to see emotion rippling across his amber eyes.

"Don't you ever say that to me again!" He growled, but his voice held an edge of sympathetic pain to it. "Everyone is worth

something, (Y/N). It doesn't matter if it's acknowledged or not, or if you think it's true. *You are worth something.* In fact, I'd go as far as to say that you're worth a lot. At least, ya are to me. I don't know what I'd do if I never met ya. Ya keep me grounded, (Y/N). You're the light at the end of the tunnel for me. My best friend. I wouldn't trade ya for all the garbage in this city."

You took a deep, shuddering breath, tears beginning to escape your eyes. "Brick, I... I don't know what to say. No one... No one's ever said something so kind to me before..." You choked up, sniffing and reaching up with a paw to wipe your eyes.

Brick reached up and gently placed his paw on yours, flashing you an unusually soft smile. "No need to thank me, doll-face. Just doin' my job."

"How can I not thank an amazing tomcat like you?" You whispered breathlessly as you gazed deep into his amber orbs. "Surely there must be *some* way I can repay you, Brick." The rust-colored tabby paused for a moment, then looked back into your eyes with a half-smile. Suddenly, he moved forward and touched his nose to yours.

"There is a way." Then, he pressed his mouth to yours in a passionate kiss. Your eyes flew wide open in shock, but you couldn't bring yourself to put an end to the wonderful moment, so you simply let your eyes flutter closed and kissed him deeply in return. You both broke away for air a moment later, chuckling awkwardly.

"You're a pretty good kisser," You purred. "Who taught you?"

Brick snorted, playfully shoving your shoulder with a paw. "Watch your mouth, missy. I can still turn ya into rat food."

You smirked. "Like you would dare." You both laughed for a moment, then fell into a peaceful silence. Brick shifted closer to you so he could rest his chin on your head, then wrapped his tail around your back.

"I love ya, (Y/N). You're one cool cat."

You smiled and cuddled into his embrace. "I love you too, Brick.

Thank you for making me feel like I'm important." Neither of you said anything after that, but you supposed there was nothing left to be said. You'd both gotten everything you'd ever wanted that night, and no words could possibly express the happiness that settled over you both like a warm blanket. You smiled to yourself as the sun began to set over the alley. Maybe life wasn't so bad, after all.

****

I needed to write something about this cat. I feel like no one knows who he is. And yes, I did give him a heavy Jersey accent. Deal with it

I'll work on requests now, I promise xD
I just had to get this idea off my chest.

Votes and comments are greatly appreciated! Thank you for reading !

A Different Kind of Happiness ≫ Velvet x Crippled! Female! Reader (PLATONIC)

[image]

Art: Gekkozilla

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Mentioned injury
• Portrayal of anxiety
• Some angst
• Some gore
• Needles
• Hinted surgery

This is yet another request for my super cool follower, Pinestripe37! Thank you for requesting!

A/N: This is a continuation to *As The World Begins To Shift*. I wasn't very happy with that title, so o decided to come up with a different one for part two. Nevertheless, I hope you all enjoy!

****

You groaned in pain, rolling onto your back and sticking your crippled hind leg in the air. It hurt the worst when you were trying to sleep. You hated that. You hadn't had a decent night's sleep in moons, and it was starting to drive you crazy.

Velvet stirred next to you, her amber eyes flickering open. "Ugh...

(Y/N)? Are you okay?" She mumbled groggily, sitting up and staring at you through half-open eyes.

"No," You hissed back, frustrated with your inability to sleep. "My stupid leg is keeping me up again. I haven't slept in moons!" Your best friend's eyes narrowed sympathetically, and she rose to her paws and carefully stepped over you, making her way over to the water dish you both shared and scooting it towards you.

"Drink some water," She meowed gently. "That will at least help your throat feel better." She was right; your throat had been sore from all your groaning and crying. Sighing, you rolled back onto your belly at an awkward angle and began lapping up the ice-cold liquid, relishing in the comfort it brought you. It reminded you of drinking from the lake on a hot greenleaf day.

"Thank you, Velvet," You murmured once you had finished drinking. "that really helped."

The soft gray she-cat smiled, carefully stepping back into the furry nest you shared and resting her chin on your shoulder. "You're welcome, (Y/N). Try to hang in there. The housefolk will take you to the cutter's tomorrow, and they'll make your leg feel better." You swallowed hard, suddenly remembering the adventure your new housefolk had planned for you. Velvet had told you what usually goes on in that place, and none of it sounded pleasant. Being poked with sharp things and held down by twolegs was *not* your idea of a good time.

"Hey... Velvet?" You murmured, shifting slightly. Velvet sat up again, tipping her head to one side in question. You sighed shakily, suddenly feeling queasy. "I don't want to go to the cutter's. I've hardly ever been around twolegs before, and you made it sound terrifying. I really don't want to go." Your voice cracked slightly, making you sound like a frightened kit about to start wailing.

Velvet sighed sadly. "(Y/N), everything is going to be fine. The cutters are really nice, and they only want to help you. Some of the things they might do will hurt, but you'll feel much better after. I promise." You weren't sure if you believed her. Nothing about the experience was sounding any better to you.

"What are they going to do to me?" You asked timidly.

Velvet looked up in thought, then shrugged her shoulders. "I honestly don't know, (Y/N). It could be anything. Usually they just poke me with these long silver things and feel my belly, but I've never had a crippled limb before." You looked at your paws, tears brimming in the corners of your eyes. You had never been this frightened of anything, ever.

Velvet noticed your pain and her gaze softened. She moved forward slowly, carefully pulling you into an embrace. "It's okay, (Y/N). I'll be with you the entire time. We'll get through it together." You sniffed, and her gentle grip tightened slightly. "Okay?"

You pulled away from her chest, looking up at her with a weak smile. "O-okay." You were still terrified, but the thought of Velvet being by your side gave you some comfort. "Thank you, Velvet."

Your best friend smiled softly. "You're welcome, (Y/N). Try to get some sleep, okay? We've got a big day ahead of us tomorrow."

****

You were awoken the next morning by both of your housefolk shuffling around in the area you and Velvet slept in. You had been terribly frightened at first, but Velvet had calmly reassured you that they were only here to help you. Once you had calmed down, the male twoleg gently scooped you up in his arms, careful as to not touch your injured leg. He then began carrying you outside while gently stroking your head and murmuring things you couldn't understand. You were then placed in a small square thing inside the belly of a big red monster — Velvet had called this a *kennel* — and moments later, the female twoleg placed Velvet in the one right across from you. She had smiled brightly at you, squeezing her paw through a small gap in the mesh covering to rest her paw on yours. She assured you that everything was going to work out, and that you were doing great. Then, the monster let out a deep, loud roar, and you were suddenly moving. The journey to the cutter's was overstimulating, so by the time your housefolk opened the monster and removed your kennels from inside, your fur was sticking up in every place imaginable, and you were meowing loudly in distress.

When you were finally inside of the massive white den, a male twoleg wearing a strange smooth, white pelt removed you from your kennel and placed you on a shiny silver surface.

You stood trembling as the strange twoleg spoke to your housefolk, gently running his massive paws over your belly and chest. You turned to look at Velvet, who was watching you from her kennel. She gave you a smile, followed by a reassuring nod, and you did your best to return the gesture. Suddenly, your scruff was grabbed gently, followed by a sharp pain. You let out a yowl, struggling against the twoleg's grip. Velvet stood up in her kennel, her amber eyes glittering with empathy. "It's alright (Y/N)," She meowed, placing a paw on the mesh covering. "Just try to relax. It's almost over." She was right, at least. A moment later the searing pain was gone, replaced by a warm, fuzzy feeling that surrounded you like mist. The noises around you began to fade, as well as your surroundings.

I don't know what's going on, You thought groggily as you were gently laid back down on the shiny surface. *but I kinda like it.* Then, everything ceased to exist.

****

You woke up StarClan knows how much time later, sprawled out on something white and soft. Velvet was laying with her paws tucked underneath her chest across the area from you, her eyes closed. You tried to sit up, but your injured hind leg — which was now completely numb and covered in some sort of white shell — prevented you from moving too much. You let your head fall back with a grunt, wincing as the side of your face met with a strangely bendable clear material. The sounds of your struggle had woken Velvet, who immediately sprang to her paws and raced to your side.

"You were so brave!" She purred. "I never could've gone through something like that!" You blinked at her, dazed beyond belief. It looked like there was two of her, and they were both spinning in circles. You narrowed your eyes, struggling to see your friend through the blurriness.

Your throat was incredibly sore, but you still managed to speak,

albeit a little raspy. "Velvet, you... You have too many eyes."

Your friend burst out laughing, doubled over like she'd just been hit in the stomach. "Go back to sleep (Y/N)," She cackled. "we'll talk about it more when you wake up." You didn't have to be told twice. You immediately collapsed into the soft stuff, allowing your heavy eyes to flutter closed. The last thing you felt before sleep took you once again was Velvet curling up at your side.

****

Ngl, this was so fun to write! I enjoy writing hurt/comfort.

Thanks for requesting, Pinestripe! Come back any time !

Votes and comments are greatly appreciated! Hearing from you guys makes my day 100,000,000,000 times better!

You Will Be Okay ≫ Sandstorm x Male! Reader

[image]

Art: Silverzoul

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Gore
• Angst
• Death

This is a request for CarolusTheSwede. I hope you enjoy this one-shot!

****

The idea of battle was something that always lingered in the back of warriors' minds, but that didn't mean anyone had to look forward to it. Even now, as a full-grown tom with rippling muscles and powerful claws, the idea of charging headfirst into a bloody massacre made your stomach turn. Things had been different these past few moons. You had been getting to know one of your clanmates and fellow warriors, and she had quickly proven to be everything you wanted in a mate. Her name was Sandstorm, and you fell deeper in love with her every single day. You didn't want to lose that to the fierce claws of an enemy.

You swallowed thickly, glancing down at the love of your life, who was standing next to you with her head held high and her shoulders squared. You smiled fondly, turning your gaze back to the clearing that would soon be a battleground. She was incredibly brave for a she-cat. Suddenly, the sound of pawsteps thundering through the

trees broke the tense silence, and every cat around you seemed to stiffen with anticipation. You tensed with them, readying yourself for a brutal fight. All at once a hoard of ShadowClan warriors stormed the forest clearing, their dark pelts bristling and their eyes alight with merciless fury. Sandstorm glanced up at you, flashing a determined smile. You returned it, squaring your shoulders and bunching your muscles underneath you.

"ThunderClan, these fox-hearted brutes have had plenty of chances to reason with us, and they chose to settle the matter this way. Defend the home you love, warriors! ThunderClan, attack!" Bluestar's command rang out over the sound of roaring pawsteps and angry snarls. Without a moment of hesitation, you, along with all other ThunderClan warriors, charged into the advancing platoon of ShadowClan cats. You immediately lost Sandstorm in the fray, but you didn't have time to stop and look for her. Wetfoot leaped towards you, his claws outstretched. You ducked underneath him, raking your claws across his soft belly. The gray tabby snarled in pain, landing early to turn around and show you his teeth.

"Stupid mouse-muncher!" He snarled, flexing his claws out as far as they possibly could. *"I'll rip you to shreds!"* Then, he propelled himself forward with a powerful thrust from his hind legs, taking you by surprise and knocking you backwards. You grunted as the wind was knocked out of you, glaring up at him through spinning vision.

"You ShadowClan cats never learn," You spat hatefully, sneaking your hind leg underneath him. "Don't know know to pin your opponent's hind legs when you tackle them?" Wetfoot narrowed his eyes, but you didn't give him time to register your words. You thrust your hind paw right into his groin, sending him sprawling backwards with a cry of pain. You scrambled to your paws, baring your teeth at your opponent. He seemed to understand the message, because he immediately reeled back and pelted back into the fight with his tail between his legs. You snorted, lashing your tail with satisfaction. He wouldn't be back any time soon.

Suddenly, a painful screech tore through the sounds of battle. You froze, panic beginning to rise in your throat. You would recognize that screech anywhere. "Sandstorm!" You yowled, tearing across the

clearing and through the haze of claws and teeth at full speed. You quickly found your way to the edge of the clearing, bursting out of the massive dust cloud to see your best friend crouched low to the ground, a gash on her shoulder so deep the white bone underneath was visible. Cinderfur was standing over her, a sick grin stretched across his bloodstained muzzle as he prepared to strike the life out of Sandstorm.

"GET AWAY FROM HER!" You roared, launching yourself forward with your hind legs. You thrust yourself in between Sandstorm and her attacker just as he brought his claws down. Pain split your flank as your flesh was brutally torn open. An ice-cold feeling touched your exposed ribs, followed by hard stone as you landed with a wet thump on a small pile of rocks. You slowly opened your eyes, struggling to see through the blur. Sandstorm stared at you in horror, then lunged at Cinderfur and knocked him backwards. Everything after that was a haze. You couldn't feel anything but the warmth of your blood pooling around you.

Is this what dying feels like?

Suddenly, a tear-stained cheek was rubbing against yours, and a achingly familiar scent washed over you as your senses began to return. "Sandstorm..." You whispered, struggling to speak with a punctured lung. Your friend let out a shuddering breath, resting her chin on your head.

"You saved my life," She whispered. "I'm alive because of you, (Y/N)..."

You smiled. "That's what friends are for, mouse-brain." Your clanmates had began to gather around you, murmuring urgently to one another, their eyes brimming with tears and anger. You chuckled softly. They really were the best friends you could ask for.

"Let's go home," Sandstorm purred, her voice strained and forcefully happy. "We won, (Y/N). Snakerocks belongs to ThunderClan!" You found her denial sweet in a way. You just wished you'd noticed her intense passion for your well-being earlier.

"You can go home now, Sandstorm," You choked out, blood

streaming down your chin. "ThunderClan is... Is lucky to have you in their ranks." A painful spasm wracked your body, causing you to seize up and jerk slightly. Sandstorm buried her face into your shoulder, a sob escaping her.

"I can't go home without you, (Y/N)... We're supposed to be together forever, remember...?" Images of walks through the forest and cold nights curled up together flashed through your mind, and a pang of sadness penetrated your heart. It was hard to accept that you would never be able to fulfill those things with her, but you knew you would always be able to be with her.

"You'll be alright, Sandstorm. I-" You spasmed one more time, coughing up another mouthful of blood. "I love you... I love you so much..." You couldn't keep your heavy eyes open any longer. Darkness was beginning to creep into your vision, consuming you. Sandstorm nudged you several times, but all your strength had seeped from your body. You suddenly felt lighter than ever, the pain from your injury non-existent. Your vision cleared and you found yourself staring at your lifeless body while Sandstorm sobbed into your fur and your clanmates did their best to comfort her.

"This is it," You murmured, touching your nose to her forehead. "Be strong, my love. You will be okay."

****

Omllll I'm so sorry for how this turned out, I'm just so tired asdfgjjkkhll

Thanks again for your request! I hope it was somewhat enjoyable xD

Votes and comments are appreciated!

Saints and Sinners ≫ Hawkfrost x Female! Reader x Brambleclaw (CHOICE ENDING)

[image]

Art: DariaFireLight

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Some angst
• Mentioned murder

****

You trudged along the empty stretch of moor, your numb paws feeling like stones and your tail dragging behind you. Normally you would be curled up in your warm, soft nest in WindClan, but that wasn't an option for you anymore. Onestar had come to the conclusion that you had murdered a ThunderClan warrior in cold blood and exiled you. His accusation was wrong, of course. You would never harm another cat if they didn't deserve it, and you especially wouldn't go out of your way to hunt down a warrior you hardly even knew.

I never knew Onestar was this hare-brained, You thought, your anger more bitter than the unbearable chill of the night. *I guess StarClan wanted me to learn that the hard way.*

You paused, looking up at the endless swath of stars above you. They suddenly seemed further away than ever, and anger clenched

your chest as you gazed at them. "You're supposed to look after us!" You snarled, your voice echoing across the barren stretch of turf. "Why would you let this happen to me!?" The starry warriors didn't respond, however, and you were left feeling more alone than you ever had.
Feeling defeated, you sat down in the cold snow and wrapped your tail around your numb paws. Life was so unfair sometimes.

Suddenly, your ears picked up on a small piece of conversation. You tensed, rising back to your paws and bracing yourself in case you had to run or fight.

Who in StarClan's name is all the way out here in the middle of the night in this weather?

Suddenly feeling rather frightened, you took a step backwards just as two muscular toms emerged from the forest, their heads bent in deep conversation. You recognized both of them from gatherings, and you weren't sure of their presence made you feel better or worse. You knew they were the sons of Tigerstar, in tyrant of a leader who ruled ShadowClan and left the forest bathed in blood many moons ago. Your mother had always told you that it was wrong to judge a cat based on their blood, but you almost couldn't help it with those two.

Hawkfrost noticed you and narrowed his eyes. Brambleclaw followed his brother's gaze, then blinked in surprise. "Oh, uh... Hi. I think I've seen you at gatherings before," The ThunderClan warrior meowed hesitantly. "You're...?"

"(Y/N)." You replied quietly.

Brambleclaw's eyes lit up in remembrance. "Oh, that's right. You're a WindClan warrior, right?"

"I *was* a WindClan warrior. If I was still welcome in their camp, I wouldn't be all the way out here right now." Bitterness clenched your throat like fangs, and your voice cracked as you struggled to hold back tears. The two brothers shared a confused glance. It was obvious they hadn't fully grasped the concept yet.

"Wait, hold on." Hawkfrost chimed in, taking several steps towards you. "Are you saying you were exiled?" You simply dipped your head once in confirmation, allowing it to stay lowered. You no longer had the energy to hide your pain. The RiverClan warrior stared at you unblinkingly, his expression unreadable through the blur of tears. "Oh." He sounded uncertain, like he didn't know what to say.

Just then, Brambleclaw padded to Hawkfrost's side and fixed you with a puzzled stare. "Um... If you don't mind me asking, why did Onestar throw you out?"

You were irritated with their questions more than anything. The last thing you wanted to do was stand around in the snow and explain your situation. "He just did," You snapped with a lash of your tail. "He threw me out because he's a hare-brained pile of fox dung! I didn't even do anything!" The memory of the night's events was making your blood boil with rage, and suddenly, you weren't cold anymore.

"Okay, okay. Settle down," Brambleclaw meowed, cautiously taking a step forward and raising his paw. "no one needs to know we're out here. There's no need to be so loud."

"Then get out of my way," You growled, shoving past the two toms and stalking towards the unclaimed stretch of forest. "I don't have time to stand around and chat. It's freezing cold out here and I need to find a place to sleep." You started walking into the woods, fully intent on leaving the two hare-brains behind and pretending you never came across them, but Hawkfrost called out to you just before you reached the first tree.

"(Y/N), wait up."

You turned back, glaring at him. "What?"

He sighed. "You can't just walk off into unknown territory in the middle of leafbare. No one knows what's out there, and the cold will kill you if something else doesn't get to you first."

You narrowed your eyes. "What are you saying?"

Hawkfrost opened his jaws to reply, but Brambleclaw stepped in before he could. "I think what Hawkfrost is trying to say is that you should come back to ThunderClan with me. There's plenty of room in the warriors' den, and I'm sure Firestar would—"

"Whoa," Hawkfrost snapped, glaring at his brother. "What if she doesn't want to live in ThunderClan? RiverClan has plenty of room, as well."

Brambleclaw nodded sheepishly. "You're right, Hawkfrost. I think we should let (Y/N) decide." You let your gaze fall to your paws, deep in thought. He had a good point. The clans had never explored the territory on this side of the Moonpool before, and for all you knew, there was a whole den of badgers in those woods that would tear you apart.

"Fine," You sighed. "I'll go with one of you, but only because my paws are numb."

Hawkfrost smiled in satisfaction, his calm ice-blue gaze focused on you. "Well, then. What'll it be, (Y/N)?"

Brambleclaw's Ending

"I want to live in ThunderClan," You meowed hastily, shuddering as you thought of the raging river and the taste of slimy fish. "I'm used to hunting on land, and I like the smell of the forest." You noticed Hawkfrost's smile falter slightly, and a stab of guilt penetrated your chest. "It's nothing personal, Hawkfrost," You reassured him gently. "I just don't think I could ever get used to being in the water."

The RiverClan tom chuckled, flexing his broad shoulders. "I understand. Leopardstar probably wouldn't be too thrilled about keeping a rabbit-muncher around, anyway." He gave you a good-humored wink, and you snorted and rolled your eyes.

"Watch your mouth, fish-breath."

He looked back up at Brambleclaw, who dipped his head. "I'll see you at the next gathering, Hawkfrost."

"Yeah," Hawkfrost meowed, a strange glint of mischief in his ice-blue eyes. "I'll see you then, Brambleclaw." He turned his gaze back to you one last time. "Take care, (Y/N). I'll see you around."

You dipped your head in a gesture of respect. "May StarClan light your path, Hawkfrost." Then, Brambleclaw brushed your flank with his tail, jerking his muzzle towards the thick canopy of oak trees. You fell into step beside him, your ears heating up as you realized your flanks were brushing. "Thank you Brambleclaw," You murmured as the strong scent of ThunderClan grew closer and you left the wide-open moor you once knew so well. "I am forever in debt to you."

The ThunderClan tom flashed you a smile. "It's no trouble whatsoever, (Y/N). Everyone needs somewhere safe. I'm just glad I found you when I did." You looked up at him, confused. He had said *I* instead of *we,* meaning that he was the only one who found you when his brother was clearly there as well.

"What do you mean?" You asked curiously.

Brambleclaw let out a small sigh. He sounded tired. "I just mean that I'm glad you decided to come to ThunderClan with me. RiverClan aren't necessarily the most friendly when it comes to outsiders." You nodded, falling into silence. You had a feeling he wasn't telling you the full truth, but you weren't going to complain. Brambleclaw was risking everything by bringing you back to ThunderClan, so you figured the least you could do was respect his privacy.

"We're here." He meowed, cutting into your deep thoughts. You looked up to see a set of flat stones leading down into a rocky hollow, safely secured by thorn bushes and tendrils of thick-growing ivy. You could smell cats, but it was far too late for anyone to be awake. You swallowed hard, glancing up at Brambleclaw. The way your pawsteps echoed eerily into the stone hollow made you nervous.

Brambleclaw smiled at you, gently resting his tail on your back. "Go ahead," He urged, giving you a small push. "I'll be right behind you. There's nothing to be afraid of." You took a deep breath, then began the descent into the shadowy hollow.

Everything is going to be fine, You told yourself as your paws touched soft grass. *ThunderClan will be a good home.*

Brambleclaw padded up beside you, gently flicking your ear with his tail. "Welcome home, (Y/N)." You smiled at him, admiring the way the moonlight glistened on his rippling muscles. You'd gotten pretty lucky.

Hawkfrost's Ending

You glanced at both of the toms, carefully weighing your options. Brambleclaw seemed like a kind-hearted, well-meaning cat, but the thought of spending the rest of your life being suffocated underneath a canopy so thick that you couldn't see the sky half the time made you feel nauseous. So with a half-smiled flashed Hawkfrost's way, you stepped towards the sleek-furred warrior and gave Brambleclaw an apologetic smile.

"I think RiverClan is the best place for me right now," You meowed confidently, shooting Hawkfrost a wry smirk. "I'm sure I'll get used to the stench after awhile."

"Hey," Hawkfrost teased you with a warning tone. "We might smell like fish, but at least I don't have prices of rabbit fur stuck in our teeth." You nudged him roughly with your shoulder, earning a hearty laugh from him. "Alright, alright," He chuckled, turning his gaze back to Brambleclaw. "We'll be on our way. I'll see you... Uh..." He faltered with his words for a moment, glancing at his brother as if asking for help.

"I'll see you at the gathering." Brambleclaw meowed, flashing Hawkfrost a smile that seemed painfully forced. He then turned his gaze to you, his expression softening. "Good luck, (Y/N). You'll be just fine."

You smiled. "Thanks, Brambleclaw."

Hawkfrost nudged you away rather roughly, causing you to stumble slightly. "Sorry," He apologized once Brambleclaw was out of earshot. "He tends to get jealous easily. I just didn't want you to end up in an uncomfortable position."

"Um... Thanks." You meowed uncertainly as you stepped onto the first stepping stone in the river. "That's nice of you." As you made your way across the water, you couldn't help but notice how he kept staring at you like a moonstruck rabbit. Finally, once you were standing safely on the other side of the river, you became concerned. "Are you alright, Hawkfrost?" You asked, tilting your head off to one side.

He blinked, his eyes clearing. "Oh, sorry. You're just so beautiful." You felt like your entire pelt had been set on fire. It wasn't often someone called you beautiful, so when they did, it was like your entire world had changed.

"Th-thank you," You stammered, giggling. "that's a very kind thing to say. I find you very appealing to look at, as well." The son of Tigerstar smiled at you, and you suddenly felt that there was a hint of unnerving satisfaction there, but it was gone before you could really tell.

"Let's go get acquainted," He whispered huskily in your ear, guiding you away from the camp entrance and towards a thick bed of reeds. "there's so much to learn if you want to be a RiverClan cat." The heat under your pelt rose to a nearly unbearable degree. You leaned against your hero as you disappeared into the tall reeds, twining your tail with his. You weren't exactly sure what was about to happen, but you had to intentions of putting a stop to it.

StarClan help me, You thought giddily as Hawkfrost led you into a wide-open patch of grass bathed in moonlight. *What kind of trouble am I getting into now?*

****

Well, I tried. *sobs uncontrollably*

Writer's block has been treating me horribly these past couple days I—

Thanks for your support, everyone. Means a lot to me !

Btw, who did you go with? I don't really like either of these characters ^^"

Of Luck and Love ≫ Bluestar x Male! Reader

[image]

Art: Rikia's Warriors Designs

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• None

This is yet another request for CarolusTheSwede. Please enjoy!

****

It was the gentle warmth of the sun filtering into the den and resting on your face that woke you from your peaceful sleep. You sat up, engaging in a long, satisfying stretch before standing up and shaking the moss scraps from your pelt. You sat back down and began licking your chest, wincing as the realization of how sore you were from the previous night came over you. The memories were hazy at best, but images of longing eyes and twined tails flashed through your mind, as well as the feeling of soft moss all around you and the sounds of heavy breaths and eventually, soft purrs as you both settled down to sleep. You had spent many moons longing for the feeling of her body against yours, pressed so close together that your heartbeats fell into sync. And last night, among the gentle sound of rainfall and the smell of rose petals, your longing was finally satisfied.

A soft groan from beside you pulled you back into reality. You glanced down at the sleeping beauty next to you, a warm, loving smile twisting your normally bored features. Her deep blue eyes

flickered open and looked up at you, and immediately, a tired smile spread slowly across her muzzle. "Good morning, handsome," She murmured, stretching her forelegs and arching her spine. "It's so nice to see your face." She sat up and turned to look at you, and you felt your heart flutter in your chest. How a cat could possibly be so gorgeous was beyond you, but you considered yourself the luckiest tom in the forest to be able to wake up next to her.

"Good morning, my beautiful bluebell." You meowed softly, placing a gentle lick on her cheek. "How are you feeling?"

She purred, returning your affectionate lick. "I'm just fine, thank you. How are you?" You chuckled, reaching up with a paw and carefully flicking a clump of moss off of her ear. She was covered in it from ears to tail-tip, and you wondered if she had had as much fun as you did.

"I'm good. Did you enjoy our time together last night?" You held your breath, suddenly nervous. What if she wasn't satisfied with you? The thought made you shudder. The last thing you ever wanted to do was make her unhappy. But none of your fears came true. She only smiled, then leaned forward and pressed her nose against yours.

"You're amazing in every way possible, (Y/N). Don't you ever doubt for a second that you aren't." Her voice was reassuring and full of love, so comforting that it almost made you tear up.

"How did I get so lucky?" You purred.

She shrugged. "I just have low standards." Her blue eyes twinkled mischievously. You let out a hearty laugh, tackling her gently and landing on top of her in your shared nest.

"You're lucky I have a good sense of humor," You laughed, resting your forehead against hers. "or I would've turned you into crowfood by now."

She snorted, clearly not taking your threat too seriously. "I'd like to see you try." You scrambled off of her, and she scrambled back to her paws and gave her pelt a shake. "I'm going hunting. Care to join

me?"

You smiled. "I would love to." With that, you padding up to her and began descending the steps of the highstone, your flank brushing against hers. You truly were the luckiest tom in the whole forest.

****

This is a tad shorter, but I hope it was enjoyable nevertheless ! Thanks for requesting!

Votes and comments are appreciated!

A New Beginning ≫ Mothwing x Female! Rogue! Reader (PLATONIC)

[image]

Art: XxLunaWarriorxX

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Some angst
• Intense themes
• Near-death experience
• Vomiting

****

You could barely feel the ground underneath your paws as you hurtled downhill towards a rushing river, your heart thundering painfully in your chest. The sounds of barking and snarling were drawing closer, ringing in your ears and threatening to drown you in a flood of sheer terror. You'd heard plenty of horror stories about what happened to cats when dogs caught up with them, and you weren't interested in experiencing it for yourself.

You launched yourself forward with your hind legs just as you reached the surge of flowing water, your front paws landing on the first rock with a splash. You whirled around to see the two dogs charging towards you, their jaws hanging wide open and their eyes glittering with malicious excitement. Now panicking fully, you desperately scanned your surroundings for a quick escape. There was nothing but roaring water for what seemed like miles, and the other side of the river seemed so far away. That was when you

noticed another rock jutting out of the water a few feet away from where you were standing. It had just enough room for you to land on, if you did it right.

Alright, here goes nothing!
You bunched your muscles underneath you and sprang into the air, your paws stretched out in front of you as you desperately willed your luck to not fail you. Finally, you slammed rather painfully into the jagged edge of the rock, desperately scrabbling your claws across the slick surface in an attempt to pull yourself up. Just when you got a firm grip, however, a huge wave reared up above the rock. You stared in horror and opened your jaws to scream, but water filled your mouth and rushed into your lungs instead. You were torn away from your only safety by the vicious current, sinking deeper and deeper into the blackness around you.

This is it, You thought solemnly as darkness crept into your vision and obscured the last of the visible sunlight above the surface. *I just hope that (m/N) knows I loved him...*
Then, the suffocating darkness pulled you into it's abyss.

****

While you were unconscious, you saw something that pained you to your very core. You couldn't remember much, all you knew was that an achingly familiar (F/C) tom was sitting with his back to you, and you began running towards him and shouting his name. You were just about to reach him, but the moment your paw was about to touch his shoulder, he disappeared like a cloud of smoke.

You came to with a loud gasp, sitting bolt-upright and coughing violently. What seemed like puddles and puddles of water was heaved up from your stomach and lungs, tinted all sorts of colors from the contents of your stomach. As you retched, a paw rested on your back and began to gently rub up and down. You looked over your shoulder to see a fluffy golden tabby she-cat, her amber eyes glistening with concern.

"I'm glad to see you awake." She meowed calmly, removing her paw from your back. "Most cats don't survive a fall into the river, especially in newleaf." You were still catching your breath and

unable to respond, but that didn't stop you from tilting your head in confusion. This she-cat you weren't familiar with was using some strange words, and about a million different scents were dancing on your tongue.

"I'm sorry," You began once you had your wits about you again. "but what happened? Where am I? Who are you?" The strange she-cat purred with amusement, padding forward a setting a bundle of weird leaves in front of you. You blinked, now even more confused. What was going on here?

"You ask a lot of questions, you know that? For starters, you fell into the river and almost drowned. Lucky for you, my apprentice just happened to be collecting catmint from that same area and saw you get pulled away by the current. She jumped in just in time to save you, and once she had you stabilized, she took a couple warriors back to you to carry you back to camp. And now, you're here. Safe and sound." The memories of the incident began to flash through your mind in little snippets. The dogs chasing you, the slippery rocks, the feeling of water filling your lungs. You shuddered, a zing of pain shooting up your spine as you did. *I must've taken quite the beating.*

"Oh," You meowed shakily. "W-well, thanks, but... I still don't know where I am or who you are. Would you mind telling me?"

She smiled kindly. "Of course not. My name is Mothwing, and you're in RiverClan. I'm guessing you're not from around here, are you?" You suddenly felt dizzy. Mothwing? RiverClan? The strange words she used were starting to give you a headache.

"No, I'm not from around here. Actually, I..." You trailed off, taking a deep breath. "I'm from somewhere far away from here. I left because..." You shuddered as the painful memories came flooding back to you. "Because my mate found another she-cat. She's prettier than me, smarter than me, and she gave him the things I never could." You reached up with a paw to wipe a stray tear away. Mothwing stared at you for a moment, then gently twined her tail with yours.

"I'm sorry," She murmured sympathetically. "No one deserves to go

through that." You nodded, choosing to remain silent. You didn't want to overstep your boundaries and make her uncomfortable.

"I'm sorry if this seems intrusive," She began, clearly choosing her words carefully. "but what do you mean when you say she could give him the things that you couldn't?"
You looked up at her, noticing the kindness in her amber eyes. Maybe you could trust her, after all.

"Kits," You responded softly, subconsciously touching your belly with a paw. "I can never have kits. I used to live with a young female twoleg, and she took me to the cutters to get fixed. My mate never liked that about me, but he kept it to himself until he found this other she-cat. She became pregnant with his kits, and he said he didn't want me in his life anymore. So, I left." Mothwing was silent for a long moment, and you thought you had overstayed your welcome for sure. When she still didn't respond after another moment of silence, you rose to your paws. "Thanks for everything, Mothwing. I'll never forget you."
But just as you were about to leave, she spoke up.

"Hey, wait! You didn't do anything, I'm just shocked that a cat could do that to another cat. I can't even began to imagine how that must have effected you. Please, don't leave. I can't just let you leave like this." You turned around again, shock pulsating through you. You never could've imagined that anyone would ever want you to stick around.

"I-I don't understand," You stammered. "Why do you want me to stay?"

"I would never let a cat suffer alone," Mothwing meowed firmly, her expression hardening. "especially when they've been through as much as you have. Where else do you have to go? You clearly can't go back to where you came from, and the other clans will become hostile if they smell a rogue around their borders. You would be safe in RiverClan—I promise."
You thought about it for a moment. The idea of sharing a space with wild cats and eating mice and frogs made you uncomfortable, but Mothwing was probably right. If there were other groups of cats nearby, not all of them would be as welcoming.

"Alright," You sighed. "I'll stick around for as long as I can. It's not like I have anywhere to go, anyway."

Mothwing beamed, her amber eyes lighting up. "That makes me so happy!" Her smile faltered suddenly. You tilted your head, confused as to why she suddenly seemed uncomfortable. "It has suddenly occurred to me that I don't know your name," She meowed with an awkward laugh. "Do you mind telling me what it is?"

You smiled at her, the first time since you had left your old home. "It's (Y/N)." Mothwing's smile returned, and the pure radiance of it lightened your mood greatly.

"I'm glad you're here, (Y/N). I think you could make a great addition to RiverClan." Once again, you were taken aback. It had been years since you'd felt like you belonged somewhere. It was a nice feeling, and you couldn't help but to tear up a bit at the realization.

"Thank you," You murmured. "I never thought I could belong anywhere ever again."

"Well, you do now. Welcome home, (Y/N)." Mothwing pulled you into an embrace, holding you close to her. You held her back, resting your chin on her shoulder. Maybe this was where your life turned around. Maybe you would finally be happy again.

****

I don't like Mothwing that much, but I used to back in the day. I lost all respect for her when she mistreated Shadowsight.

Thank you for over 2k reads! That means so much to me!

A Bright Future ≫ Squirrelpaw x Little Sister! Reader x Leafpaw (PLATONIC)

[image]

 Art: duskish-warriors

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Some angst
• You might die from the fluffiness

This is a request for Pinestripe37. Your support is always appreciated!

****

You sighed, prodding a ball of moss with your paw. You were bored out of your mind, and the scorching-hot sun wasn't helping to improve your mood. A tail gently swept down your small body, and you looked up to see your mother, Sandstorm, standing beside you with a warm smile on her face. "What are you doing, little one?" She asked. "Why aren't you playing with Ferncloud's kits?" You followed her gaze across the clearing to where the two were playing near the shade of the camp entrance, squealing in delight and chasing each other about.

"I don't want to play with Shrewkit and Spiderkit," You replied, your voice slight whiny. "I want to play with Squirrelpaw and Leafpaw." Your older sisters never seemed to be around anymore. You were born the day after they became apprentices, and from what you were hearing, Squirrelpaw was about to become a

warrior.

Sandstorm sighed patiently, sitting down beside you and stroking her tail down your back. "Squirrelpaw and Leafpaw are busy, sweetheart. They don't have time to play anymore." The thought made you terribly sad, and you reached up with a small paw to wipe a tear away. It wasn't fair that you were so much younger.

Just then, a dark orange pelt caught your eye. It was Squirrelpaw, padding towards you with something hanging from her jaws. You immediately perked up, springing to your paws and racing across the clearing to meet her. Her green eyes lit up when she saw you, and she immediately sat whatever it was she was carrying down and bent her head to nuzzle you. "Hey, (Y/N)!" She meowed enthusiastically. "Have you eaten today?"

You giggled, shaking your head. "No. Mom just woke up." Squirrelpaw smirked, then pushed a small brown creature towards you. You gave an excited bounce, realizing what she had brought you. It was a mouse. You'd never had one before. "Thanks, Squirrelpaw!" You meowed excitedly, crouching down and taking your first bite. It was warm and savory on your tongue, and the taste made your mouth water like a flood.

Squirrelpaw chuckled, reaching down and ruffling the fur on your head. "You're welcome, squirt. Just don't get used to it, alright? Soon you'll be hunting for yourself." She gave you a wink, and your heart soared with excitement. She was right—you were going to be an apprentice soon!

"Squirrelpaw, what were you thinking? (Y/N) shouldn't be eating whole mice yet!" Leafpaw was padding towards you, her voice slightly muffled by a chunk of honeycomb in her jaws.

"Relax, Leafpaw," Squirrelpaw responded with a roll of her eyes. "She's almost an apprentice, for StarClan's sake. She's a big, strong kit! Aren't you, (Y/N)?" Your chest swelled with pride at your older sister's praise. You puffed your chest out, squaring your shoulders and trying to look bigger. Both of your sisters laughed, and Leafpaw padded over and placed the honeycomb in front of you.

"There you go, (Y/N). Cinderpelt said you could have some of our extra honeycomb."

Your smile widened, and you looked up at Leafpaw with a grateful purr. "Thank you, Leafpaw! You're the best!" Leafpaw smiled at you kindly, and Squirrelpaw's expression twisted into one of mock hurt.

"I thought I was your favorite!" She exclaimed in disbelief. "I brought you a mouse, remember?" You giggled. You always found it funny how the two would argue over which one of them you loved the most.

"I remember," You meowed, wiping the honey off your muzzle with a paw. "I like honey *and* mice!" You gave a little excited bounce, and Leafpaw and Squirrelpaw exchanged an amused glance. You watched them both for a moment, then looked at your paws. It made you a little bit sad to know that you wouldn't get your warrior name beside Squirrelpaw or collect herbs with Leafpaw, but you were excited to be an apprentice nevertheless.

"Are you excited for your apprentice ceremony, (Y/N)?" Leafpaw asked you kindly. "Firestar told me it shouldn't be too much longer."

"Really!?" You squealed, leaping to your paws. "Who is my mentor going to be? Will they take me hunting on my first day as an apprentice? When will I get to start battle training? Who will I sleep next to in the apprentices' den? What about—" Your sisters started to laugh, and you quickly shut your muzzle as embarrassment flooded over you. You had definitely let your excitement get the better of you.

"Firestar will explain everything at the ceremony," Leafpaw laughed. "And as for your mentor, I heard Firestar mention Brightheart. I'm sure she'll answer all your questions, okay?"

You nodded so hard your ears flapped. "Okay!" With that, you gave each of your sisters a lick on the cheek, then rubbed against their legs. "I love you both. Thank you for bringing me good stuff!"

"You're welcome," Squirrelpaw purred, licking the fur between your ears. "I'm just glad you're almost old enough to be an apprentice.

Once you learn how to hunt, I'll take you out and show you the best places to catch mice."

"And I'll let you help me gather herbs," Leafpaw chimed in. "I promise it's way more fun than you think."

You were even more excited now. "You're the best! Thank you!" Then, you turned and raced back to the nursery, where Sandstorm was waiting for you. She smiled at you and nuzzled your cheek as you scrambled up to her.

"How was the mouse?" She asked.

"It was the best thing I've ever tasted!" You exclaimed, bouncing excitedly. "And guess what? Squirrelpaw said that when I'm an apprentice, she'll take me hunting! Oh, and Leafpaw said she'll let me help her collect herbs!" You began rambling on and on about all the great things you were going to do as an apprentice, your heart soaring the whole time. You were lucky to almost be an apprentice, but you were even luckier to have Squirrelpaw and Leafpaw as sisters.

****

This was such a cute concept! I'm definitely not planning an angsty sequel

Thanks so much, Pinestripe! I always love writing your requests!

Light At The End of the Tunnel ≫ Brick x Drpressed! Female! Reader (PART TWO)

[image]

Art: Velociras

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Themes of depression
• Depiction of a severe anxiety attack
• Some angst

****

The worn-out blanket felt like steel on your back as you lay curled up underneath it, desperately trying to tune out the sounds of your own mind. Things had been getting worse lately, and you couldn't figure out why. No one in BloodClan — except for Brick — was making a solid effort to include you, and your savior had been gone for a few days. You didn't know where he was for sure, but you figured he was going through one of his phases where he wandered aimlessly for a few days and then came back. It wouldn't be the first time, but you desperately wished he was with you.

You shivered and buried yourself deeper in the worn red fabric as a cold drop of rain found it's way inside of your hiding spot and onto your exposed tail. It had rained for days now, and it was beginning to make you wish you were anywhere else. You hated the cold wetness bad weather brought with it, and your desire to get out of your own mind and this forsaken city only made your attitude towards it worse.

You continued crying, your chest beginning to shudder as the pace of your breathing quickened. You didn't want to be here. The warm blanket suddenly seemed suffocating, and you scrambled desperately out of it and out of the rain, pelting for the street at the end of the alley. You needed to get away. You didn't know where you were going, but that didn't matter to you anymore. Brick probably wasn't coming back— he had given up on you like everybody else.

You clumsily rounded a corner, paws slipping on the wet concrete. You wanted to disappear, to sink into the ground and never resurface. It would be better that way. Suddenly, a familiar reddish-brown tom stepped in front of you, his amber eyes darkened with concern. "Whoa there, doll-face. What's goin' on?"

"B-Brick?" You stammered painfully, beginning to wheeze.

"That's right, sugar. In the flesh." You couldn't even speak anymore, so you just plopped down in a defeated way and kept desperately fighting for any amount of oxygen you could get. Brick cocked his head off to one side and studied you for a moment. "Hey," He meowed slowly after a moment of watching you suffer. "Take it easy, alright? Ya gotta take it easy, doll-face. Follow my lead." He then proceeded to take in a long, slow breath in through his nose, then let it out for several seconds from his mouth. You straightened up, inhaling sharply before exhaling a cloud of smoke from the cold air.

"Atta girl," Brick meowed, watching you breathe. "Just like that. In through ya nose, and out through ya mouth. Nice 'n easy." You kept breathing for what seemed like an eternity, until your heartbeat slowed to a steady thump and your head stopped spinning.

"Sorry," You breathed. "Thanks for helping me."

Brick chuckled lightly. "No need to apologize, doll-face. It happens sometimes. Hell, even happens to me once in awhile." He took another good long look at you before continuing. "You, uh... Ya wanna tell me what this was all about? Cats don't usually just get up 'n run off into the street, y'know."

"I know," You muttered, slightly embarrassed. "I just got thinking, and I guess it got a little out of control. Maybe if I had stopped and thought for a second, none of this would've happened." You sighed, allowing your head to lower. "Sometimes, I don't know what to do with myself."

A brief silence filled the gap between you, then Brick spoke up again. "Everyone feels that way, (Y/N). Ya just gotta keep pushin' forward. Life gets tough, but you're tougher. How else do ya think ya survived this long here? Only the strongest make it in the city."

You managed a weak half-smile. "Thanks. I don't know what I'd do without you, Brick."

"Probably a lot 'a stuff," Brick replied nonchalantly. "The only difference I make is the pep talks." You chuckled, looking up into his deep eyes. He looked back, and for a moment, you found yourself lost. Despite his gruesome injuries, you still considered him an attractive cat. Suddenly, you felt a bit insecure.

He probably doesn't feel the same about me.

As if reading your thoughts, Brick's gaze softened and he took a step towards you. "Ya beautiful, (Y/N). Inside 'n out. So beautiful, the most cruel cat could fall for ya smile." Your ears burned at his words, and you were certain your nose was the same color as the blanket you slept under.

"Thank you," You whispered. "that means everything to me." Brick chuckled, then rested his tail and your back and began walking you to your old mattress with your old red blanket.

"Goodnight doll-face," He meowed as you got settled in. "I'll be right here beside ya." You just smiled as he settled down beside you under the blanket, scooting over so he was pressed up against you.

I might not be very happy with myself, You thought as you began to drift away into sleep. *But at least I'll always have him.*

****

Brick is awesome. Change my mind.

This is a sequel to my other Brick one-shot. (Obviously) This cat is seriously underrated, and we definitely need more of him everywhere!

Comments and votes are greatly appreciated. No pressure, just a friendly suggestion

Uncertain Fears ≫ Ravenpaw x Female! Apprentice! Reader

[image]

Art: ElectricMongoose

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Some angst

****

You were woken up to the sound of thunder outside. Letting out a soft groan, you sat up and blinked the sleep from your eyes. It was still dark outside, causing you to become annoyed. Why did you always wake up before you were ready?

You sat up and began licking your chest to smooth out your fur, but another sound caught your attention. It was a quiet whimpering, pitiful and frightened. Concerned, you began surveying the silhouettes of your sleeping denmates to figure out who was making the sounds of distress. Your gaze landed on Ravenpaw, who was curled into a tight ball in the back of the den, his flank trembling as he dreamed. You sighed softly, your heart breaking a little. Ravenpaw had been your friend since you first opened your eyes, and it never failed to hurt you to see him suffering.

Creeping past Firepaw and Graypaw, you made your way over to your distressed friend's nest and carefully settled down beside him. "It's alright," You whispered, touching your nose to his tear-stained cheek. "you're safe, Ravenpaw. I'm right here." His whimpering slowly became scarcer, then fell into silence soon after. You smiled

and rose back to your paws with the intention of returning to your nest.

"Don't leave, (Y/N). Please."
You turned around to see Ravenpaw had woken up at was staring at you through weary amber eyes.

You smiled. "Okay. I won't leave." You laid back down next to him, twining your tails together. "Did you have another nightmare?" You asked gently. Ravenpaw just nodded slowly, murmuring a sad "mhm". You sighed, leaning over and touching your nose to his ear in a reassuring way. "I'm sorry, Ravenpaw. What was it about?"

He shuddered, as if an ice-cold wind had overcome him, which it hadn't. "I don't want to talk about it." You watched him for a moment, noticing how the dark shadows of pain clouded his tired eyes. There was something there, something worse than a simple bad dream. You wanted to keep pushing him for answers, but the haunted look on his face made you feel bad for even thinking about doing that.

"Okay," You meowed. "I respect that. Will you at least tell me what I can do to help?"

"There's nothing you can do, (Y/N). It would only hurt you to know." You were beyond confused now. What could Ravenpaw have possibly seen that would put you in harm's way? You felt defeated. You wanted to help your friend more than anything else, but you didn't know where to start. It was frustrating.

"I don't know what's happened," You began with a patient sigh. "but I do know that it will be alright in the end. Do you remember when Graypaw got his nose stung by a bee?"

Ravenpaw chuckled. "Yeah. It was swollen for like, two moons."

"Exactly," You purred, thinking back fondly on the time of the incident. "But it eventually went back to normal, and it didn't hurt anymore. Don't you think the same thing will happen with everything bad eventually?"

Ravenpaw looked unsure. "I guess."

You smiled and flicked his flank with your tail. "Everything will be fine, mouse-brain. I promise. It always is." Ravenpaw smiled back, but an aura of uncertainty still seemed to linger around him.

"I trust you, (Y/N). Thank you." He yawned, then settled back down and gazed up at you. "Will you stay with me? I think I would sleep better if you did."

"Don't worry, I'm not going anywhere." You promised, settling down beside him and resting your chin on your paws. "Goodnight, Ravenpaw."

Ravenpaw smiled. "Goodnight, (Y/N)." Then, his breathing slowed and he began snoring softly. You watched him for a moment, your mind racing. You hadn't wanted to say anything about it, but you couldn't shake a lingering feeling of dread. Something terrible had clearly happened. You didn't know what it was, but you knew it was bad. You laid your head down and closed your eyes, even though you were certain you wouldn't be able to go back to sleep.

StarClan help us, You prayed to your ancestors. *Something awful has happened in ThunderClan...*

****

Ravenpaw is a precious baby, and he must be protected at all costs . Tigerclaw is such a jerk.

I'm not sure if I'll publish anything else tonight, but that's not set in stone. I wrote so much yesterday that my wrists are sore xD

The Pain Of Regret ≫ Cheater! Ashfur x Pregnant! Reader

[image]

Art: morecatswarriorcats

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Angst
• Cheating
• Pregnancy
• Some gore

A/N: So there's this theory I've seen floating around years ago about Ashfur being Dovewing and Ivypool's real father, because the two don't look anything like Birchfall. Now, we all know that the Erins aren't great with cat coat genetics, but I thought it was and interesting theory (one that likely isn't canon) so, I thought it would be fun to explore the concept.

****

You left the medicine den in a hurry, anxiously weaving through the lively ThunderClan camp in search of one specific warrior. His name was Ashfur. He was your mate, and would soon be the father of your kits.

"Hey there, (Y/N)," Squirrelflight meowed as you brushed past her. "In a hurry this evening?"

"Yes!" You beamed, a smile stretched across your muzzle. "I need to find Ashfur. I'm expecting his kits!"

Squirrelflight's eyes lit up, and she rubbed her muzzle against yours with a purr. "That's wonderful!" She exclaimed. "Congratulations, (Y/N)! I know Ashfur will be very happy, as well."

"I hope so," You laughed, turning and looking back over your shoulder as you bounded out of camp. "He's always wanted kits!" You knew the answer, though. Ashfur had talked nonstop about having kits with you since you had become mates several moons ago. He had always discussed it with enthusiasm and a joyous twinkle in his blue eyes, as if he were already imagining the tiny bundles curled up at your belly. You had dreamed of your kits, as well. The night before you found out you were pregnant, you dreamed you were giving birth with Ashfur by your side. It was all either of you had ever wanted, and you knew that your life was now complete.

You came to a stop next to a hazel thicket a few foxlengths from the river, ready to leap out a surprise your mate, but you paused. There was the sound of a she-cat— it was Whitewing, based on her scent — giggling and purring in a specific way.

Whoops. I think I accidentally found Birchfall and Whitewing at a bad time.

Embarrassed to no end, you turned and started heading back into the forest, but you froze in place as another voice drifted across the sound of the flowing water. "Yeah, you like that?"

You knew that voice.

It was Ashfur.

Panic set in and you thrusted your way through the shrubs with your claws unsheathed, ready to rip that mouse-hearted tom's throat out. What you saw was everything you had ever feared all happening at once. Ashfur was on top of Whitewing, murmuring about how much he loved her and how important she was to him. All the words he had said to you. They meant nothing now.

"HOW COULD YOU!?" You screeched, leaping forward and slamming into his shoulder, knocking him off of Whitewing and

causing him to hit his head on a rock. He hissed in pain, made sharper by his gritted teeth. His blue eyes flickered open in a pained haze, twisting into horror as he recognized you.

"(Y/N), sweetheart," He stammered, his voice trembling with shame and fear. "I promise Whitewing means nothing to me! She's just—"

You cut him off with a hard slap across the face. Your claws had been unsheathed, causing blood to spray the grass underneath him. "Don't you *DARE* try yo excuse this!" You snarled, your voice on the verge of an agonized wail. "You have taken my trust and shattered it! Is this what you wanted all along, Ashfur!? *OR DID YOU LOVE HER ALL ALONG!?"*

Ashfur's eyes were brimming with fury and tears. "I don't love Whitewing, okay!? It was a mouse-brained mistake that was never meant to happen!" His trembling voice dropped to a pained rasp, and tears started to stream down his face. "(Y/N), you gotta believe me!" Whitewing scrambled to her paws and ran like a coward into the forest with tears streaming down her face. You ignored her, glaring harder at Ashfur.

"I never should have believed you from the start," You hissed, thrusting your muzzle into his face, your tears splashing onto his cheeks. *"YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A LYING FOX-HEART!"* Then, you twisted around and pelted into the woods, refusing to look back. Ashfur was out of your life. Gone forever. Your kits would never know their father.

You leaned heavily against a sturdy oak tree, sobs wracking your entire body. This was the worst thing that you could've imagined. You never thought it would happen to you, though.

"I'm so sorry," You whispered to no one, sitting down and curling around your belly protectively. "I'm sorry you have to grow up like this... I promise I'll take care of you..." Then, you drifted off into a misery-filled sleep.

****

This one was a little bit suggestive at parts, so I apologize if that makes you uncomfortable. My writing will never go past this, however. We've reached the maximum NSFW limit ^^"

I can honestly see Ashfur pulling something like this off. He was a total scumbag

Love You Still ≫ Honeyfern x Depressed! Female! Reader (PLATONIC)

[image] [image]

Art: willowfern_mywarrior

Song: Love You Still ~ Tyler Shaw

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Angst
• Severe depression
• Suicidal thoughts
• Severe anxiety attack

A/N: If you or anyone you know is experiencing suicidal thoughts, get in touch with the NSPL, (National Suicide Prevention Lifeline) Crisis Text Line, (Text HOME to 741741), or call your national emergency number if you're in immediate danger. (911, 999, etc.) You're never alone .

Pinestripe37, I promised I would put extra effort in this one-shot for you, so I hope it meets your expectations. Thank you for your undying love and support, and know that I have your back. Enjoy your request!

P.S, there's a lyric video behind the art

****

You couldn't remember the last time you felt happy. It served as a distant memory, one so hazy and covered with the clouds of your despair that you had begun to wonder if all the "happy" moments in your life had merely been dreams; illusions you created in your own fragile mind to escape the endless sea of torment and anguish that had become your life. It had started with the occasional bad day; the kind where nothing seemed to go right. But still, at the very least, you felt like yourself again the next day. Things weren't meant to be simple for you, however, as your days all became bad and you never felt like yourself in the morning. You thought of nothing but the sweet relief death would bring, and the peaceful, endless sleep that would come after. No more pain. No more fatigue. Just you, the dark of your empty mind, and the sweet sound of silence. You supposed death wasn't something most cats longed for, but why would they? As far as you could tell, their lives were perfect. It made you feel quite bitter on the inside when you dwelled on it.

Where is my happy ending, StarClan? They never answered that question. They only glittered far above, shining as if mocking your internal darkness. No one ever bothered to ask if you were okay, to check up on you, even cast a mere glance in your direction. Except for one cat. A compassionate, loving, and bright young warrior who never failed to make your day a little better each time she showed her face. You just wished she felt the same about you.

"Hi (Y/N)," A gentle voice meowed from behind you. "I brought you some freshkill. It was the last rabbit on the pile, too!" You slowly raised your head, wincing as your stiff neck let out a sharp crack. Honeyfern seemed to notice your pitiful attempt at sitting, because her bright blue eyes softened like a queen doting over her sick kit.

"Thank you, Honeyfern." You rasped quietly, staring blankly at the rabbit. Your stomach clenched uncomfortably, and you fought back a gag. Your appetite had left you moons ago, just like everything else.

Your friend sighed softly, sitting down and wrapping her tail around her paws. "You have to eat something, (Y/N). You can't survive on just water and poppy seeds." You stiffened, your heart nearly coming to a stop. So she *did* know about the poppy seeds. You hadn't meant for her to find out, but you had been sneaking

into the medicine den and making off with Leafpool's supply of the sleep-inducing herb for awhile now. No one had figured you out, but apparently Honeyfern kept a much closer eye on you than you initially thought.

"I'm alright." You mumbled, resting your chin on your paws and struggling to keep your breathing under control. What in StarClan's name was she going to do now that she knew your secret? Was she going to tell Leafpool or Firestar? A hard lump formed in your throat at the thought of being exiled from ThunderClan. You didn't know anything else.

"(Y/N)..." Honeyfern whispered, tears forming in her blue eyes.

"Oh, for StarClan's sake!" You snarled, abruptly sitting up, ignoring the painful popping and bending of your sore joints. "Just say it, why don't you!? You *hate* having to look after me! You wish I was dead or something! I'm a burden to you, and you won't even admit it? *Why won't you just admit it!?"* Your voice rose into an agonized scream, all the misery and frustration of the past few moons finally bursting out of your throat like a parasite. Your breathing hitched painfully, and your chest seemed to clamp tightly around your heart, threatening to crush it. You began to cough and gag, struggling violently for any sort of oxygen you could get into your lungs. Honeyfern's eyes flew wide open in horrified shock, and she immediately threw herself against you and pulled you into a tight embrace.

"It's okay, (Y/N). It's okay... Shhh, shhh..." Her words bounced uselessly off your ears, due to the fact that you couldn't hear anything over the sound of the blood rushing painfully through your veins. Your hyperventilating continued, growing more irate. Honeyfern pushed herself away from you, lifting your chin with her paw and looking into your eyes. "(Y/N), I need you to *breathe.* Just look at me and breathe, okay? Breathe. Inhale and feel the air filling your lungs, then let it all out. Nice and slow." You inhaled sharply, a high-pitched gasp sounding in your throat. *"Slow,"* Honeyfern reminded you, resting her paw on top of yours and giving it a gentle squeeze. "Don't hyperventilate, (Y/N). Go to your happy place."
You wanted to scream. You didn't know how to find your happy

place. But, you figured as you closed your eyes and tried to breathe. It couldn't hurt to try and find it.

With a shuddering sigh, you let your mind wander and found yourself standing in a wide-open meadow dotted with wildflowers of every color you could possibly imagine. Reds, blues, yellows, purples, golds, and a million other beautiful shades dotted the breathtaking landscape. As you stood on the top of the hill overlooking the grassland, a gentle breeze picked up, rippling through your fur in the most soothing way imaginable. You took a deep breath, drinking in all the wonderful scents. You could smell all sorts of prey, fresh water, and... Honeyfern?

Your gaze traveled over to the spot next to you, where your best friend stood. She smiled at you when you met her gaze, her signature contagious laugh echoing around the meadow. "Our favorite spot," She purred. "We've had a lot of good times here."

"We have," You meowed happily. "I can't even remember how many times we've laughed until we cried out here." You paused, a bittersweet feeling clenching your heart like loving fangs. "I can't believe how lucky I am."

Honeyfern blinked, tilting her head off to one side. "What do you mean?"

"I mean, I can't believe I was lucky enough to find you," You replied, tears beginning to brim in the corners of your eyes. "You're my best friend, Honeyfern. I would be all alone without you."

Honeyfern smiled softly, then took a slow step forward and pressed her nose gently against yours. "You will never be alone, (Y/N)," She whispered, her voice overflowing with love and sincerity. "I will always be by your side, and I will always love you."

You opened your eyes, your tear-filled gaze slowly resting on your best friend, who was still watching you with tears in her bright blue eyes. "Honeyfern, I—"

"Don't say a word," She whispered, leaning down and resting her chin on your neck. "You're my whole world, (Y/N). I don't care if

you're sad, happy, angry, or miserable. I still love you, and that will never, *ever* change."

"Okay," You whispered painfully, an array of different emotions thickening your voice like mud. "Okay." You couldn't think of anything else to say. You knew Honeyfern loved you, but you never could've imagined that you meant that much to her. You had always seen yourself as a sorry burden of a cat.
As if reading your mind, Honeyfern's embrace tightened and she pulled you closer to her body. You closed your eyes as your head rested on her chest, the sound of her soft heartbeat calming you down.

"I know I'm not always the perfect friend," She whispered. "but I'll always look out for you, (Y/N). I can't promise I'll be able to fix you completely, but I will help you in any way I possibly can. You're absolutely perfect in my eyes, and I need you to understand that. There's not a single cat in this entire forest I would rather have by my side." You nodded feebly, burying your face deeper into her chest. You knew her words were genuine— she had never lied to you once.

"I promise I'll never take any of the time you need," You whispered. "I'm just so grateful to have you as my friend..." You started to cry again, but softer this time. Honeyfern began gently rasping her tongue over your ears, a fond purr rippling from her chest.

"You never have to worry about that, (Y/N). There's nothing I would rather do with my time than help you and be with you. All I've ever wanted is to be by your side and love you. I promise that *I* won't ever take up too much of your time. I just ask that we take the time to stay as close as we are now."

You smiled. "I think we'll always be close, Honeyfern. Clearly there's no getting rid of you." You both laughed, a welcome sound after all the sobbing and screaming.

"Fortunately for you," Honeyfern purred, her voice laced with affection— "I'm not going anywhere. How does that makes you feel?"

You leaned into her embrace, snuggling against her chest. "I like the sound of that."

She purred and and licked your ears. "Good." She stayed next to you for a moment longer, then rose to her paws and helped you stand up. "Do you want to go for a walk? We haven't been to the meadow in awhile."

You grinned, licking her cheek. "I would like that very much."

"Well, what are we waiting for?" She meowed, bouncing excitedly. "Come on!" She darted outside, and you watched her go with a smile on your face. She truly was your everything.

"Thank you Honeyfern," You whispered. "I'd be lost without you." Then, you bounded after her.

****

"A friend is someone who helps you up when you're down, and if they can't, they lay down beside you and listen."
~ Winnie The Pooh

Pinestripe, I hope this one-shot met your expectations and made your day a little bit better. That's all I want to do in life is make others happy !

If you have a one-shot you'd like to see, please send it to me if requests are open! I love doing requests for you guys!

Stay With Me ≫ Brick x Sick! Female! Reader

[image]

Art: Thundarrow

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Vomiting
• Some angst

****

You retched again, heaving up another mouthful of the slimy, half-digested rat you had eaten earlier. You groaned, slumping against the wall for support. Your throat was burning horribly, and your limbs felt weak. Saliva began dripping from your mouth, leaving a bitter taste on your tongue. A deep sigh sounded from behind you, followed by a paw on your shoulder. "I told ya to stay away from those rats, doll-face. I think the humans 'round here feed 'em some kinda poison." You started to lash out with a stinging retort, but a sharp pain in your throat interrupted you. You began coughing until you dislodged a small bone from your esophagus.

"Good to know," You grumbled, wiping your mouth with a paw. "If only you had actually said that."

"What are ya on about now?" He retorted hotly. "I *did* tell ya that! What else did ya think I meant by *,don't eat the garbage in that alley'?"* You glared at him, your vision still blurry from your watery eyes.

How can he be this stupid?

"You told me to not eat the garbage down there!" You snapped, beginning to feel nauseous again. "You didn't specify the rats!" You doubled over again, stomach heaving and yellow bile dotted with chunks of black fur splashing onto the ground in a pile in front of you. Brick sighed again, softer this time. He started to gently rub his paw up and down your convulsing spine, patiently waiting for you to finish heaving.

"That's it, doll-face. Get it all out." Several more painful mouthfuls of vomit later, you sat down and let your head fall below your shoulders as you struggled to catch your breath. Brick watched you for a moment, then carefully stepped around the mess you had made. "All done?"

"Y-yeah..." You stammered, suddenly too weak to even stand up. "That's all... I can hardly move, Brick..." Your rust-colored friend sighed, then gently pushed you to your paws by leaning against your shoulder.

"Let's getcha to bed, numbskull. C'mon." You obliged, leaning heavily against his muscular body as he carefully guided you back into the small lot that made up BloodClan territory and past the prying eyes of the other strays. You couldn't care less what they thought— Your head was pounding too hard to dwell on it, anyway. Brick helped you climb onto the old mattress you slept on, leaning against you in order to prevent you from collapsing. That didn't work, however, because you just collapsed anyway.

He sighed, watching you with an unreadable expression. "Alright, then. I'm gonna go see if I can find anything that might help ya. I'll be back in a little—"

"No!" You interrupted him weakly, struggling to sit back up. "I don't want to be alone. Stay with me... Please..." You were so weak and fatigued that you couldn't hold your head up for more than a few seconds. You groaned, collapsing back onto the mattress and letting your eyes flutter closed.

"Alright, alright," Brick meowed, sounding slightly annoyed. "I'll

stay. Just don't die on me. Ya got that?" You tried to respond, but you were already halfway into a deep sleep. You simply murmured a faint "mhm", then fell silent again. You felt Brick curl up next to you and rest his chin on your shoulder. "Goodnight, doll-face. Get some sleep, okay? I'll be here when ya wake up." You sighed in content, snuggling up to him. Normally, especially when you were this sick, you wouldn't sleep out of fear that you would get attacked in your weak state, but as you listened to Brick's steady heartbeat and felt him pressed against you, you knew you had nothing to worry about.

****

I couldn't come up with a better ending ^^" I apologize

Brick needs a book about him, or at least a novella. I really want to know his backstory! I think he's a really cool guy.

If you have a request, feel free to drop it in the comments, or anywhere else! I never turn down requests, unless they go against the rules

Everything I've Ever Wanted ≫ Brightheart x Male! Reader

[image]

Art: ratincc

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Some angst

This is a request for CarolusTheSwede. Thank you for your request, and I hope you enjoy!

****

"Hi, (Y/N)! How is your paw today?"

You looked up from the mouse you were eating to see Brightheart, your close friend and long-time crush. You smiled sheepishly, swallowing your last mouthful. "It feels better," You replied, standing up as proof. "Cinderpelt says I can hunt again." An idea suddenly popped into your head. "Speaking of which, I've been looking for a hunting partner all morning. Do you want to go with me?"

Brightheart's smile faltered slightly, and she looked at the ground insecurely. "I'm... Not sure I'll be much help," She meowed quietly, casting a quick glance around to make sure no one was listening. "I can't see everything around me, and sometimes I bump into things." Your heart broke a little. Ever since her accident, she hadn't been herself. It worried you deeply, since it had been moons since the dogs had attacked.

You smiled reassuringly at her. "You'll be fine, Brightheart. There's no other cat in the whole forest I would rather go hunting with."

She looked up at you, her one blue eye sparkling with tears. "Really?" She sniffed, wiping her eye with a paw.

"Yeah," You purred. "I mean it."

She perked up slightly, her signature grin spreading across her muzzle. "Okay. Let's go!" You chuckled, giving her a gentle nudge with your shoulder as you began walking towards the camp entrance. Her happiness was contagious when she showed it.

The warm morning sun cast gorgeous rays of gold across the forest floor, and birds sang softly in the trees above. You couldn't think of a better way to spend your day. "I can't believe the forest looks so pretty!" Brightheart breathed, stopping to take everything in. "I feel so lucky to be in ThunderClan."

You smiled. "Me too. There's nothing better than the forest in greenleaf." You let your gaze wander over every tree and flower, drinking in their bright colors and smells. Your gaze landed on Brightheart, who was now crouched low to the ground, intensely focused on something in front of her.

She's the prettiest she-cat to ever exist, You thought dreamily as you watched the sun dance on her sleek pelt. *If only I was good-looking enough for her.* She sprang forward, pinning a fat squirrel to the ground before dispatching it with a swift bite to the neck. You felt a little sad suddenly. *I'll never be enough for her.*

She trotted back over to you with a wide smile, the squirrel gripped in her jaws. "I thought for sure it would get away," She laughed, dropping the small creature and scraping some leaves over it. "It was so close to that tree!" You continued to stare at her face, covered with so many imperfections, but absolutely perfect to you. Your ears began to heat up, and you shuffled your paws and adjusted your hind legs in a pained sort of way. Your mind began to wander, and you found yourself desperately wanting to tell her how you felt, but you couldn't. There was no way she would feel the same.

"(Y/N)? What's wrong?" Brightheart asked in a concerned voice, her blue eye looking you over intensely.

You blinked several times, shaking your head firmly. *Mouse-brain! Now she thinks you're crazy!* "O-oh, it's nothing. I was just thinking about, uh..." You couldn't come up with a reliable excuse for your distance.

"(Y/N)," Brightheart repeated, softer this time. "I know you better than that. I can tell something's bothering you. What is it?"
You sighed. It was now or never.

"Brightheart, I know you love Cloudtail, but I can't keep my eyes off of you! You're just so beautiful, and it drives me crazy. Every time I look at you, everything in my life just gets a hundred times better." She just stared at you, I'm unreadable expression on her face. You sighed painfully. "I'm sorry I opened my muzzle. I'll leave you alone." But just as you were about to leave, she stepped in front of you. You stared down at her, trying to read her expression. It was a combination of surprise and compassion.

"(Y/N), I don't love Cloudtail!" She protested with a laugh. "Me and Cloudtail are friends, but that's all we'll ever be. There's only one cat I love, and..." She looked away, her nose turning a dark shade of red. "Well, he's standing right in front of me. (Y/N), I... I love you, too. I just never thought you loved me back." Your heart fluttered wildly in your chest, and you stifled a joyous yowl. The she-cat you had loved since you were an apprentice was in love with you, as well. It almost felt like a dream.

"I can't believe this," You laughed, tears brimming in your eyes. "You love me back. I... Oh, Brightheart, I could just cry!" She laughed, a tear escaping her eye. She pressed herself against your broad chest, purring loudly and licking your fur. "Let's stay out here today," You whispered, gently lapping her ears. "I think we could have a lot of fun."

She smiled, leaning against your shoulder. "There's nothing else I would rather do, (Y/N)." You felt like the luckiest tom in the forest. You had a great home, you were in the best clan there ever was, and now you had a beautiful mate to make it all complete.

Life is good, You thought happily as you and Brightheart padded side-by-side. *I don't think it could get any better.*

****

Thanks for the request! It was fun to write!

I love Brightheart a whole lot. She's such a sweet girl

Dreams Do Come True ≫ Firestar x Female! Reader

[image]

Art: FeysCat

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Some gore
• Some angst

This is a request for Dewspirit. Thank you for taking the time to submit a request!

****

From the moment your mother told you a story about wild cats who lived in the forest and ate mice and rabbits, you wanted to join them. You spent your entire kithood dreaming of the day you would be accepted into their world and learn their ways of life. You would always pretend a big leaf of a stick was your enemy, and you would tackle it and bite it, letting it know that it had made a mistake trespassing on your territory. You lived your earliest years only dreaming of the taste of mice and the smell of the wild forest, wondering when and if you would ever get the chance to find them. Then, one peaceful autumn morning, your dream finally came true.

You were stalking through the dense undergrowth, doing your best to not let the bell on your (f/C) collar jingle. You were watching a plump squirrel nibble on a beech nut several tail-lengths in front of you, blissfully ignorant to your slowly approaching presence. A bird called from somewhere high above, and the squirrel dropped it's nut and began anxiously looking around for any signs of danger. You

stiffened, unsheathing your claws. If you didn't act now, it would see you. Mouth watering in anticipation, you sprang forward, landing right on top of the furry brown creature and pinning it under your claws. "Gotcha!" You yowled triumphantly, tightening your grip as the squirrel squealed and writhed beneath your paw. You leaned down and bit into it's neck, waiting for it's squeals to fall silent before raising your head and purring proudly. You turned and began trotting back the way you had come, but before you could get very far, a twig snapped from the forest next to you, and before you could react, there was a flash of gray fur and the next thing you knew, you were pinned to the ground.

"Trespasser!" A she-cat's voice growled in a taunting way. "You're stealing our prey!" You groaned, opening your eyes to glare at your attacker. It was a young she-cat about your age with sleek gray fur and vibrant blue eyes that shone with excitement. That little fact infuriated you to no end.

She's not going to get any satisfaction from me! With a growl, you vaulted your hind paws into her belly and sent her tumbling backwards. Springing back to your paws, you faced your attacker with your spine arched and your hackles raised. The gray she-cat leaped to her paws and sprang towards you all at once, raking her claws across your muzzle and causing you to stumble a little.

She's really strong, You thought as you reached up with a paw and wiped the blood from the scratch she had left on your face. *I don't think I stand a chance here.* Still, you didn't like the idea of running away from a fight. Straightening yourself up, you squared your shoulders and braced yourself to attack again, but the gray she-cat was on top of you before you could even come up with your next move.

"You can't be here!" She growled, but her voice hardly held any threat. She raised her claws to rip into your face again, and you winced and squeezed your eyes shut. *This is going to hurt.*

"That's enough, Cinderpaw! You've made your point!" A tom's voice split the peaceful forest air, causing several birds to take flight. The gray she-cat — whom you assumed to be Cinderpaw — looked up, then scrambled off of you. You got back to your paws in a daze,

giving your pelt a firm shake. A broad-shouldered, muscular tom with a pelt the color of raging flames stepped into the small clearing, his deep green eyes traveling from Cinderpaw to you. You flinched, suddenly intimidated. He was clearly no stranger to a fight, based on the scars dotting his shoulders and chest, and the notch in his right ear.

"What's your name, kit?" He meowed, his voice dropping to a calmer, more gentle octave.

"M-me?" You stammered, scrambling to stand up straight and face him. "Y-you want to know m-my name?" A glint of amusement flashed across his eyes, and you sighed in relief. He clearly wasn't as strict and harsh as you thought he was going to be.

"Yes," He purred. "I want to know your name."

You stared at him for a moment, working your jaw as you struggled to remember your own name. "Um... I-it's (Y/N). My name is (Y/N)."

He smiled, then turned to Cinderpaw. "Go back to camp, Cinderpaw. I'll be back shortly." Cinderpaw dipped her head respectfully, then turned and bounded back into the forest. The flame-colored tom watched her leave, then turned back to you.

"Hello, (Y/N). I'm Fireheart, a ThunderClan warrior. Do you know where you are?" Your heart fluttered in your chest. *He said ThunderClan! I'm talking to a real clan cat!*

"I know I'm in the forest," You replied, unable to pull your gaze away from Fireheart. "I-I'm sorry, Fireheart. I didn't know this was your territory. I just thought it might be fun to see if I could catch something, like a mouse, or a—" Fireheart raised his tail, and you fell silent, feeling rather embarrassed. You hadn't meant to ramble.

"Don't panic, (Y/N). All is forgiven." His voice was surprisingly sympathetic, as if he understood what it was like to desire freedom. He looked at the dead squirrel beside you, giving a slight nod of approval. "You're a very skilled hunter. Most kittypets wouldn't have been able to catch a squirrel so quickly." You felt as if your

heart was going to burst out of your chest with pride. Never in your wildest dreams would you have thought you would be standing in front of a clan cat as he told you what a good hunter you were.

"Th-thank you, Fireheart," You meowed sheepishly, dipping your head in the same way Cinderpaw had. "If you wish, you can take this squirrel back to your clan. They need it more than I do." You pushed the limp brown creature towards him with a paw, dipping your head once again.

Fireheart stared at you for a moment, then nodded and placed a paw on top of the squirrel you had caught. "Thank you, (Y/N). ThunderClan is very grateful for your help."

Suddenly, a familiar voice rang out across the sky, distant but easily heard. "(Y/N), it's time to come home now!" You sighed, feeling slightly disappointed.

"That's my mom," You explained, laughing softly. "I have to go. It was nice meeting you, Fireheart."

Fireheart dipped his head, a smile spread across his muzzle. "Likewise, (Y/N). You better run along before you're missed even more." You nodded, then turned and began running through the forest towards home.

That was six moons ago. After your first encounter with Fireheart, you had returned to the forest one last time to see if you could find him again. As fate would have it, he found *you,* and after a long conversation with Bluestar, you were accepted into ThunderClan as an apprentice. You were given Fireheart as a mentor, and the two of you had grown as close as two cats could possibly get. You fought together, hunted together, ate together, cried together, and laughed together. He had become your best friend, and now, as you stood proudly at the base of the highrock in front of your adopted friends and family, you knew your relationship was going to take a brand new turn soon.

"(Y/N), do you promise to uphold the warrior code, and to protect and defend this clan, even at the cost of your life?" Fireheart — who was now known as Firestar since Bluestar's passing two moons ago

— was gazing down at you with pride in his stunning green eyes as he patiently waited for your response.

You fought to keep your voice from trembling as you spoke. "I do." You wanted to cry. Everything you had ever wanted was happening right in front of you.

Firestar smiled, dipping his head in acknowledgment. "Then, by the powers of StarClan, I now give you your warrior name. (Y/N), from this moment on, you will be known as (Y/N). StarClan honors your perseverance and loyalty, and we welcome you as a full warrior of ThunderClan." Your clanmates began to cheer your new name as Firestar bounded down from the highrock and licked your shoulder. You returned the gesture, purring lightly. "I'm very proud of you," Firestar murmured in your ear. "ThunderClan is very lucky to have you, and so am I."

You giggled and pulled away. "Thank you, Firestar. Save the flirting for after the ceremony." He chuckled, gazing at you with compassion in his eyes. You stared back at him, wondering how you had gotten so lucky. Somehow, everything was going your way.

"You should get ready for your vigil," He meowed, giving you a nudge with his shoulder. "I'll see you tomorrow at dawn, okay?"

You purred. "Okay, you big furball." Then, you turned and padded out of camp, sitting down next to the thorn tunnel and watching the sun set behind the distant mountains. As the daylight disappeared and the stars of Silverpelt appeared in the blackness, you smiled. You did it. You were a clan cat now.

Suddenly, there was the sound of pawsteps, followed by a soft sigh as Firestar slipped through the camp entrance and sat down beside you. "Sorry for intruding," He began, turning his gaze up to the stars. "but I wanted to talk to you about something." You stared at him gently, concerned. He had been acting fine just a moment ago.

"Sure," You replied, scooting a little closer to him. "What's on your mind?"

"A lot of things," He sighed. "I've been thinking about what Tigerstar

said at the last gathering, and I can't believe Leopardstar agreed to go along with that. We all know Scourge isn't going to back down without a fight, but..." He trailed off, taking a deep breath. "How is LionClan supposed to defeat TigerClan and a band of bloodthirsty rogues?"

You twined your tail with his, leaning over and touching your nose to his cheek. "StarClan chose you, Firestar. They know you can handle whatever those fox-hearted brutes throw at you. Everyone believes in you, now you have to believe in yourself."

He stared at you for a moment, a light of fondness in his deep green eyes. "You're right as usual, (Y/N). What would I do without you?" Your mind traveled back to the first time you met Firestar, when he was just a warrior and you were just a curious kittypet with a crazy dream. So much had happened since then, and Firestar had thrived through it all. It made you wonder why he was asking you that, when he survived so much pain to get where he was. You, on the other hand, weren't sure what you would've done without *him*.

"You'd be just fine, mouse-brain. You're the strongest cat I know." You smiled at him again, wrapping both of your paws around his neck. "I'm sure you would've done everything you could for your clan without me. The question is, what would *I* do without *you?"*

Firestar sighed painfully, averting his gaze. "You'd probably be safe and sound with your housefolk and not worrying about the violence that's about to break out." You smiled at him sadly. You didn't know how to respond to that. "(Y/N), I can't do this without you," He whispered, the pain in his voice twisting your heart. "So I need to ask you something very, very important."

You tilted your head. "What is it?"

He took a deep breath, then looked directly into your eyes. "(Y/N) you are the most wonderful, strong she-cat I have ever met. I love you very much, and it would mean everything to me if you would do me the honor of becoming my mate." Your breath hitched in your throat, and tears brimmed in the corners of your eyes. You couldn't believe it. Your former mentor, your best friend, and now your leader, had fallen in love with you.

"Great StarClan," You whispered, laughing softly. "Oh Firestar, there's nothing I've ever wanted more..." He leaned forward, pulling you in to a warm, passionate kiss. You closed your eyes, falling deep into his very being. You wanted to stay like that forever, to just fall deeper and deeper into love with him, but you had to pull away for air after a moment. "There's nothing we can't do together," You whispered, resting your forehead against his. "We'll be okay, my love. I promise."

****

Blood was roaring in your ears and streaming down your face, threatening to blind you. Your vision was slightly blurry — most likely due to the fact that you had been thrown off a BloodClan cat and slammed your head against a rock — but you were determined to keep fighting. Your clan needed you, and no matter how badly your wounds burned or how weak your limbs felt, you would not rest until every hair on their pelts were safe.

You leaped forward with your claws outstretched, tearing open a muscular black-and-white tom's flank with a single blow. He landed in a crouch, gasping in pain. You smirked, lashing your tail. "That's what you get for messing with LionClan!" Your foe grimaced one last time, then heaved himself to his paws and ran away as fast as he could, leaving a trail of dark crimson in his wake. You chuckled, satisfied with yourself. No one stood a chance against you and your friends.

Suddenly, a sharp pain exploded in your neck, and you collapsed to the ground with a cry. Unusually sharp claws penetrated the flesh of your shoulders, and a voice, colder than leafbare itself, growled in your ear. "Oh, so you're the pretty little thing that pathetic excuse for a leader was talking about. I've heard you're quite the fighter." You snarled, lashing your tail. It was Scourge.

"Yeah, I am," You retorted. "Which is why you're lucky I'm pinned to the ground right now."

Scourge laughed, then roughly flipped you over onto your back and placed his teeth-tipped claws on your throat. "You're a feisty little thing, aren't you? I'm going to enjoy watching you *squirm."* Then, he

raised his paw above his head, ready to slice open your throat. You took advantage of his lack of both paws, however, and used your free side to take your claws across his left eye. He screeched in pain, reeling back and turning away from you with his paw clutching his face. You sprang back to your feet, hackles raised.

"You made a mistake coming here," You snarled, crouching down and digging your claws into the ground. "and now you're going to regret it!" Without giving him a chance to react, you launched yourself forward and sank your teeth deep into his neck, ignoring the tough material of his bone-studded collar. A disturbing gurgle escaped his damaged throat as he weakly struggled to free himself of your grip. You held on firmly, even when his blood started to fill your mouth and stain your muzzle. Suddenly, the vicious rogue's body gave one last jerk, then fell still. You released your grip on his neck, letting his limp body fall to the ground with a sickening wet thump. All around you the sounds of battle were dying, replaced by cheers and triumphant cries of joy. You chuckled, turning away from Scourge's body just in time to see Firestar bounding towards you, his deep green eyes glowing in the evening shadows.

"(Y/N)!" He exclaimed as he reached you, rubbing his muzzle against yours. "Thank StarClan you're safe! I was worried sick!"

You laughed hoarsely, licking his wounded cheek. "I'm alright, love. I'm alright." Your clanmates had began to gather around, cheering your name. Flustered, you cast a glance at your mate, who was gazing at you with the same admiration as everyone else. You smiled, giving each of your clanmates a respectful nod.

"It's all thanks to you," Firestar meowed, twining his tail with yours. "You saved us, (Y/N). You're my hero."

You touched your nose to his, purring affectionately. "And you are mine." Firestar called for everyone to start heading back to camp, keeping you right next to him as you walked through the forest towards home. As you relished in the feeling of the warm sun and gentle breeze on your back, you smiled to yourself. All your dreams had come true, and with Firestar by your side, many more would.

****

This one turned out really long xD I hope nobody minds.

Thanks again for requesting, Dewspirit! I enjoyed writing it for you!

Love Hurts ≫ Spottedleaf x Injured! Female! Reader (PLATONIC)

[image]

Art: pineconefishes

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Some gore
• Some angst

This is a request for Pinestripe37 's sister! I hope you find your request enjoyable, and please come back anytime!

****

You were exhausted. The thorn tunnel seemed miles away as you slowly trudged towards it, fighting against the urge to lay down where you were and close your eyes. As much as you just wanted to collapse, you knew you couldn't. Bluestar needed to know about the fox lurking around ThunderClan's forest to prevent it from attacking again. The worst you had gotten was a few deep gashes on your shoulders and forelegs and some bruises everywhere else. It made you sick to think about someone else coming across the vicious creature.

You pushed your way through the thorn tunnel, stumbling into the clearing that made up ThunderClan's camp. Your vision was blurry, but you could tell your clanmates knew something had gone horribly wrong. Willowpelt noticed your horrific injuries and let out a cry, which prompted Whitestorm to race over and notice you, as

well. Once he did, he immediately rushed over, his amber eyes wide. "(Y/N)! What in StarClan's name happened to you?"

You slowly opened your jaws, wincing at the pain it caused in your head. "There's... There's a fox living near Snakerocks," You replied shakily, straining not to black out. "It attacked me when I was hunting. I..." You winced, coughing. "I need to tell Bluestar." You were about to head over to your leader's den, but Whitestorm stepped in front of you.

"I'll tell her," He meowed gently, resting a paw on your sore shoulder. "You need to see Spottedleaf." You opened your jaws to protest, but then noticed the pool of crimson forming beneath your left paw. With a defeated sigh, you muttered a quiet "thanks" to Whitestorm before dragging your aching paws towards the medicine den, ignoring the shocked and horrified voices and faces of your clanmates.

You stumbled into Spottedleaf's den like a cat who had eaten too much catnip, collapsing into the first nest you came across. The young medicine cat was at the back of her den sorting herbs, but quickly sprang to her paws and turned around at the commotion behind her. When he gaze rested on you, she immediately rushed to your side and began examining the wounds. "How did this happen, (Y/N)?" She meowed, clearly struggling to keep her composure despite moons of experience.

"Fox," You mumbled, squeezing your eyes shut. "by Snakerocks." Spottedleaf froze, a wave of fear rippling off of her. You opened one eye to see that she had a genuinely frightened expression on her face.

"A fox!" She gasped, as if she couldn't believe what she had just heard. "Great StarClan, (Y/N)! You could've been killed!"

"You don't say." You muttered. Spottedleaf sighed, clearly stressed, then hastily rose back to her paws and began rummaging through her herb store. Your neck was too stiff and sore to turn and watch her, but you could hear things crashing down and making a big mess while Spottedleaf cursed under her breath and muttered phrases such as "where *are* those?", and "fox-dung!". A moment later

she returned to your side with all sorts of pungent-smelling herbs gripped in her jaws.

"Here," She meowed, dropping the herbs. "eat these poppy seeds. They won't take all the pain away, but they should help you relax a bit." She exposed her right pad, revealing three poppy seeds stuck to it. You winced as you raised your head, gently licking them off of her paw and immediately collapsing again. Spottedleaf sighed sadly, then nudged a rather sturdy-looking stick towards you. "I'm afraid this isn't going to feel so nice." She meowed solemnly, resting her tail on yours. "If it starts hurting too much, bite down on this. If that doesn't work or the stick breaks, scream as loud as you want. Okay?"

You shuddered. "Okay. Don't expect me to say nice things, either."

Spottedleaf chuckled. "I'm not." She began licking your wounds as gently as she could, cleaning the blood off your fur and making sure there was nothing stuck in the gashes, like tiny rocks or debris. You sighed in relief, allowing your eyes to close. The feeling of her tongue on your most painful injuries felt nice. It reminded you of how your mother used to lick you at night to help you sleep.

"Alright," Spottedleaf sighed, sitting back. "I'm going to chew some marigold into a pulp, then I'm going to spread that on the wound on your shoulder." She was referring to the deepest gash you had, the one that had been causing blood to pool under your paw when you first returned to camp. You shuddered, already imagining the pain.

"Okay," You murmured, picking up the stick in your jaws. "Just get it over with." The sounds of chewing reached your ears as Spottedleaf began turning the marigold into a pulp, and a moment later, you felt her paw on your flank.

"Here goes," She meowed. "remember what I told you." You nodded, squeezing your eyes shut. Then, an unbearable pain exploded in your shoulder as Spottedleaf began rubbing the poultice into your wound. You screamed against the stick in your mouth, a sound that probably could've been heard in ShadowClan, biting down as hard as you could. "That's it, (Y/N)," Spottedleaf meowed gently, continuing to rub the herbs into your wound. "let it out." By the

time she had finished with your shoulder, you were in tears. You let the stick fall to the ground, gasping for air as if you'd just run to the highstones and back.

"Thanks," You wheezed weakly, letting your head fall back into the soft moss. "I needed that."

Spottedleaf laughed. "Yeah, right. You didn't seem to be enjoying that very much." You chuckled, resting your chin on your paws. The poppy seeds were starting to kick in, and you felt yourself beginning to relax as your wounds stopped burning. "I'll let you get some sleep,"Spottedleaf meowed, gently flicking your uninjured ear with the tip of her tail. "Sweet dreams, (Y/N)."

"Hey, Spottedleaf?" You called just as she was about to leave. Spottedleaf turned around, cocking an eyebrow curiously. You smiled. "Thanks for everything."

Spottedleaf smirked, a purr rising in her throat. "You're welcome, (Y/N)." Then, she slipped out of the den and left you alone to rest. You closed your eyes and sighed contentedly. ThunderClan just wouldn't be the same without her.

Meanwhile, in ShadowClan...

Nightpelt padded alongside Stumpytail, sniffing the blades of grass and remarking the border with ThunderClan. "They'll think twice before trespassing," Stumpytail meowed proudly, puffing out his chest. "ShadowClan will never be defeated!"

Nightpelt rolled his eyes at the overly-dramatic display of dominance. "Yeah. You're right, Stumpytail. Because if ThunderClan ever decided to invade, we wouldn't be severely outnumbered." Stumpytail opened his jaws to protest, but before he could, another sound tore through the air.

"HNNNGGAAAAAHH!"

Nightpelt froze. "What in StarClan's name was *that?"*

Stumpytail shrugged. "Probably just some mouse-muncher dying."

Nightpelt stared into the forest on the other side of the border for a moment, then turned away.

"You're probably right. Let's keep marking the border. Brokenstar will have our tails if we're not back by sundown." Stumpytail mumbled in agreement, then fell into step as the two continued their patrol. It wasn't every day a ThunderClan cat screamed in agony from deep within the forest, but it never failed to amuse ShadowClan warriors when it did.

****

I hope you enjoyed that little twist at the end xD I know I did!

A big thanks to Pinestripe's sister for her request. I hope you enjoyed every second of it!

Unconditional Love ≫ Bone x Female! Daredevil! Reader

[image]

Art: Starstream18

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Some gore

This is a request for RoseShadeWarriorCat. I hope it meets your expectations! Thank you so much for submitting a request!

****

You tasted the air as you rounded the corner of a brick wall, ears flat as you surveyed the area for any signs of an intruder. Scourge had been talking about a strange scent around the alley, but it didn't belong to anyone he knew. He stated on multiple occasions that it was indeed a cat, but definitely not a BloodClan warrior. Hoot and Jumper had also picked up on the strange scent, and Brick claimed to have spotted a hefty orange tabby tom lurking around by the trashcans on the other side of the street. This made you bristle when you thought about it. If some rat-faced jerk was sneaking around and stealing BloodClan's food, you were going to catch him in the act.

"I don't think anyone is out here," Bone, your good friend, meowed as you finished marking the last metal trashcan. "We should probably go back. Scourge is expecting us."

You turned and gave him a look that told him to shut his muzzle. "I

know that lousy brickhead is here somewhere," You retorted, lashing your tail. "Violet and I saw him just a couple hours ago. Do you really want to let him get away with stealing our food?"

Bone sighed, shaking his head. "Look, (Y/N). The food-stealer is gone, alright? Let's just go home and report our findings to—" Suddenly, there was a loud crash as one of the trashcans toppled over and spilled it's contents everywhere. Both you and Bone spun around when this happened, shoulders bristling and ears perked up.

"I *knew* it!" You hissed, creeping up to a black bag full of garbage and peering over the top. Sure enough, the same overweight wad of orange fur was there, crouched down as hell greedily gulped down the remains of a chicken. Your hackles rose involuntarily, and a low growl rumbled in your throat.

"(Y/N)," Bone meowed quietly with a warning tone. "Don't do anything—" You leaped over the black bag and began stalking towards the intruder with a snarl. Bone sighed, his broad shoulders slacking. "—stupid."

"Hey!" You snarled, thrusting your muzzle into the intruder's face, forcing him to stand up and face you. "What do you think you're doing here? This is BloodClan's alley!" The orange menace stared at you for a moment, then let out an ugly, wet snort of a laugh.

"Is that so? Tell me, gorgeous, what's a tom gotta do to get some action around here?" His pus-filled pale blue eyes traveled over your body like a snake about to strike. You fought off the urge to retch, unsheathing your claws and squaring your shoulders. The strange tom licked his lips, growling feistily. "You're one a them tough gals, eh?" He cackled, standing up and revealing his full form. You flinched. He was *huge.* What had been mistaken for fat by you and your friends was, in fact, rippling, thick muscle.

"Get out of here," You snarled, refusing to show that you were intimidated as he towered over you. "We have ways of dealing with trespassers."

A cocky smirk spread across his scarred muzzle, and he cocked an eyebrow curiously. "Oh, yeah? And what's that?"

You stepped back and crouched down, lashing your tail. *"This."* With that, you sprang forward and slammed into his chest with enough force to send him sprawling backwards with a loud grunt. You landed on top of him, sinking your claws into his shoulders. Blood trickled out of the wounds, staining your paws crimson.

"Stupid wench," He snarled. "Get off of me!" He vaulted his hind paws into your gut mercilessly, causing your claws to rip free of his flesh as you were hurtled across the alley and into a brick wall. You groaned, opened your eyes and heaving yourself to your paws. The intruder was standing across from you, his orange tabby fur bristling furiously. "Now you've done it, sweetheart!" With that, he thrusted himself forward with his powerful hind legs, tackling you yo the ground and biting into your scruff with bone-crushing strength. You let out a sharp cry, heaving yourself up and tearing a massive chunk of your scruff off in the process.

You turned to face him, still full of rage and fight despite your sore stomach and the blood seeping down the sides of your neck. You had had enough of this jerk. *"GET OUT!"* You snarled, lunging forward and raking your claws across his eye. He reeled back with a snarl, clutching his right eye with his paw.

"Fine," He growled, lashing his tail and casting an intimidated glance at Bone, who was now standing a few feet away from you and glaring at the intruder. "You win this time, you vile wench. But I'll be back." Then, he turned and scrambled to the top of the metal trashcans and disappeared onto the roof of a building. Once he was gone, you let your shoulders slump. You couldn't seem to catch your breath, and the more you tried, the more light-headed you felt.

"You're an idiot," Bone snapped, turning to face you. "What were you thinking? He would've ripped your throat out if it wasn't for..." He trailed off, as if he decided what he was about to say wasn't a good idea.

"If it wasn't for what?" You retorted, in too much pain to fight with him.

"Uh... Nothing." He replied, giving his pelt a shake. "Let's get you home, alright? You look like you've been dragged through hell."

Bone's POV

Bone watched as (Y/N) curled up and fell into a deep sleep, the deep wound on her neck still bleeding slightly. He sighed and gently stroked her hind leg with his tail. "What am I gonna do with you?" She didn't reply, of course, only curled deeper into the old blanket and murmured something unintelligible. With another sigh, Bone rose to his paws and padded out of the cardboard box, plopping down and letting his shoulders slump.

"How is she?" Brick had approached him from his perch on the chain link fence. His amber eyes were glazed over with concern.

"She's gonna be fine," Bone replied in a mutter. "I just wish she would stop picking fights with everyone she comes across."

Brick chuckled. "A fighter, she is. Real feisty gal." Bone chuckled, wrapping his bushy tail around his paws and straightening up a little. He began to wonder what would've happened if he hasn't been with her when they encountered the intruder. He shuddered. He didn't want to know. He'd seen the way the orange tabby looked at him. There had been fear in his eyes.

"We all know she's only alive because of you, Bone," Brick meowed, lowering his voice. "If you weren't there tonight, I think she woulda been that rogue's dinner."

"I know," Bone sighed, casting a glance back towards the box where (Y/N) was fast asleep. "I can't keep an eye on her all the time. It scares me to death, Brick. I'd die if something happened to her." Brick just nodded. Bone rose to his paws, padding over to the flap of the box.

"Take care of her, Bone," Brick meowed. "She needs you."

Bone chuckled. "Yeah. I will." Then, he slipped inside and curled up next to (Y/N) and closed his eyes. She was a pain in the tail, but he could never take his eyes off of her.

Your POV

"(Y/N), wake up." A paw gently shook your shoulder, rousing you from the deepest sleep of your life. Your eyes fluttered open to see Bone standing over you, his green eyes reflecting the morning sun.

"Alright, I'm up." You grumbled, slowly sitting up and wincing as your injured neck twinged slightly. "What is it?"

"That tom from yesterday came into the alley and spoke to Scourge. He said he wants half of our territory, and Scourge wasn't having it. He left, but everyone is worried there is going to be a raid. Scourge is assigning us all positions in case there's a fight."

You immediately peeked up, flexing your claws. "He came back? What a pair he has on him! Did he tell Scourge his name or motives? Anything of use?"

Bone sighed. "Take it easy, alright? He said his name is Salvador, but he goes by Sal." You bristled, the pain in your neck reminding you of how much you wanted to tear him apart. If that orange prick was looking for a fight, he was going to get one.

"What did Scourge say so far?" You asked excitedly. "What's my position?"

Bone looked nervous. "Well, that's the thing. Scourge doesn't think you're in the best state to fight. He wants you to stay in your box until it's over." Your heart sank. What was the point of being a BloodClan cat if you couldn't even fight beside your allies? Bone's gaze hardened, and he took a step closer to you. "We mean it, (Y/N). You stay in here until one of us gives you the okay to come out. You're already hurt, and I can't stand to watch it happen again. You almost gave me a heart attack last night, for crying out loud!" He noticed your disappointment and sighed, letting his fur lay flat again. "I care about you, (Y/N). Please, promise me you'll stay out of this fight." He looked at you pleadingly, and you sighed in defeat.

"Fine," You mumbled. "but I don't have to like it."

"No one said you have to." He replied, padding over to the flap that

covered your box. "I love you, (Y/N). Remember that." Then, he disappeared outside into the rain. You huffed, resting your chin on your paws. It was going to be a long night.

****

You weren't sure how long it had been since you'd fallen asleep, but you were crudely jarred out of sleep by the sounds of a raging war outside. You stiffened, straining your ears. You couldn't make out any particular voices, but you knew a fight when you heard one— You'd been in many yourself.

You stiffly rose to your paws and slowly pushed open the flap of your box with a paw and peered out. Sure enough, BloodClan was viciously clashing with a group of other rogues — and Sal was right in the heat of it. The massive orange tabby was biting into flesh and knocking your friends out of the way with ease, a malicious grin on his bloodstained muzzle the entire time. Your claws slid out of your toes involuntarily, and a low growl tumbled into your throat. *What a sorry jerk.*

Every instinct you owned was screaming at you to leap out of your box and rip his other eye out, and you were about to, but you remembered Scourge's instructions and Bone's words. *"I care about you, (Y/N). Please, promise me you'll stay out of this fight."* His voice echoed in your skull, filling you with a sense of despair.

But I care about you, too, You thought as you watched the muscular black-and-white tom get thrown to the ground by Sal. *You can't expect me to just sit here and watch you get hurt!* Bone struggled to free himself of the massive rogue's grip, but to no avail. Sal was too strong. *I don't stand a chance. But I have to do* something!

With that thought lingering in the back of your mind, you burst out of your hiding spot and charged forward, leaping onto Sal's back with a screech and sinking your claws into his big shoulders. The big orange tabby let out a shriek of pain, reeling back and allowing Bone to scramble out of his way. "(Y/N)! I thought I told you stay hidden!" He snarled, staring at you in bewilderment and terror. You ignored him, taking your back claws down Sal's spine and sinking your teeth into his neck. Warm blood filled your mouth and began

streaming and spurting out the sides, but you refused to let go. Sal suddenly flipped himself onto his back, crushing you under his weight. The wind was knocked right out of you, and you screamed as your still-bleeding neck made contact with the concrete. Sal whirled around, then curled his lip back into a menacing snarl as his gaze rested on you. *"You,"* He growled, harshly slamming his paw onto your chest. You coughed, blood trickling out the sides of your mouth. "You rancid little fleabag! How are you stupid enough to pick a fight with me again!?"

You opened your eyes, inhaling through gritted teeth as you glared up at your foe. "Because I won last time!" Then, with movement quicker than a striking snake, you swung your claws in front of you. Sal stared at you for a moment unblinkingly, then his eyes widened and his jaw dropped as blood began pouring like rain from the gash you had left on his throat. A horrible sound somewhere between a retch and a gasp escaped his mouth along with a stream of dark crimson blood, then he collapsed off to the side with a violent spasm. You sprang to your paws, gasping for air. Sal was completely still now, his pale blue eyes glazed over and staring at nothing.

One of the invading rogues let out a yowl of horror. "She killed Sal! Let's get outta here! She's crazy!" The intruders all turned tail and fled, not looking back once.

"That's right, run!" You snarled after them. "If I ever see you again, I'll turn your guts inside out!" BloodClan started to cheer, and Bone raced over to you. You met his gaze with a smirk, giving him a nudge with his shoulder.

"That was *the* closest I've ever come to having a heart attack!" He growled. "For the love of Pete, (Y/N)! Why are you like this!?"

You just laughed. "At least we'll never have to worry about him again. A 'thank you' would be nice right now!" Bone turned away and muttered several suggestive curse words, then turned back to you and rolled his eyes.

"Thank you,," He sighed, his green eyes glinting with a mix of frustration and affection. "You saved my butt back there. I appreciate it." You smiled. He was cute when he showed his

compassionate side.

"I'd do anything for you," You murmured, rubbing your cheek against his. "I'm just glad you're okay."

Bone purred, gently rasping his tongue over your neck. "I love you, (Y/N)."

You chuckled. "I love you too, Bone." You knew you drove him crazy sometimes, and you could only imagine how close he must be to death by a heart attack. You didn't care how many times he dragged you away from a fight, however. It was nice to know someone loved you so deeply.

****

I'm sorry this took a bit longer than my other one-shots. There was a lot to write and a lot of detail to include, so I had to make sure it was perfect. Thank you for being patient!

I hope you enjoyed your request, RoseShadeWarriorCat. I had fun writing it, and I hope to see you request again sometime!

An update

Hey guys. I just wanted to say thank you to all of you who have submitted a request and have shown your support. It really means the world to me, and I'm so grateful for each and every one of you!
However, over the past couple days, I've just been lacking the motivation to write much of anything. Don't worry, your requests are still being done. I just think I need some time to recover my stamina and take care of myself for once. So for now, requests are closed. They'll open again once I feel better and I'm all caught up on the ones I already have, it's just, I don't know. It's too much for me right now, I guess.

Don't panic or worry, I'm not getting hospitalized or anything, I just need a small break. I'm not sure how long I'll be gone for, but it won't be super long. I'll still be replying to comments and messages, however, and I'll still be roleplaying when I get the chance. I'm sorry for any inconvenience this may cause, but I'm going on a temporary hiatus. Life is much right now xD

Thank you for your love and support, guys. I love you all very much!

What Is Meant To Be, Will Be ≫ Jayfeather x Female! Medicine Cat! Reader

[image]

Art: Stazzzart

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Birth scene
• Gore
• Angst
• Murder/death

This is a request for Dewspirit. I apologize for the long wait. Thank you for being so patient!

****

You watched your denmate sort herbs from the corner of your eye, your tail-tip twitching in irritation. It had been nearly a full season since he started staring at you when he thought you weren't looking, and he still hadn't mentioned it. It was starting to drive you crazy.
Stubborn fox, You thought irritability as you separated the last chervil leaf from it's stem. *Why is it so hard for him to talk about his feelings?*
It wouldn't bother you so much if you didn't feel the same way about him, but you did. You wanted to be with the grumpy medicine cat, but you needed him to be on board first.

"I'm going to snag a mouse from the freshkill pile." Jayfeather announced, shaking a bit of a dock leaf off of his claw. "Do you want anything?" You slowly looked up to meet his cloudy blue gaze, your heart fluttering in your chest like a butterfly.

StarClan, why is he so perfect?

"Um, Earth to (Y/N). Are you hungry or not?"

Suddenly realizing that you had spaced out and was staring at him with your mouth open, you quickly shut it and gave your head a firm shake.

Pull yourself together, (Y/N). This might be your only chance!

"Actually, I was hoping we could talk about something," You meowed as calmly as you could manage, sitting up straight and wrapping your tail around your paws. "Something important."

Jayfeather eyed you suspiciously for a moment, then slowly sat down across from you and nodded. "Alright, but make it quick. I'm starving, and I haven't eaten all day." You huffed, rolling your eyes.

How considerate of you, Jayfeather.

"I've seen you watching me," You began, the left side of your mouth curling up into a devious smirk. "and I think you might have something to tell me, mister."

Jayfeather's nose went fifty shades darker, and he began desperately stumbling over his words like a kit who was being scolded for sneaking out of camp. "A-ah! l-look, (Y/N), I just... I've been... I kinda was thinking about—"

"Cut the theatrics," You retorted, standing up with a frustrated lash of your tail. "I *know* you love me, Jayfeather, and I'm okay with that. In fact, I love you, too. Why can't you just admit it?"

"This is insanity!" Jayfeather growled, his fur bristling from his neck down to his tail-tip. "In case you haven't noticed, (Y/N), we're medicine cats! We can't just go frolicking through a field of tulips side-by-side! We have obligations!" All you were hearing was a bunch of nonsense being brought on by testosterone and whatever else toms had rushing through them. It was painfully obvious at this point that he felt strong feelings for you, more so than the strong feelings shared between fellow medicine cats and their clanmates.

You shook your head, taking a step closer to him so your noses were almost touching. "We have just as much of a right as anyone else to fall in love!" You exclaimed, anger starting to boil in your veins as the realization of just how unfair that stupid rule was dawned on you. "We can still take care of our clanmates if we're mates!"

"Alright, alright, just keep your voice *down!"* Jayfeather hissed, his ears perked as he listened for any sounds that might indicate that someone had overheard your conversation. "I *do* love you, (Y/N), more than anything else in the world! I just..." He trailed off, his face softening sadly. "I just didn't know how to tell you, and I sure as The Dark Forest don't know how to go about it. I mean, we're on the verge of a *war,* (Y/N)! Do the clans really need another burden to bear? Do they really need more code-breakers?"
You sighed. He had a point, but that wouldn't stop you from trying.

"I know the clans are going through a hard time right now," You meowed gently, sitting down beside him and twining your tail with his. "but we might never get another chance to make this work. Do you really want to risk that, Jayfeather?" He met your gaze, and his eyes were so full of emotion and desire that for a moment, you could've sworn he could see you.

"No," He finally responded, his voice unusually quiet. "I don't want to risk that, but I don't want to lose you, either. (Y/N), you're my whole world. If something ever happened to you, or..." He hesitated, but when you gave him an encouraging nod to continue, he collected himself again. "If anything were to happen to you or our kits, I don't know what I would do. I don't even think I could continue living."

The genuine fear on his face broke your heart. "Everything will be okay," You whispered, pressing yourself to his side and touching your nose to his cheek. "StarClan has a way of making sure things work out; you know that. If we spend all our time being afraid of what could happen, we'll never get to experience the great things that *will* happen." You sat next to him quietly, patiently waiting for his response. Finally, after a long moment of silence, the blind tom raised his head and looked at you, his clouded eyes glistening with raw emotion, something you had never seen in them before.

"Okay," He meowed, his voice a bit more confident. "I'm willing to make this work. Just... Promise me you'll be as careful as you possibly can, and let's *try* not to have kits. Deal?"

You smiled widely, happy tears springing to your eyes. "Deal." Then, Jayfeather pressed his mouth to yours, pulling away after a moment with a chuckle. You both pressed your foreheads together, soft purrs rippling gently from your chests. You had never been so happy in your entire life. "I love you so much," You whispered, touching your nose to his. "I know we'll be alright."

Jayfeather smiled, his cloudy blue eyes sparkling like starlight. "I know. I love you too, (Y/N)." Suddenly, the lichen that covered the den entrance rustled. You and Jayfeather both jumped slightly, quickly scrambling to your respective areas and pretending to be hard at work just as Leafpool walked in, two plump mice dangling by their tails from her jaws.

"Hello, you two," Your former mentor purred, setting the mice down in the middle of the den. "I figured you would both be hungry by now, so I brought you some freshkill." You both mumbled a distant "thanks", pretending to be distracted by your work, even though it was something far more intense on your minds.
Leafpool nodded in approval, then turned and disappeared outside with one last glance over her shoulder. "If either of you need me, I'll be pulling ticks off of Mousefur." Then she was gone, and you and Jayfeather were left alone once again.

"We should be more careful from now on." Jayfeather meowed once she was gone, lifting his head over his shoulder. You just smiled, hooking one of your claws into a clump of marigold and tossing it towards him. It sailed right over his ear, landing with a plop in front of him. He shook his head, not taking his focus off of his work. "Very mature, (Y/N)."

You stuck your tongue out playfully. "You started it." Jayfeather sighed, standing up and turning to face you.

"What I'm I going to do with you?" He muttered, a hint of light-hearted teasing outlining his face. You purred, padding forward and rubbing your muzzle against his. Sometimes, you didn't even know

what to do with yourself, but as long as you had your lovely blind prince, you didn't need to know.

****

You woke up in the middle of the night to hushed voices coming from outside. Still half-asleep, you sat up and groaned quietly, blinking the fog from your eyes. You were alarmed to see that Jayfeather's nest was empty, and from the lack of disturbed moss, it had been for some time.
The voices outside continued, but slightly louder. You stood up and carefully crept around Leafpool, making sure to not let your pawsteps make too much noise. You weren't sure what was going on, but you wanted to be close by in case Jayfeather needed help. You peered around the corner of the den entrance, narrowing your eyes against the blackness of night. You could just barely make out the silhouettes of three cats several fox-lengths away, and from the sound of it, they were deep in an intense conversation.
"How do you know that?"
You stiffened. That was Jayfeather's voice.

The biggest of the three figures, most likely Lionblaze, sighed heavily, his broad shoulders slumping in defeat. "Ivypool heard it herself during training last night. She said that it is inevitable. StarClan has laid out this path for her, and we have to accept it. This is her fate, Jayfeather. (Y/N) will—"

"Don't say her name," Jayfeather hissed, rage causing the fur on his spine to ripple. "You have no proof that what Ivypool has said is true! For all we know, these could just be nightmares!"

"Then how do you explain the wounds she wakes up with every morning?" The third cat, Dovewing, retorted, turning to glare at your mate. You felt your hackles rising involuntarily, and a deep sense of unease settled under your fur like sap. You were fully aware of the threat The Dark Forest posed on the clans, but you never thought you would be so deeply involved.

You watched the trio continue to bicker among themselves, swallowing a ball of ice that had settled in the back of your throat. You weren't sure what, but you knew something awful was going to happen, and it frightened you more than anything else.
You turned your gaze up to the swath of stars that glittered far above the hollow, a sudden feeling of despair overcoming you.
Please, StarClan. Just let us be happy.
But if your ancestors had heard your plea, they remained as silent as stars.

Six Moons Later

A half of a season had passed since you and Jayfeather became mates, and everything had gone swimmingly. No one had seemed to catch on to anything, although occasionally, you would catch your clanmates giving you strange, melancholy looks. You mostly noticed this with Dovewing, Lionblaze, and Ivypool, but none of them had come forward with any suspicions, so you figured all was still well. However, after a very special night spent with Jayfeather under the stars nearly a moon ago, something inside of you felt different, both emotionally and physically. You often felt nauseated, particularly in the morning, and your mood had been more unpredictable than usual. You had your suspicions about what was going on, but you had to make sure.

"Good morning, (Y/N). Getting an early breakfast today?"
You turned around to see Leafpool standing behind you, her amber eyes just as warm and friendly as they always were.
You forced a smile, setting the rabbit down at your paws.

"Yeah," You chuckled, hoping she didn't notice the tremor in your voice. "I was planning on digging up the rest of that burdock root by WindClan's stream later, so I figured I need all the energy I can get."

"Ah, that's always a good idea." Leafpool meowed, smiling again.
You dipped your head respectfully, then scooped the rabbit up in

your jaws and began padding towards the dirtplace tunnel, where a small gap in the ferns allowed a secrete exit from the camp.
"Oh, and (Y/N)?" Leafpool called just as you were about to turn the corner. You bit back an irritated growl, turning to look over your shoulder at your former mentor. She smiled at you apologetically. "If you see Jayfeather, will you tell him to go and collect as much marigold as he can? I just want to make sure we have enough for all the wounds we're going to be treating." You suddenly felt a cold chill ripple through you as you remembered the upcoming carnage. You had been so wrapped up in your personal problems that you hadn't been thinking about it as much as you should've been.
Mouse-brained idiot! You have to put your clan first!
You simply nodded to Leafpool, forcing one last smile before slipping under the ferns and out into the forest beyond. The rabbit's taste danced on your tongue, but you couldn't find it tempting. You weren't even hungry, but you didn't have any other options. Most of the time when a she-cat found herself wondering the same thing you were, she would just go see her medicine cat and have them tell her, but you couldn't let Leafpool know right away. You knew she would most likely be kind and understanding, but it still terrified you.

You found a rather secluded spot underneath a tall oak tree, surrounded by shrubs and fallen branches. You slipped under the debris before setting the rabbit down and slicing it's belly open with a claw. You wouldn't normally have to go this far with patients, but they only required a quick examination to determine the answer. Giving yourself an examination wouldn't be easy.
You turned around and positioned yourself so both of your hind legs were on either side of the rabbit, then relaxed and allowed the warm stream to leave your body.
StarClan, forgive me for using prey in this way...
Once the stream of warmth ended and the sounds of splashing were reduced to silence, you slowly stood up and stepped away from the rabbit, taking a shaky deep breath. You knew you had to turn around and look, you knew you had to *know,* but you were scared. You looked up to the early morning sky, where the last of the stars were disappearing into the faint sunlight.
I'm so sorry, You prayed. *Please forgive me.*
Taking one last deep breath and bracing yourself, you turned

around and looked at the rabbit you had used. As you had suspected, the small creature's insides were filled with a foamy, reddish-pink liquid that hissed like the froth on the lake.
"Oh StarClan," You breathed, panic seizing your chest like claws. "No, no, no... What am I going to do?" You knew what you had to do, of course. You had to go find Jayfeather and tell him what you just found out and talk about what you were going to do. It was the only way to make sure everything turned out good, even though it was going to be hard.
This wasn't supposed to happen! You thought as you raced blindly through the forest. *Jayfeather, I'm so, so sorry...*

Jayfeather's POV

Jayfeather sighed, irritably tossing another dead stalk of catmint off to the side. Ever since the weather had gotten colder and frost had began to settle in the morning, it had been harder than ever to find living herbs. The stress of the gradually strengthening Dark Forest didn't help put his mind at ease, and neither did the terrible omen from Ivypool. Every second of every day, he found himself worrying about (Y/N) until he was sick. The Dark Forest trainee's words echoed in his mind like a hawk's screech.
(Y/N) will bear a hero, but their birth will come at a great cost. (Y/N) will die protecting the clans' future.
He had been denying it, telling himself that it was just some nonsense one of the dark warriors had been spewing to strike fear into his heart and make him give up easily.
Well, it's not going to work, He thought bitterly as he scraped some fresh soil over the last remaining green stalks. *I'm not stupid.*
Suddenly, there was the sound of pawsteps pounding through the forest, and a moment later, (Y/N) burst out of the trees, fear wafting off of her like smoke.
Panicking, Jayfeather sprang to his paws and whirled around just as his mate crashed into his embrace, burying her face into his chest and sobbing. "Whoa, hey! What is it, (Y/N)? What's wrong?"
She didn't respond, just kept violently sobbing and desperately

trying to say something. Finally, Jayfeather placed both of his paws on her shoulders and gently pushed her away so he could steady her.
"(Y/N), it's okay. You need to calm down. Can you do that for me?"
The (F/C) she-cat inhaled roughly, then exhaled with a sound that was almost that of a drowning rat.
"Good job," He meowed, wincing as she spit on his face trying to calm down. "Keep breathing. You're doing great."
Finally, her sobs and cries were reduced to whimpers, then those were reduced to raspy, labored breathing, then, she took one last deep breath and came to a shaky yet settled pause.

"Sorry," She wheezed, her voice strained from crying. "I just have a lot going on right now."

"What in StarClan's name happened?" Jayfeather asked, now frightened. Every horrible possibility imaginable began racing through his mind, overwhelming him and threatening to suffocate him in their grip. He had been expecting something along the lines of an attack from an intruder, or even a scary run-in with a fox, but he wasn't expecting what (Y/N) was really implying by that phrase.

He heard (Y/N) swallow hard, and the pain rippling off of her in waves made him cringe. "Jayfeather, I'm pregnant," She meowed, her voice oddly deadpan and defeated. "I don't know how this happened, we just... Well, I know how this happened, but I didn't think... Oh, StarClan, I never thought this would happen..." She started to cry softly, and Jayfeather could picture he standing with her head below her shoulders, body trembling as tears dripped from her face and onto the grass below.
His heart and stomach twisted into a knot at the same time, and he suddenly felt the urge to began ripping whatever he could get his claws on to shreds. Anger, fear, sadness, frustration... It was all writhing inside of him like worms. He wanted to let it out, to scream at the top of his lungs and curse StarClan for allowing this to happen, but he knew he couldn't. (Y/N) was already severely stressed out, and allowing her to see his anger would only make her feel worse.

"Okay," He meowed, forcing his voice to remain steady. "Like you've always said, everything is going to be okay. We just have to be

honest with our clanmates, and I'm sure—"

"NO!" (Y/N) cried out suddenly, the panic from before returning to her voice. "We *can't* tell them, Jayfeather! They'll hate us! Firestar will exile us! What are we going to do then!?"

"Just take it easy, alright?" Jayfeather meowed, his voice coming out harsher than he had intended it to. "Firestar won't kick us out. Leafpool broke the same rule — with a *WindClan* warrior — and she's still here. We'll be *fine,* (Y/N). Everything will work out."
Although his words sounded strong, he felt anything but that on the inside. Ivypool's ominous warning still throbbed inside his skull, the pressure of it making him feel like vomiting.
(Y/N) will bear a hero, but their birth will come at a great cost. (Y/N) will die protecting the clans' future.
It made him sick. He remembered when he had first taken (Y/N) as his mate all those moons ago, how he told her that he didn't want to lose her.
This is what you get, Jayfeather, He snarled to himself, burying his claws into the ground. *This is what you get for falling in love.*
"We're going to be fine," He repeated, firmer this time. "We're going to have to be strong, stronger than we've ever been, but we will be fine. Okay?"

(Y/N) nuzzled her head underneath his chin, and shaky sigh escaping her. "Okay." He sighed, placing his paw on her back and pulling her closer to him.
You have to be brave for her, He told himself as the sun began to peer through the trees. *You have to be her hero.*
But even though (Y/N) had finally began to calm down and the warmth of the sun touched his fur, Jayfeather couldn't get the ominous prophecy out of his mind.

Your POV

You padded back into camp, your tail hanging as limply as the burdock root in your jaws. You and Jayfeather had spent a bit

longer in the forest together, just talking and reassuring each other. By the time you had gotten the burdock root you promised, it was already mid-day, and you only had three lousy stems to show for it. Leafpool was standing outside the medicine den when you arrived, laying out a line of herbs to dry in the sun. She looked up when she saw you, and her usual warm smile spread across her muzzle. However, you swore you could detect some type of shadow there. "Welcome back, (Y/N). I see you found the rest of the burdock root." You set the herbs down with the rest of Leafpool's burdock supply, spitting some dirt from your mouth.

"There was only three left because of the frost," You meowed, forcing a happier tone into your voice. "I brought back as much as I could find."

"You did very well," Leafpool meowed, wrapping her tail around her paws. "but there's something I need to talk to you about, (Y/N). Do you have a moment?" Your stomach twisted into a knot, and for a moment, you wanted to turn and run back out of camp with your tail between your legs. You recognized her tone— She only ever used it when she knew something that you didn't think she knew.

"Y-yeah," You stammered, sitting down across from her. "What is it?" Leafpool stared at you, her expression unreadable. You were about to ask her again, but she spoke before you could.

"(Y/N), I know what you did with that rabbit, because I found it under the oak tree behind the hollow."
Of course. I was too mouse-brained to remember to bury it! How could I be so careless?

"O-oh..." You meowed, fighting back the tears in your eyes. "Then I guess that means you know that I—"

"Yes," Leafpool interrupted, though not angrily. "I know what that means, (Y/N). It means you're pregnant." Your entire life flashed before your eyes. Your previous fears of exile and harassment came flooding back into your mind, and your heart started pounding violently in your chest. Your breath hitched, and you sank your claws into the ground.
Here it comes. I'm going to get kicked out of ThunderClan.

"Relax," Leafpool meowed softly, reaching forward with a paw and resting it on yours. "Everything is fine, (Y/N). Firestar knows as well, and he has decided to not issue any punishment for your actions." Your shoulders must've sunk a great amount, because Leafpool purred with amusement and shook her head.
"Things like this can happen," She meowed, her voice low and even to avoid catching anyone's attention. "and I understand that more than anyone. Well, besides you, of course. And I also understand that everything will be okay. You don't have anything to be afraid of, (Y/N). We're all here for you."

You met your former mentor's gaze, tears blurring your vision. "Thank you," You whispered. "Thank you so, so much." Leafpool pulled you into an embrace, and you allowed your chin to rest on her shoulder.
"I'm so lucky. I think I'm the luckiest cat in the whole forest."

"That just might be." Leafpool meowed, pushing you back so she could face you again. "If you don't mind me asking, who's the father?"
You froze. Jayfeather had never mentioned anything about telling your clanmates that he was the father, and you had never asked him. After a moment in deep thought, you made up your mind. It would be inappropriate to tell anyone without Jayfeather's consent.

"I'm not ready to tell you that," You meowed honestly. "Can I wait until the kits are born?"

"Of course." Leafpool meowed, dipping her head in a gesture of respect. "If that's what you want, I respect that." You smiled, resting your paw on hers once more.
Just then, Jayfeather padded up to you with a mouthful of catmint. He dropped the herbs next to your burdock root, giving his pelt a shake to free it if any dust or debris.

"That's all the catmint that was left," He announced, maintaining his usual unamused tone. "I replanted some of the stems, but I don't think they'll be ready until next newleaf." He disappeared inside the den, casting you a subtle *what-in-StarClan's-name-is-going-on?* glance. You smiled at him reassuringly, nodding. He nodded back, then slipped through the lichen covering.

Everyone will find out eventually, You mused, wondering how he would take that sort of attention. *he's just going to have to get used to the idea, even though the kits won't be here for awhile.*

One Moon Later

It had been nearly all night, and the intense pain you were feeling hadn't gotten any easier. In fact, it had only gotten worse. When Leafpool told you about her experience giving birth, you had thought each kit would just slip out with the first push, but you were learning the hard way that that wasn't how that worked. You now knew why it was called labor.
"There's only one kit," Leafpool reminded you, clearly attentive to your struggle. "It will take one big push, and then it's all over."
You whimpered in response, scooting back to subtly rest your convulsing spine against Jayfeather's warmth.

"You're doing great," He murmured, resting his paw on your flank. "Just stay focused. It will be over soon."
A fierce contraction gripped your belly, followed by a loud crash of thunder from outside. You gritted your teeth, tears streaming down your face as you struggled to control your breathing.
Why does this have to hurt so bad?!

"Here." Leafpool meowed, dropping a wet ball of moss next to your muzzle. "You need to drink lots of water. It's very important when you're doing this kind of hard work."
You knew that, of course. You had seen your fair share of births during your time as a medicine cat.
You sighed, leaning forward and lapping up some of the water that had formed a small puddle under the moss ball. Leafpool smiled at you, resting her paw on yours for a moment.
"It's almost time, (Y/N). Get ready to push."
You groaned at the thought. That was the last thing you wanted to do.

"You can do it," Jayfeather meowed confidently, gently pulling your

tail back so Leafpool could see everything better. "Leafpool can already see the very top of it's head. When you feel the next contraction, push down as hard as you can."
Right on cue, a painful contraction tore through your belly. You took a deep breath and bore down, screaming the whole time. It was burning like fire, and you wanted nothing more than to give up and black out, but you knew that wasn't an option.

"Well done, (Y/N)!" Leafpool encouraged you as your kit's head started to slowly emerge. "You're doing a beautiful job! Keep pushing!" Suddenly, there was a warm sensation as some blood and fluid gushed out, followed by the feeling of something popping out.

"The head is out," Jayfeather announced, sounding as if he was on the verge of tears. "One more push, (Y/N)."
You closed your eyes, screaming bloody murder as one last contraction tore through you, then collapsed back into your nest. You laid on your side, jaws hanging open as you struggled to catch your breath. Suddenly, a tiny cry sounded from behind you. You raised your head, blinking the last few tears of pain out of your eyes. Leafpool was gently holding a tiny bundle of wet gray-and-white tabby fur in her jaws, her amber eyes glowing with all sorts of emotion.
"It's a she-cat," Jayfeather meowed, his blind gaze watering. "and she's beautiful, (Y/N). She's absolutely perfect."
Leafpool gently placed your daughter next to your belly, where she immediately latched on to one of your teats and began suckling.

"Oh my StarClan," You whispered, tears streaming down your face. "I can't believe it. Jayfeather, we have a daughter."

"I know," Jayfeather whispered, pressing his cheek to yours as he gazed down at the cat you had created together. "I know."
You looked up for a moment to see Leafpool watching you both, a half-smile on her face.
She didn't look angry or even disappointed, just happy and a little surprised.
The oldest medicine cat rose to her paws, then disappeared into the herb store, returning a moment later with several borage leaves gripped in her jaws.

"Eat these," She instructed, pawing the leaves towards you. "They will help your milk come." You obeyed, leaning down and wincing at your soreness before lapping up all the leaves and swallowing them whole.
"I'll leave you two alone for awhile," Your former mentor meowed, rising to her paws and padding towards the den entrance. "If you need me, I'll be checking on Brightheart's kits." She disappeared through the lichen, leaving you and your family to marvel over it's newest member.

"She looks just like you," You murmured, turning to look at Jayfeather. "I bet she's just as strong and smart, too."
Your mate chuckled, touching his nose to your damp cheek and rasping his tongue across your fur. You leaned into his touch, allowing your eyes to flutter closed for a moment, basking in the joy of having the two loves of your life so close to you.

"What are we going to name her?" Jayfeather meowed quietly after a moment, turning his gaze back to your daughter, who was now curled up fast asleep under your tail.
You thought for a moment, thinking of all the things she reminded you of. Nothing really came to mind except Jaykit, but you didn't want to make it *that* obvious that Jayfeather was her father, due to the fact that that could result in her being picked on by the other kits.

"How about Thunderkit?" Jayfeather suggested after a moment. "She's strong like thunder, and her stripes kind of look like lightning. Plus, she's a ThunderClan cat." You thought for a moment, running the name through your head. While everything Jayfeather had said was true, you didn't think it fit her quite right.

"I have a better idea," You meowed. "Let's call her Hopekit. We've never lost hope through this whole ordeal, and neither will the clans. We will continue to thrive despite the challenges, all because we have hope." Jayfeather blinked, then sat back, clearly deep in thought. You watched him, awaiting his response.

"Hopekit," He meowed after a moment, a smile spreading across his muzzle. "It's perfect." You smiled, resting your chin on your paws. Your eyes were starting to flutter closed against your will, and you

knew it was time to get some much-needed rest.

"I love you," You murmured. "Thank you for being my everything."
You felt Jayfeather touch his nose to your ear, a quiet purr emanating from him as he rubbed his cheek against yours.

"I love you, too," He whispered. "Get some sleep, okay? I'll be right here."
Too tired to respond, you simply smiled and allowed yourself to drift into a deep sleep, listening to the sounds of rain and Jayfeather's soothing voice.

Jayfeather's POV

Jayfeather waited until (Y/N)'s labored breathing was reduced to soft snores, then slowly rose to his paws and padded out of the medicine den.
Once the cool post-rain air touched his pelt and the pungent odor of herbs vanished behind him, he sat down with a sigh and wrapped his tail around his paws.
There was so much to think about, but so little time. Ivypool's ominous prophecy had come true in some ways, and that didn't make him feel good one bit. He was thrilled to be a father, but it terrified him to think he could lose the love of his life within the next few days.
I want to love you, (Y/N). I just don't want to lose you.
His own words echoed in his skull like thunder, threatening to make his head explode. What was he supposed to do if something happened to his mate when they had a newborn kit?
His mother's scent suddenly wreathed around him, and a moment later, he felt her sit down beside him.
"Congratulations," She meowed, her voice holding that gentle mother's tone. "You must be very proud."

"I am." Jayfeather replied, suddenly weary. "I just... I don't know what to do, Leafpool. What am I supposed to do if Ivypool's prophecy comes true?"
He felt Leafpool stiffen slightly beside him, and he could feel the

concern rippling off of her in waves. He silently wondered if she believed the whole spiel, and it made him angry.

"I'm not sure, Jayfeather," She replied after a moment, quietly. "We can only pray that (Y/N) survives this battle."

"And what if she doesn't?" Jayfeather snapped, struggling to remain calm under so much pressure. "What if she dies and I'm left alone with our daughter? Our *newborn* daughter! What am I supposed to do then!?"
Leafpool sighed sadly, a sound a cat could only make if they understood the other's situation.
Suddenly feeling rather guilty over his outburst, Jayfeather scooted a bit closer to his mother and gently touched the tip of her tail with his.
"I'm sorry, Leafpool," He meowed, lowering his head in defeat. "I'm just feeling so lost right now."

"I know," Leafpool meowed gently, twining her tail with his. "I know how it feels to be lost. We just have to have faith in our warrior ancestors and trust them. They have a plan, and it's much bigger and better than we know. Everything will work out, Jayfeather. It always does."
Jayfeather felt strangely comforted by his mother's words, and suddenly, he felt a newfound sense of deep love for the she-cat who had given birth to him.

"Thank you, mom," He whispered, leaning against her shoulder. "I don't know what I'd do without you."
Leafpool just leaned down and began gently licking the fur between his ears in a comforting way, and Jayfeather found himself drifting into sleep with each stroke of her tongue.
I hope she's right, He prayed silently, willing his ancestors to respond. *I hope everything works out.*

Your POV

Several days had passed since the birth of your daughter, and everything was going great. She spent most of her time suckling at

your belly and sleeping, but that was just fine by you. You didn't have to do much but lay in your nest.
Jayfeather had been taking wonderful care of you, bringing you freshkill, water, and changing your bedding every day, and now that the big secret was out, he could curl up next to you at night and keep you warm.
The day after the difficult ordeal, Firestar had come to congratulate you on a healthy and safe delivery, and Sandstorm, Squirrelflight, and Lionblaze had come shortly after.
Much to your surprise, Ivypool had shown up later that evening and congratulated you, but there was something strange about what she had said.
"You have to remember that no matter what, Jayfeather will make sure Hopekit is safe."
You weren't exactly sure what she meant by that, so you had just assumed they were words of reassurance and thanked her. She had left after that, but not before casting one last mournful look over her shoulder. You had found the whole interaction to be a bit unnerving, but it wasn't anything you were going to dwell on. Everything after that seemed just fine, until now.

The sound of frantic pawsteps pulled you out of your light sleep, causing you to jerk and sit up in a panic.
Jayfeather burst into the den, his blind blue eyes wide and fearful.
"What's going on?" You asked urgently, instinctively shielding Hopekit with your tail.

"It's The Place of No Stars," Your mate gasped, clearly out of breath from running. "They're on their way to attack the clans, and they're starting with us. We need to get you and Hopekit to the nursery. Whitewing is guarding Brightheart and her kits, so you'll be safe there. Now come on!"
He rushed forward and grabbed Hopekit by her scruff, then helped you stand up. Still in a daze and now frightened, you stumbled out into the clearing, leaning heavily against your mate.
Nearly every cat in ThunderClan was lined up side by side, waiting for the oncoming invasion. Even a few ShadowClan warriors were present, and you noticed that several ThunderClan warriors were missing.
Whitewing held the ferns covering the nursery entrance as you

approached, nodding to you briskly to tell you to get inside. You did, and Jayfeather followed you with Hopekit still dangling from his jaws.
Brightheart looked up as you entered, her one blue eye widening. "(Y/N)!" She breathed, wrapping scooting over so you could lay down beside her. "Thank StarClan you're alright! I think the battle is about to start!"

"It is," Jayfeather retorted, setting Hopekit down beside you and pushing the moss up so it concealed her better. "(Y/N), stay inside and don't come out for *anything*. No matter what you see or hear, do not move from this spot. Do you understand?"

"What if something happens to you?" You demanded, your heart racing painfully. "What am I supposed to do then?" Jayfeather stiffened, his blind eyes widening, and for a moment, you thought he was going to cry. But instead, he gave himself a firm shake and took a deep breath.

"I'll be fine," He meowed firmly, touching his nose to yours. "I love you, (Y/N). Don't ever forget that." Suddenly, there was a screech from outside, followed by the brutal sounds of battle as cats began fighting viciously.
You looked up at Jayfeather, your heart pounding violently. Jayfeather smiled at you sadly, then touched his nose to your forehead.

"I love you," You whispered, tears streaming down your face. "Be safe."

He pulled back, and with a voice vest described as crumbling, he meowed, "I will, my love. You're my everything."
Then, he turned and slipped through the cluster of ferns and into the violence that was raging outside.
Brightheart reached over and rested her paw on your shoulder in a reassuring way. You turned to look at her, your eyes filled with tears.

"He'll be okay, (Y/N)," Your fellow queen meowed gently. "This is Jayfeather we're talking about. He's tougher than beech bark."

You sighed, your voice desperate and strained. "I hope you're right."
You turned your gaze back to the den entrance, where shadows and silhouettes of warriors flashed across the ground and on the leafy stems of the ferns. Horrible, gut-wrenching sounds were seeping into the secluded space like blood, and you swore you saw a cat get their throat ripped out right in front of the nursery.
You cringed, looking down at Hopekit, who was suckling greedily on one of your teats. Your heart swelled, and you leaned down and touched your nose to her tiny head.
"Be strong, little one," You whispered. "StarClan will always be with you."

Suddenly, there was a loud screech from outside as Whitewing was thrusted to the ground by powerful claws, followed by a deep, menacing snarl.
"Useless she-cat. When will you all learn to stay out of my way?"
You tensed up, your heart thundering in your chest.

"Brightheart," You hissed, shifting so Hopekit was laying closer to her. "I need you to take Hopekit and keep her safe. I'm not going to let whatever brute is out there to lay a claw on her."
Brightheart stared at you with horror shadowing her face, but she still obeyed and gently took your daughter from your grasp and tucked her underneath her tail next to Amberkit, Dewkit, and Snowkit.
You bowed your head and touched Hopekit's fur with your nose one last time.
"I love you, my dearest. May life treat you with kindness."
You turned around just as a massive dark brown tom thrusted his way into the den, his scarred amber eyes glinting with hatred.
You arched your spine, curling your lip back into a vicious snarl and stepping in front of Brightheart. The orange-and-white she-cat screamed in horror, turning and desperately shielding the kits.
"You won't lay a claw on those kits!" You snarled, bracing yourself to lunge forward.

The battle-scarred tabby — who you could only assume was the ShadowClan heathen known as Brokenstar — smirked and lashed his tail.
"Is that so? And what are *you* going to do about it?"

"Get out of here," You growled, a high-pitched snarl emanating from your throat. "You don't want to find out what I'll do if you don't!"
With an enraged snarl, you sprang forward and slammed Brokenstar onto the ground, sinking your teeth as hard as you could into his neck.
The Dark Forest tom snarled furiously, vaulting his hind paws into your belly and sending you sprawling across the ground. You tried to stand up, but a massive paw crashed down on your head before you could.
"Let me go!" You snarled, twisting violently under his grip. "You won't get away with this! Someone is going to rip you apart!"

Hot, rancid breath wafted over your face as Brokenstar leaned down to your ear, and a dark chuckle rippled from his throat.
"It's too bad it had to end this way," He purred, his voice filled with mock sorrow. "We could've had so much fun together~"
Then, a white-hot pain exploded in the back of your neck as Brokenstar delivered a bone-crushing bite.
You tried to scream, but the only sound you could make was a sickening, wet gurgle as your own blood filled your mouth and dripped out the sides of your jaws. The pain only lasted for a moment longer, and then you went completely numb.
Brokenstar let go of your neck, allowing you to hit the ground with a wet thump. Everything around you was blurry and distorted, including the raging sounds of battle.
Your entire life began to flash before your eyes in a single moment, from your first time out of the nursery to your medicine cat name ceremony. It flashed by you in an array of beautiful colors and voices, and you felt your tired eyes begin to tear up.
This is what Ivypool meant, You realized as cats began to rush into the den and surround you. *I'm supposed to die for my daughter.*
Through the slow-moving blur, you saw Leafpool rush up to you and began shouting at other cats.
You smiled to yourself, fighting to keep your eyes open.
That's just like you, Leafpool. You should've been made leader.
Suddenly, an achingly familiar face appeared in front of yours, his blind blue eyes wide with horror and brimming with tears. He was shouting something at you, and from the way his mouth was moving, it looked like something along the lines of "stay with me", and "you'll be okay", and "please".

Even though you couldn't understand anything he was saying, or even see him well anymore, but knew he was just as strong and handsome as he had always been.
I love you so much, You thought, one last pained smile stretching across your muzzle.
Thank you.
Then, there was nothing.

Jayfeather's POV

It had only been a few hours, but it felt like seasons had passed. Jayfeather sat in the medicine den, his back turned to the entrance and his nose mere inches from the wall. The battle had been won by the clans, but that didn't matter to him anymore. He would've spent the rest of his life enslaved by The Dark Forest if it meant (Y/N) could be with him still.
"Jayfeather?"
Leafpool's gentle voice drifted like a breeze through his ears. He didn't acknowledge her, however. He didn't want to talk to anyone except (Y/N).
"Jayfeather." Leafpool repeated, a bit louder this time. Jayfeather didn't move, just kept his head numbly locked in the same position. He couldn't move. He didn't know why, but he felt paralyzed.

Leafpool sighed softly, never losing patience.
"Whitewing has agreed to raise Hopekit as her own," She continued gently, resting her paw on Jayfeather's shoulder.
"She wanted you to know that she'll take good care of her."

For the first time in hours, Jayfeather allowed a quiet sigh to escape him.
"I know she will. She's a good cat."
He could feel Leafpool's gaze resting on him gently, but she didn't say anything, and neither did he.
What's left to say?

Leafpool rose to her paws with another sigh.

"I'll be checking on Sorreltail," She meowed softly. "Come and find me if you need anything."
Then, her scent and pawsteps grew more and more distant until she was gone.
Once she had left the den, Jayfeather settled down on the cold ground and closed his eyes.
Thank you for making me the happiest tom in the forest, He meowed silently.
You will always be my one true love.
Then, he slipped into a deep sleep.
There was no way he could've known for sure, but Jayfeather could've sworn he felt a she-cat's soft fur press against his flank, and a gentle tongue rasping across his tear-stained cheek.

Your POV

You watched as your mate fell into a deep sleep, a soft smile on your star-speckled face. It was all over now, but at least you knew that your family and friends would be safe.
Suddenly, a bright white light began metastasizing in front of you, dancing on the walls of the den and adding a peaceful aura to the otherwise gloomy space.
You looked down at Jayfeather one last time, who was now curled up and snoring softly.
"Goodbye, my love," You whispered, touching your nose to his cheek one last time.
"I will wait for you."
Then, you stood up and walked into the light, leaving the pain of your wounds and the ache in your heart behind you.
You had no regrets, and you never would.
Jayfeather would always be your true love, and nothing could ever change that.

****

Wow, this was a bit of a doozy to write xD I'm glad it's finished, because I'm super proud of how it turned out!

I apologize for the hiatus, everyone, but I really needed that break. Thank you for being so patient and supportive !

Once again, a big thanks to Dewspirit for submitting this request. I had a blast writing it!

Through It All ≫ Honeyfern x Queen! Reader (PLATONIC)

[image]

Art: Wavey

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Angst
• Mentioned death
• Mentioned illness

This is a request for the absolutely wonderful Pinestripe37. I hope this one-shot gives you some comfort, and I cannot express how terribly sorry I am for your loss. I hope your heart heals soon.

****

You sat in the soft grass, staring down at a small patch of disturbed earth topped with two white wildflowers. You never thought that this would happen to you. You always thought things this horrible only happened in nursery tales, but not to you. You still hadn't come to full terms with the situation yet, so you hadn't quite began to grieve properly.
"You were my whole world," You meowed, struggling to keep your voice from trembling.
"I don't know what to do without you..."
Your daughters, Cherrykit and Peachkit, had fallen gravely ill with

greencough just days before their apprentice ceremony and passed away in their sleep. It was the most unfair thing StarClan had done to you since your mate died. They were so excited to become apprentices. Cherrykit had been talking about how she was going to be leader one day, and Peachkit wanted to be a medicine cat more than anything else.
"Such beautiful little souls," You whispered, gently resting your paw on top of the freshly-disturbed earth. "I'm so proud of you both."
Suddenly, a paw rested on your shoulder.
You turned your head to see your best friend, Honeyfern, standing behind you, her blue eyes glistening with sorrow in the evening light.
You thought you saw several tears floating in them, but you couldn't be sure.

"I don't even know what to say," Honeyfern murmured, sitting down beside you and gazing down at the grave. "They were such wonderful kits."
You sighed, finally allowing some of your pain to escape. Honeyfern was the only cat you truly trusted with this side of you, and you knew she wouldn't let you down.

"It hurts so much, Honeyfern. I..." You trailed off, choking back a sob.
Honeyfern noticed your struggle and moved closer to you, pressing herself to your side and twining her tail with yours.
You began to cry, allowing your shoulders to slump and your head to fall far below them as your true feelings finally came crashing down on top of you.
"I just want them back..."

Honeyfern sighed, using her chin to embrace your neck as you sobbed into her fur.
"I know, sweetheart," She whispered. "I know."
You continued to cry, your tears dampening the fur on Honeyfern's chest. She didn't protest, however, just held on to you tighter and rasped her tongue over your ears.
The ache in your chest seemed to worsen, giving you an even better reason to cry as hard as you could.
Honeyfern sighed sadly against your head, wrapping her tail around

you and pulling you even closer to her.
"Let it out," She whispered. "It's okay to cry."
You buried your face as deep as you possibly could into her fur, your cries increasing to agonized moans.
Honeyfern simply held on to you, resting her paw on top of yours and tightly twining your tails together.

"I love them so much," You choked out. "They're my whole world, Honeyfern... What am I supposed to do without them...?"

"They will always be with you, (Y/N)," Honeyfern murmured, allowing her chin to rest comfortably on your head. "and so will I. Through the good times and the bad, I will never leave your side."
It was at that moment you could've sworn you felt Peachkit and Cherrykit sitting on either side of you, pressed against your flank in a gesture of reassurance and comfort. It was a surreal feeling.

"I hope they get everything they've ever wanted in StarClan," You breathed, turning your gaze up to the evening sky where the first stars of Silverpelt were beginning to glitter. "They deserve everything good."

Honeyfern purred softly, touching her nose to your tear-stained cheek. "They do, and they will."
You stared at the night sky for a moment longer, and suddenly, your kits seemed so far away. You sighed, allowing your gaze to fall back to your paws.

Honeyfern watched you for a moment, then scooted over so her flank was pressed against yours.
"You'll see them again, (Y/N). I promise."
You just closed your eyes and leaned into your best friend's embrace, breathing in her familiar scent. It was going to be hard, but you knew that you wouldn't be alone, because Honeyfern would always be by your side.

"Thank you," You whispered. "I don't know what I would do without you, Honeyfern."

Honeyfern smiled, holding you just a little tighter.
"Same to you, (Y/N)."

It wasn't everyday a cat found another that made their life so much more special, if they ever found that someone at all. You considered yourself the luckiest cat in the whole forest, even through all your trials and misfortunes.

Thank you, StarClan, You meowed silently, opening your eyes again to look at the stars.

Thank you for giving me such a wonderful friend.

****

I feel like the ending was mediocre . I'm so sorry if it didn't meet your expectations, but I've had an incredibly long day

Pinestripe, I hope you feel better soon. If you ever need to talk, I will be here .
Also, thank you so much for requesting!

The Encounter ≫ Scourge x Exiled! Female! Reader

[image]

Art: MMEN_ACEE

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Some angst

This is a request for RoseShadeWarriorCat. Thank you for your support and patience!

****

You hadn't slept in days.
Ever since you were exiled from RiverClan on account of your relationship with a ThunderClan tom, you had been living in a small hollow at the end of the river, far away from the clans and everything you had ever known.
It seemed brutally unfair— Since when was falling in love such a heinous crime? You didn't think it was that big of a deal, but Leopardstar did. She had called you a *traitorous, sniveling minnow-heart of a warrior,* then threw you out into the night to fend for yourself.
What a bunch of fox dung, You growled silently as you made your

way down the well-worn path towards the small pond at the end of the river.

Leopardstar was always a complete minnow-brain. I shouldn't be surprised.

You padded up to the water's edge, plopping down with a heavy sigh. The sun was beating down on you mercilessly, and there was nothing you wanted to do more than leap into the cool water and lose yourself in it's depths.

At least I can still have water.

You bunched your muscles underneath yourself and prepared to throw yourself into the pool, but a swift movement all the way on the other side of the river stopped you.

You crouched down in the grass, your heart beating faster than it had been a moment ago.

You peered out between the long cattails, narrowing your eyes as you watched the line of trees far away.

After a tense moment, nothing happened, and you began to think you had simply imagined the brisk movement. Just as you were about to stand up, however, the two hazel bushes on the other side of the river rustled, and a lean, sleek-furred black tom with a single white forepaw stepped out, his ice-blue eyes cold and calculating.

You gaped, scooting further back into the reeds. He didn't look like a clan cat, and he especially didn't smell like one. The wind was blowing in your direction, taking the stranger's scent with it. He reeked of old blood and crowfood, and you found yourself fighting to not retch.

The stranger padded out of the bushes and crouched down at the water's edge, lapping up mouthfuls of the hydrating liquid. You got a better look at him then, and he was even more intimidating than he was a moment ago. His black pelt was covered in angry scars and wounds, and he bore a tattered red object around his neck with claws and teeth jutting out of it. You also noticed that his claws were tipped with the same teeth as his collar.

Great StarClan in Silverpelt... Wherw did he come *from?*

You had many questions, but there was no way in all the fish in the river you were about to stride right up to him and strike up a conversation— He didn't seem like the friendly type.

The strange tom rose back up, rasping his tongue over his jaws to lick the last of the water from his whiskers. You watched him as he turned away without a second to spare, then disappeared back into

the undergrowth.
Once you were sure he was far away, you stood back up and gave your pelt a shake.
You had no idea who he was or what his intentions were, but you were determined to find out.

****

It was three days before you saw the strange tom again.
You were climbing out of the water and onto a large flat rock to dry off in the sun when the familiar sound of pawsteps in grass began steadily approaching over the sounds of rippling water.
Slightly alarmed at the sudden change of atmosphere, you whirled around to face the opposite shore, only to see the same tom from a few days ago standing at the water's edge. For the first time since you had seen him, he noticed your presence and looked up, his ice-cold blue eyes locking with yours.
You were frozen to the spot, your heart thundering in your chest. He was much closer to you than before, and you could now make out every feature on him. Smooth, rippling muscles, a toned chest, and a stone-hard look in his eyes.
You shifted your paws, biting your lip. He was probably the most attractive cat you had ever laid eyes on.

"Can I help you?"
You blinked, stumbling back into reality with a firm shake. His voice had startled you. It matched the pure iciness of his eyes, drifting across the water like a snake. It sounded like the eerie, soft wind at the highstones, only slightly deeper and less hollow.

"S-sorry," You stammered, silently cursing yourself for being so awkward. "It's just, I've never seen another cat here."
He stared at you unblinkingly, and for a moment, you thought he had turned to stone.
Then, he averted his gaze and flattened his torn ears.

"I usually don't come here," He muttered icily, as if making

conversation with you was the most StarClan-forsaken thing he'd ever had to do.
"I'm not too fond of *clan cats."* He spat the last two words like he was ridding his mouth of poison. Just a mere two moons ago, you would've taken great offense to his brass statement, but now, you only felt a bitter hollowness lit up by a spark of anticipation.

"I am no clan cat," You meowed, your voice sharper and colder than you had intended.
"If you trust those fox-hearted brutes for more than five heartbeats, they'll rip your heart to shreds. They're nothing but lying, cowardly, minnow-brained piles of dog dung!"
Without meaning to, you had began to vent all your frustrations from the past two moons.
The strange tom stared at you with a deadpan yet icy expression, a small spark of genuine curiosity glinting in his cold eyes.

"They must've done something awful to warrant that reaction." He mused, his voice rising a couple octaves higher.
"Tell me, gorgeous, what did those *fox-hearted brutes* do to you?"
You winced. Bringing up the horrible events wasn't something you liked to do, but you could tell that this tom —as frightening and cold as he seemed— had a softer interior somewhere deep down.

"They exiled me because I fell in love with a warrior from another clan," You meowed, struggling to keep your composure as the memories flashed through your mind.
"They said I'm nothing but a sniveling, minnow-heart of a warrior."
You shuddered as you finished your story, trying desperately to maintain your emotions and not break down in tears.
The strange tom watched you coolly, his ice-blue eyes glinting in the evening sunlight.
You couldn't find a word for his expression. You would say deadpan, but there was a small glint of empathy in those cold orbs, as if he understood exactly what you were going through.

"They definitely sound like fox-hearted brutes to me. Since when is falling in love a crime?"
You stiffened slightly. He had repeated the exact same words you had thought silently so many times.
It's like I've known him my whole life. Why do we connect so well?

"Anyway." He meowed, his voice returning to it's usual coolness. "You seem like you need a place to go from here. How would you like to join another clan? One far away from this wretched forest."
You were taken aback. This rogue had a clan of his own?

"I'm not sure," You meowed uncertainly, studying his sharp features for any signs of mockery or any other untrustworthy emotions. "This forest has been my home since I was a kit. Leaving it behind would be... Difficult."
Once again, a strange glint of empathy flashed across his eyes.

"I know." He meowed somberly, as if he was standing vigil for a fallen clanmate. "Leaving something you've always known is never easy, but think about it. They don't need you. They probably never did. Why would you want to stay somewhere where you have to live every day in fear of exile and repercussions?"
You slowly looked at the ground, deep in thought. He definitely had a point. RiverClan wasn't your home anymore, and now that Leopardstar had most likely announced your exile at the last gathering, no one would want to take you in.

"Okay," You meowed shakily. "I'll join your clan, but..." You trailed off, uncertain about asking the question you wanted to ask.
The tom stared at you coolly, as if silently willing you to continue.
"What's your name?" You asked once he didn't say anything.

He straightened up, his ice-colored eyes narrowing.
"Scourge. My name is Scourge. And you are?"
You were surprised a cat's mother would name their son something so awful. It seemed cruel.
He must've had a rough life, too.

"I'm (Y/N)." You didn't feel like you had to say anything else. It had been hard enough opening up to a total stranger.

Scourge smiled for the first time, but it wasn't a normal smile. His mouth was only curved up on one side, and it almost seemed forced, as if he hadn't smiled in moons. You knew that feeling all to well.
"It's very nice to meet you, (Y/N). I'm honored to give you a place within BloodClan."

Once again, you found yourself rather stunned.
Scourge? BloodClan? Those were some strange names.

"What now?" You asked quietly, suddenly unsure of everything in your life.

Scourge smiled again, then extended his paw towards you.
"Come with me, (Y/N). A better life is awaiting just on the other side of the twolegplace."
You stared intensely at his paw for a moment. His claws looked even more intimidating up close. You were a bit frightened, but you knew you didn't have a choice. The forest wasn't your home anymore.
You took his paw, and he gently pulled you across the stepping stones and onto the bank next to him.
"You're not going to regret this, (Y/N)." He purred, his voice like icy silk.
"In fact, I *know* you won't."

****

I'm really sorry this took so long to get done ^^" I just got a new job and have been trying to get a lot of stuff done and figure out my new routine.

I hope you enjoyed this one-shot, and I look forward to seeing you in the next one!

Must've Been the Wind ≫ Depressed! Bluestar x Male! Deputy! Reader

[image] [image]

Art: teaasea

Song: Must've Been the Wind ~ Alec Benjamin

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Angst
• Themes of depression

If you or anyone you know is struggling, please don't hesitate to reach out to a helpline or anyone who will listen.
I care about each and every one of you, and I want you to be safe.

****

Bluestar's POV

Bluestar sat on the edge of the highrock, gazing up at the stars of Silverpelt. It was beginning to rain slightly, and the wind was beginning to pick up in the camp, but she didn't care. If she stayed

in her stuffy den for another moment, she was certain she would go insane.

"Where are you, StarClan?" She whispered, her gaze traveling desperately across the swath of stars.

A strong gust of wind tore through the camp, whipping the branches of the trees around and sending thousands upon millions of leaves and other debris scattering across the sandy ground.

Bluestar but her tongue and stifled a yowl of frustration. It was almost like the star-spangled cats were *trying* to provoke her.

Tears began to brim in the corners of her heavy eyes, and she leaped to her paws with a snarl.

"Is *this* what you want!?" She growled at the sky, lashing her tail furiously.

"Do you want to watch ThunderClan *suffer!?"*

In a moment of anguish, she kicked a small rock with her paw and sent it hurtling into the clearing far below.

The wind suddenly died down, and with it's demise, came a bitter, hollow silence.

Bluestar slowly sank down, her shoulders slumping and her head lowering in defeat.

StarClan has forsaken me. This is the end of my destiny.

Your POV

You were as deep as one could possibly be in a dream, stalking a plump mouse through stalks of tall grass. Just as you were about to pounce, however, a loud thump echoed through the stillness, causing you to abruptly jolt out of sleep. At first, you had thought it had been a product of your dream, but when a resounding echo rippled through the silent camp, you knew it was real.

Irritated, you sat up in your nest and glared at the den entrance, ready to snap at one of your clanmates for disturbing your slumber, but to your surprise, no one was there.

What in the...?

You rose to your paws and padded outside, narrowing your eyes against the blinding darkness. There wasn't a single warrior in sight,

say for Runningwind, who was guarding the camp entrance.

Well, that was a waste of time.

Just as you turned around and headed for your nest, your forepaw struck something hard, causing you to fall to the ground with a hiss of pain and annoyance.

"For StarClan's sake!" You growled, heaving yourself back to your paws and whirling around to see what had tripped you.

Much to your surprise — and slight confusion — there was a small rock laying in the sand mere inches from the entrance to the warriors' den, far away from where it should've been.

That almost looks like...

You turned your gaze up to the highrock, comparing the two. After a moment of deep thought, you concluded that it had indeed fallen from the highrock. How it had gotten there was beyond you; it was too far away to have landed there naturally.

Just then, a strong gust of wind picked up, rippling through your fur and causing sand to blow into your eyes and mouth.

You spat and shook your head several times, rubbing your face with your foreleg.

Suddenly, another sound started echoing through the zephyr, and it made you jerk your head up in alarm.

It was almost like an anguished wail, rising up over the relentless tide of the wind and reverberating inside your skull. It filled you with an instinctive fear, and you found yourself looking around frantically.

The wind died down, and the same noise followed, but much quieter now. You whirled around in the direction it came from, your gaze resting on the highrock.

Unease clenched around your heart. Bluestar had always seemed... *Off* to you, but you never would've expected her to behave this way.

Letting your better judgment guide you, you bounded across the clearing and scrambled up the tumble of rocks, just in time to see Bluestar retreating back into her den.

"Bluestar!" You called, pulling yourself onto the ledge.

The bluish-gray she-cat jumped slightly, then turned around to face you. When she did, you immediately noticed two things. One, her deep blue eyes were watery and tired. Second, her shoulders were slumping, which is something you hardly ever saw her do.

Bluestar tilted her head to one side, studying you. "Hello, (Y/N). Is

something amiss?"
Her voice sounded strained and raspy, the tone a cat who had just finished crying would have.

You stumbled over your words for a moment, suddenly feeling apprehensive. What if she thought you had lost your mind?
"I, um... I heard some strange noises," You stammered, forcing yourself to look her in the eyes.
Come on, (Y/N)! Stop being a coward!
"a-and I just wanted to make sure you were alright. It sounded like crying."

Bluestar's gaze traveled over you for a split second, then, she put on a smile that seemed painfully forced and said,
"I think your ears are playing tricks on you, (Y/N)." She reached up with a paw and wiped under one of her eyes. You opened your jaws to protest, but she continued.
"Your concern is appreciated, but I believe it's the wind you've been hearing all this time."
She chuckled softly, then shook her head as if dismissing a bad joke.

"But Bluestar, I-"

"Go back to your nest, (Y/N)," Your leader meowed, returning to her usual strong stance.
"A tired deputy is no good for the clan."
Then, she turned and disappeared into her den without so much as a glance at you.
You stood outside on the ledge, completely lost.
Maybe I am *losing my mind,* you pondered as you carefully leaped down the rock tumble and back onto the sandy ground.
Bluestar is right. I probably need some sleep.
But even as you padded back to the warriors' den and curled up in your nest, you couldn't shake a lingering sense of grave concern.
Something was wrong with Bluestar. You didn't know what, but you couldn't bear the thought of leaving her alone.
You absolutely hated feeling like you were intruding on her personal space, but as her deputy, it was your job to make sure she was okay.
This isn't going to be easy, but I'll never get back to sleep unless I figure out what's going on. What kind of deputy let's his leader suffer?

Rising to your paws once again, you padded outside and quickly made your way across the clearing towards the secret exit behind the dirtplace tunnel.

I have to do something. *I care too much about her.*

You slipped out of camp without alerting Runningwind to your presence, then made your way up the tiny ravine and stopped at a patch of wildflowers.

You picked a good-sized blue one, then turned back to camp.

Don't worry, Bluestar. I'm coming.

Picking up the pace, you bounded back into the sandy clearing, then quickly scrambled onto the highrock and padded slowly towards the den entrance and set the flower down.

"H-hey, Bluestar?" You called, slightly intimidated. "It's (Y/N) again."

There was no response, and you took a deep breath, forcing yourself to go on.

"Look... I don't know what you're going through or what's going through your head, but I want you to know that no matter what, you'll always have me. I just want you to know that... That you'll be okay, alright? Things suck sometimes, but they always get better, y'know? Just... Please say something."

A moment of silence passed, then, the lichen rustled and Bluestar stepped out.

This time, you *knew* something was wrong. Tears were streaming down her face, and she looked like she could barely support her own weight.

You let your gaze soften, and you reached out and rested a paw on her shoulder.

"Bluestar..."

Bluestar sighed shakily, slowly lifting her head to look into your eyes.

"(Y/N), I... I'm so sorry... No one should ever have to see their leader like this—"

You pulled her into an embrace, gently resting your chin on her head.

"Don't you ever say that again," You whispered softly. "You're an amazing leader, Bluestar. Probably the best the forest has ever seen. Anyone who says otherwise can eat snails."

It was true; Bluestar had been your inspiration for moons, and seeing her so broken was tearing you apart on the inside.

Bluestar took a shuddering breath, pulling away from you so she could look into your eyes.
"Thank you, (Y/N). I don't know what I would do without you."

You just smiled, gently pressing your nose to her forehead.
"I'm glad I know you, Bluestar," You murmured. "It has truly been an honor serving you."
Bluestar said nothing, so you simply dipped your head respectfully and took a step back.
"I'll get back to my nest now. You should know that a tired deputy is no good for the clan." You gave her a good-humored wink, then turned away.

"Wait."
You turned around, tilting your head off to one side.
Bluestar was standing at her den entrance, a longing look in her blue eyes.
"Stay here tonight, (Y/N). I... I could really use the company."
You were a bit taken aback. You knew Bluestar cared for you, but you never thought...
Mouse-brain, You growled to yourself. *She doesn't mean it like that. She just wants—*
But suddenly, your leader took a swift step forward and crashed her lips into yours.
Your eyes flew wide open in shock, and you grounded your paws in place to avoid tumbling off the ledge. It was strange at first, but you quickly became accustomed to the passionate kiss and pulled her closer to you.
After an long, intense moment, you pulled apart for air. Bluestar looked into your eyes, a mischievous glint shining there.

"Alright," You purred, twining your tail with hers. "Let's go."
You both padded into her den side-by-side, a certain aura of passion surrounding you like a lovely mist.
How much luckier can a tom get? You thought as Bluestar climbed over you and touched her nose to yours.
In truth, you couldn't care less how you felt. You were just glad Bluestar was going to be alright.

****

For my male audience !
I hope you all found this enjoyable, even you fellow females out there xD
No, I don't ship myself with she-cats, either. I was bored and wrote this xD

Thanks for reading, guys. I truly appreciate your support!

A Night We Will Remember Forever ≫ Stonefur x Female! Reader

[image]

Art: heropaws

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• None

****

It was a peaceful evening in RiverClan. You were laying under a willow tree, munching on a trout while listening to the soft conversations between your clanmates and the crickets.
You were eating alone, as usual. You didn't mind, though; you loved your clanmates, but you had always liked the peace and quiet of solitude.
"What's this? A pretty she-cat eating alone?"
You smiled at the familiar voice, looking up into the stunning blue eyes of your best friend, Stonefur.

"How many times do I have to tell you?" You purred, quirking an eyebrow.
"I like to be alone."
The handsome gray deputy smirked, then crouched down beside you and nudged you to your paws.
You felt your ears heat up at the feeling of his muscular body pressed against yours and his familiar musty scent wreathing

around you.

"Well, not tonight." He purred, flicking your ear with his tail-tip. "I know this really cool spot by Fourtrees. I thought you might want to see it?"

He gazed at you hopefully, and you couldn't help but to laugh at his kit-like desperation.
"Alright, you big lump. Let's go."

Stonefur smirked, then turned and started sprinting across the clearing.
"Last one to Fourtrees is crowfood!" He yowled over his shoulder as he disappeared into the fern barrier.

"Hey!" You laughed, springing to your paws and racing after him. "No fair!"
You burst through the ferns just in time to see Stonefur charging down the riverside, his blue eyes lit up with excitement.

"Catch me if you can, slow-slug!" He taunted playfully, turning his gaze forward again with a hearty laugh.
Don't mind if I do!
You took off at full speed, dodging rocks and tangles of matted-down cattails, keeping your companion's stone-gray tail in your view.
Stonefur suddenly took a hard right, and you came stumbling to a messy halt.
You stood in front of the thicket of willows where he disappeared, your chest heaving.
"Where have you gone now?" You called, pretending to be irritated. "Don't you realize not everyone is as fast and good-looking as you?"
It was a joke, of course. Except, not really.
You began padding into the lush white thicket, tasting the air for your friend's scent.
You could smell all sorts of wonderful things; water lilies, cool water, and a tang of lilac.
Where has he gone? You thought, genuinely confused. *Stonefur has never been one for—*
"AHG!"
You let out a yowl as Stonefur leaped out of nowhere, tackling you

backwards and sending you both tumbling down a grassy slope. You landed with a soft thump at the bottom, both of you out of breath and laughing hysterically.

"What was that about me being handsome?" Stonefur meowed, looking into your eyes from on top of you and wiggling his eyebrows.
You snorted, slapping him across the muzzle with your paw. He rolled off of you laughing even harder, causing his voice to echo.

"You know you love it when I tease you," He purred, stepped back to allow you to scramble back to your paws. "You just can't resist these rippling, flawless muscles." He sank his claws hard into the ground, showing off the lean muscles in his shoulders, chest, and forelegs.

You turned away to hide your reddening nose, huffing. "At least I'm not trailing after you like a lost kit."

Stonefur chuckled, padding up to your side and nudging your shoulder. "Hey, what's that supposed to mean?"

You rolled your eyes. "It *means* that I'm fully aware of the fact that you follow me literally *everywhere."*

"Yeah, so what?" Your friend replied, his nose turning a darker shade of pink. "That's just me trying to tell you that I—"

"Oh my StarClan," You breathed, suddenly becoming aware of the scenery around you. "It's beautiful, Stonefur..."
You were standing in a stone hollow, surrounded by willow trees on all sides, concealing you from the outside world. A waterfall resided at the other end, it's sparkling water flowing smoothly into a perfect circle of a pond, tinted purple and pink by the dying sunlight shining through the lush lilac bushes. A large, flat stone sat dead-center in the mystical pond underneath the only opening in the willow canopy, it's surface beginning to glow in the moonlight.
You were so awestruck by the scenery that you didn't notice Stonefur pad up beside you.

He gently touched the tip of his tail with yours, turning to look at you with a soft smile.
"I knew you would like it. Aren't you glad you came out here?"

"Yes," You whispered, turning to look at him. "Oh Stonefur, thank you so much!"
He chuckled, then nudged you once again before padding over to the water's edge and turned back to you and jerked his muzzle.
You obliged, following him and watching as he crossed the smaller stones that you hadn't noticed earlier, then stepped onto the flat stone in the middle of the water.
You rolled your eyes, a smile spreading across your muzzle.
What a cheeky fox.
You made your way over to Stonefur, leaping up beside him.
"So." You meowed, smirking coyly. "Why did you want me to come here, Stonefur?"
As if you didn't already know the answer. The handsome deputy had been courting you for moons.

"I was just thinking, y'know?" He began, shuffling his paws like an awkward apprentice.
"About us. (Y/N), I... *We* have known each other for so long, and every day, I..." He trailed off, apprehension glistening in his stunning blue orbs.
You gazed at him gently, silently willing him to continue with a reassuring nod.
He collected himself with a soft sigh, then chuckled nervously.
"(Y/N), I fall undeniably more in love with you every single day."
He paused, then reached underneath him, scooting something towards you with a paw. Upon closer inspection, you realized it was a shiny (f/C) pebble, it's surface shining in the moonlight.
You felt tears spring to your eyes, and you looked back up at Stonefur with a sound in between a gasp and a laugh.
Stonefur smiled sheepishly. "(Y/N), will you be my mate?"

"Yes!" You squealed, leaping forward and tackling him into an embrace.
"Oh Stonefur, there's nothing I've ever wanted more!"

Stonefur purred, tears brimming in his blue eyes as the moon began to shine down on you both.

"You're the most beautiful she-cat in the forest," Ge whispered, stroking the side of your face with a paw.
"I can't believe how lucky I am. Thank you, (Y/N)."
You gazed down at him, carefully studying each of his perfect features. It wasn't just he who was the luckiest cat in the forest.

"I'll never be lonesome again," You whispered, leaning down and touching your nose to his.
"I'm undeniably in love with you, Stonefur."
As you both curled up in each other's embrace, you knew you were safe.
Thank you, StarClan. You thought as you drifted off into sleep.

****

I couldn't think of any long and complicated plots, so I just decided to write something simple and sweet.
I hope you liked it!

A Mentor's Pride ≫ Featherwhisker x Female! Medicine Cat! Reader (PLATONIC)

[image]

Art: murkbone

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Angst
• Death
• Some gore

****

You sighed as you placed the last remaining clump of marigold in it's proper crevice. It had been a horrendously long day, and it seemed to go on forever. ThunderClan had been fighting with ShadowClan over stolen prey for moons, and it had finally boiled over into a full-on battle earlier that day. ThunderClan won, but it came at a great cost. Adderfang had been killed in the fight. You had rushed to his side, but despite your best efforts, the dark brown tabby had bled too much.
It was out of your control, You told yourself, struggling to see your herbs through a blur of tears.
There was nothing anyone could've done.
Still, you couldn't shake the gnawing feeling of guilt that came with losing a clanmate you were supposed to save. You had been a full medicine cat for two moons, and you were still as useless as an

apprentice.
StarClan, forgive me...
The sound of rustling ferns reached your ears, followed by your former mentor's scent wreathing around you. You didn't look up from your work, instead continuing to absentmindedly sort herbs.
"(Y/N)." He meowed gently, pulling you out of your trance. You slowly looked up at him, your eyes heavy.

"I couldn't save him," You meowed, fighting to keep the tears inside your eyes. "Adderfang hunts with StarClan now."
Featherwhisker gazed gently at you for a moment, then sighed and nodded in understanding. You thought you detected a small hint of remorse in his gaze, but it was gone before you could fully analyze it.

"You know we can't save every cat that comes into our den," He began, his voice still as gentle as before. "even if we want to. Some wounds just can't be healed, (Y/N). That's just the way it is."
You sank your claws into the mossy ground, clenching your teeth to stop a slew of curses and frustrated cries from escaping your right throat. You knew Featherwhisker was right, but that's what was making you angry.
You sighed, tossing the last dock leaf into the herb store and rising to your paws. Your former mentor watched you pad lightly to the den entrance, his eyes full of concern.

"I'm going to find some more marigold." You meowed, not pausing to look back at Featherwhisker.
"I'll be back before moonrise. Don't feel like you have to wait up for me, okay?"
You heard a single syllable leave the older medicine cat's mouth as if he was about to call after you, but you ignored it and continued trotting past the weary faces of your clanmates until you reached the bracken tunnel that lead into camp.
They can't see me crying over a fallen warrior, You decided as you slipped out of camp and into the shadowy forest. *Especially Featherwhisker.*
You knew that if your former mentor knew you were this shaken up over Adderfang's death, he would be unhappy. What kind of medicine cat were you if you couldn't even keep your emotions in

check?
The sound of flowing water reached your ears, and you slowed your pace to a walk as you approached the secluded stones of sunningrocks.
"I'm sorry, Adderfang," You whispered to the darkening sky. "I'm sorry I couldn't save you..."
Then, you sat down, and for the first time in moons, you began to cry.

Featherwhisker's POV

Featherwhisker watched (Y/N) disappear through the ferns that concealed the entrance to the medicine den, his heart twisting. "(Y/N)—" He began, but quickly realized that it was of no use. When the (F/C) she-cat made up her mind, there was no changing her perspective. He had learned that by spending so many moons with her.
Featherwhisker sat back on his haunches, his shoulders slumping. He wanted to say something that would make her feel better, but he had no idea where to start. This had been her first casualty, and he could imagine that she must be shaken up.
Featherwhisker thought back to the first time he had seen a cat die. It had been a nasty case of greencough, and he had watched the life slip out of the warrior's eyes as he did nothing but stare helplessly. He shivered, pulling himself back to reality.
(Y/N) needs to be reminded that she can still help her clanmates. He glanced around the den, looking for anything that could serve a purpose for his new plan. At first, nothing looked promising, and Featherwhisker began to lose hope. Then, he noticed a fresh bundle of catmint laying next to some juniper berries, and he got an idea.
That's it! (Y/N) is probably at sunningrocks. All I have to do is make sure she doesn't see me planning this.
Chuckling to himself in a confident way, Featherwhisker rose to his paws and slipped out of his den. (Y/N) would have to feel good about herself after this.

Your POV

You were still sitting on the same rock, staring at your reflection in the still water.

What kind of a medicine cat are you? You wondered numbly.

You felt that it was a valid question. You were quite certain that no other medicine cat in the forest had lost one of their clanmates so soon after earning their name. In fact, Sagewhisker's apprentice, Yellowfang, had been talking about how she saved a warrior's apprentice from choking to death on a squirrel bone at the last half-moon meeting, and you were a full medicine cat before her.

I should've been a warrior, You thought bitterly as you pushed yourself into a sitting position. *because I'd be much better at taking life than saving it.*

Suddenly, a silvery pelt flashed in the light of the setting sun on the far side of the water.

You blinked, squinting against the light to see who it was. Your heart skipped a beat when you realized it was Featherwhisker attempting to reach a thick cluster of catmint that was growing dangerously close to the water's edge.

What is that mouse-brain doing? You wondered, your heart rate speeding up. *He knows that's too dangerous!*

Your former mentor remained unaware of your presence, slowly continuing down the steep incline towards the clump of herbs. The ground was beginning to sink and crumble under his paws, sending tiny rocks and other debris tumbling into the deep water. Suddenly, the ground underneath him gave away, and he stumbled forward with a startled cry.

You stared in horror as your former mentor plunged into the depths, disappearing under the surface with one last desperate yowl.

Panic set in, and you sprang to your paws.

"Hold on, Featherwhisker! I'm coming!"

Not sparing yourself a single moment to dwell on how much you hated water, you thrusted yourself off the rock. Ice-cold water rippled through your pelt, seeping into your flesh and threatening

to freeze you alive. Every instinct you had ever known kicked into overdrive, and you had to valiantly fight your surging desire to resurface and climb back onto the rocks.

Featherwhisker is going to drown, You thought hazily as you propelled yourself further into the depths. *I can't give up now!*

Suddenly, your paw brushed against a soft pelt.

Your eyes widened, and you looked down to see your former mentor floating limply in the murky blue, slowly sinking further down.

You stifled a yowl of triumph and grabbed his scruff in your jaws, then jerked your muzzle up and began swimming towards the pale light of the sun glistening through the water.

You finally broke the surface, but there was no time to celebrate. Featherwhisker wasn't moving.

Heaving yourself onto the damp grass, you flipped the silver tom onto his back and pressed your ear to his chest. It was still beating, and relief washed over you.

"Hang on, Featherwhisker," You wheezed, placing both of your paws on his chest.

"I won't let you down!"

Then, you started pushing down on his chest repeatedly, making sure to stay in sync with his heartbeat.

StarClan, help me! You begged silently as tears began to brim in your eyes.

I can't lose him, too! Please...

Suddenly, Featherwhisker's chest rose as he took in a massive breath. You yowled in shock and scrambled backwards, watching with wide eyes as your former mentor sat up and spat out a mouthful of water. Much to your relief, it didn't sound like it had come from his lungs, but rather his mouth.

"(Y/N)?" He gasped, coughing several more times. "How in StarClan's name did you find me here?"

You stared at him for a moment, your heart pounding wildly in your chest. It was then, soaking wet and cold, that you realized what you had just done. You had saved Featherwhisker.

Maybe you weren't such a failure, after all.

"Great StarClan!" You cried, rushing forward and embracing him. "You scared the fur off of me! I thought you were dead!"

Featherwhisker chuckled, placing a paw on your back.
"Well, I'm not," He purred. "and it's all thanks to you, (Y/N)."
For the first time that day, a small speck of pride swelled in your chest.

"Come on, mouse-brain," You meowed with a tired chuckle. "Let's get you home."

Featherwhisker chuckled, heaving himself to his paws and lightly leaning against your shoulder.
"Lead the way."
You purred, resting your tail on his lower back and guiding him away from the water.
What a day.

Featherwhisker's POV

Featherwhisker smiled up at (Y/N) as she finished checking him for broken bones and stepped back.
"How am I doing?" He asked, happiness welling in his chest. She seemed so pleased with herself, and he absolutely loved to see her happy.

"You're just fine." (Y/N) replied, nodding in satisfaction. Her (E/C) eyes twinkled for a moment, and Featherwhisker detected a hint of amusement there.
"You got lucky today. Be careful around the water, mouse-brain."
She smiled, then rose to her paws and padded towards the den entrance.

Featherwhisker sat up in his nest and called after his former apprentice. "(Y/N)?"
(Y/N) glanced over her shoulder, raising her eyebrows.
Featherwhisker smiled at her. "I'm proud of you."
The (F/C) she-cat smiled brightly, her eyes lighting up. She seemed at ease for the first time in days.

"Thanks, Featherwhisker." She meowed.
Featherwhisker nodded to excuse her, and she disappeared through the ferns.
Featherwhisker watched her go, feeling quite pleased with himself.
As long as she's happy, so am I.
He glanced over at his herb store, where the bundle of catmint that had originally given him his idea still laid.
"Well done, (Y/N)," He meowed to the den entrance, a proud purr in his voice.
"I'm proud to call you my former apprentice."

****

Not all male/female one-shots have to be romantic. I made your relationship platonic, because I think it's cute that Featherwhisker was like your older brother

I'm sorry I've been gone for a minute xD I'm doing great, just busy.

Thanks again!

So I just realized this book has gotten to 5k views xD
I have no idea how that even happened, but I just wanted to say that I'm truly grateful for each and every one of you.
I never thought this book would get this big when I first started it.

Thank you so much, everyone!
I love you all!

Crime and Punishment ≫ Crowfrost x Female! Medicine Cat! Reader (FINALE)

[image]

Art: Marshcold

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Pregnancy
• Angst

****

Your paws felt numb as you ascended the grassy slope towards the ShadowClan border.
Your meetings with Crowfrost had become further apart, and you knew he was wondering why you were so absent lately. You had a reason, you had just been avoiding telling him what it was.
Your paws touched soft pine needles as you finally reached the top of the hill, panting as you struggled to catch your breath. Normally the walk wouldn't have bothered you in the slightest, but but your change in size had been making simple things difficult lately.
"(Y/N)!"
You looked down at the small clearing below to see Crowfrost bounding towards you, his blue eyes shining with happiness.
You winced internally as he rubbed his muzzle against yours, fighting back tears. The last thing you wanted to do was break your true love's heart.
"Where have you been?" He laughed, stepping back and gazing down at you. "I've missed you so much."

You forced a smile, sighing.
"I'm sorry," You chuckled. "There's been a greencough outbreak in ThunderClan. I can't just leave my clanmates to suffer."
That was a blatant lie, of course. ThunderClan was nothing but strong and healthy, but you couldn't come up with another excuse.
I can't stand lying to him, You wailed silently, gazing into his stunning blue orbs.
but I can't tell him the truth...

Crowfrost tipped his head off to one side, concern shadowing his handsome face.
"Hey, what's wrong?" He meowed, taking a step forward and resting his paw on your shoulder. "You look sick."

You sighed again, shakily. "Crowfrost, I... I don't know how to put this," You began, struggling to keep your emotions from bursting out of you in tears. "We — *I* — have a decision to make, and it's not going to be easy. Just... Just know that I love you, alright? I love you so much, and I always will."

Crowfrost looked genuinely frightened now, and he leaned forward as if examining a corpse he just found.
"For StarClan's sake, (Y/N)!" He meowed in fearful exasperation. *"Please* tell me what's going on!"
You flinched slightly, averting your gaze to the ground. You had never been good at saying what was on your mind.

"Crowfrost, I... I can't see you anymore." You blurted out, tears brimming in the corners of your eyes.
Crowfrost stared at you in silence for a moment, then, much to your surprise, he started laughing.
You stared at him, shock and hurt rippling through you. Was he happy you were leaving him?

"You had me scared for a second," He chuckled once his fit of laughter subsided. "I thought you were serious for a moment there."
At those words, your heart shattered even more, and this time, you couldn't hold back your tears.

"I'm *serious*, Crowfrost!" You exclaimed, your voice coming out much harsher than you had intended it to.

"We can't be mates anymore, alright?" Your voice lowered, and you turned away, tears streaming down your face.
"I'm sorry."

You felt Crowfrost pad up behind you, then felt his paw resting on your shoulder.
"(Y/N), what in StarClan's name is it?" He begged softly, the pain in his voice agonizingly obvious. "What did I do?"
You moved away from him, shaking his paw off your shoulder. You didn't have the heart to lead him to believe there was still a chance.

"I can't tell you," You whispered. "but I can say that you were the best thing that ever happened to me, my love. I'll never forget how much you meant to me."
You began padding heavily down the slope, allowing your tail to drag behind you.
Crowfrost desperately scrambled after you, crying something after you, but you were already inside the thicket of oaks that marked the beginning of ThunderClan territory.
It's over now. You realized painfully as you sat down and gently rested a paw on your swollen belly.
You turned your gaze up to the opening in the canopy where a swath of silver stars glittered far above.
"I'm sorry," You whispered to no one. "I promise I'll do the right thing."
You knew what you would have to do, and it pained you to your very core.
I'm sorry, my little ones, You meowed silently as you allowed your head to lower and tears to fall. *I'm sorry I wasn't enough...*

****

This one is a bit shorter, but I still think it turned out alright.

Sorry for the angst ^^" I just like to mix things up a little.

Someday ≫ Injured! Brick x Female! Kittypet! Reader

[image]

Art: envyouscat

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Some gore
• A teensy, tiny bit of angst

****

You strolled lazily out of your twoleg's den, arching your spine in a long stretch while flexing your front claws. It was a scorching-hot summer morning, the kind that made you want to find a shady corner sheltered by a nice tree or bush and plop down for a nap. You scanned your backyard for any good spots, but the sun was touching pretty much everything in sight.

Well, this sucks. You thought irritably as you stepped off the last stone step and onto the grass. *I guess I could see if Chester's yard has any shade.*

You began trotting lightly across the grass, carefully stepping around the strange objects your twoleg left laying around. You reached the very back of your yard a moment later, then bunched your muscles underneath you and sprang onto the top of the wooden barrier, your collar jingling with the sudden movement. You turned and were about to start making your way to your neighbor's yard, but before you could, a flicker of movement next to a patch of wild lilacs caught your eye.

You froze, stilling yourself and crouching down. It appeared to be a small orange butterfly or some other bug, but the closer you looked, the more was revealed. It turned out to be a rust-colored tabby pelt showing through the flowers, spotted with crimson. A low, pained groan sounded from the lilacs, causing your heart to flutter in your chest.

That's obviously a cat, You concluded as you prepared to leap off the fence. *and I think they're hurt.*

You landed on the soft grass with a gentle thud, standing back up and giving yourself a quick shake. You began to cautiously approach the bushes, ears perked and jaws open as you tasted the air. The unpleasant tang of blood touched your nose, and you flinched and resisted the urge to retch. This wasn't about you anymore; someone was in trouble.

You were mere inches away from the lilacs when a hoarse, tired voice called out from deep within the branches.

"Wh-who's there? Don't... *Agh*... Don't try nothin' funny!"

You blinked, peering cautiously between the purple flowers. It was definitely a tom, but he didn't sound like any cat that lived around here.

"I'm not going to hurt you," You replied slowly, taking another step forward. "I just want to make sure you're okay. Can you tell me how I can help you?"

Silence followed your words, and for a moment, you found yourself wondering if you were losing your mind and you had imagined the whole thing.

Then, the mysterious tom replied, his voice pained and raspy. "Ya can help me outta these damn bushes, if ya don't mind. The branches are diggin' into my skin!"

"Alright," You responded, carefully lifting a branch with your paw. "Just hold on, alright? I'm coming in." You crouched down low, crawling forward and flattening your ears as the branches scraped against your head and spine. The bush was thick and dark, and just when you thought you would never find the injured tom, your whiskers brushed soft fur and the smell of blood wafted over you. Carefully, you felt your way around his body until you came face-

to-face with a pair of dark amber eyes glinting in the shadows.
"Alright," You meowed, taking a deep breath.
"Are you okay to walk for just a second?"

He shifted, then hissed in pain.
"N-no, I don't think so."
You allowed your gaze to travel across him, and you had to stifle a gasp of shock when you noticed the gaping, dark red wound on his left hind leg. It was wide-open and pulsing, leaving a small puddle of crimson underneath him.

"What on Earth happened?" You gasped, your eyes wide. "You look like you've been mauled by a dog!"

The rust-colored tabby snorted in mock amusement, struggling to sit up.
"That's exactly what happened. I was wanderin' down the street next to that old wooden twoleg den when a stupid, slobbering mutt charged outta the ruins n' grabbed my leg." He cast a glance behind him, wincing.
"Hurts pretty bad."

"I can see that," You meowed, your heart aching for the injured tom.
"Lean against my shoulder. I'll help you out of this bush."
He nodded, and you gently braced yourself against him, feeling your ears heat up as his rippling muscle brushed against you.
He groaned loudly as you heaved him to his paws, a sound like a dying monster.
"Easy does it," You reminded him gently.
"Just keep leaning on me."
After a long few moments, you were finally able to get him out of the lilacs and onto the cool grass outside. He immediately collapsed, hitting the ground with a wet thump.
You watched him for a moment, feeling a bit apprehensive. You'd never had to help an injured cat before, but you knew how to clean a wound.
"This will probably hurt," You warned him as you crouched down by his sprawled out limb.
"Brace yourself."

He raised an eyebrow, gazing at you suspiciously through feverish

amber eyes.
"What in the name of— *GAH!"* He let out a sharp cry as you began rasping your tongue over his wound.
"Ya killin' me ova here!" He snarled through gritted teeth, writhing underneath you.

"Keep still," You meowed, lifting your head to spit out a mouthful of his blood. "It's almost over."
You bent your head and continued licking the deep gash, all while the injured tom cursed and screamed like an angry raccoon.
Finally, the bleeding came to a stop, and there was nothing left of the gruesome injury but an open gash.
"Done." You meowed with satisfaction. "Does it feel any better?"

The tom grimaced, opening his eyes and craning his neck to look at his wound.
When he saw it, his eyes widened in surprise.
"Wow," He muttered, turning to look at you.
"that feels loads better. Thanks, doll."

You smiled, pride swelling in your chest.
"It was no trouble. I'm just glad I got to help."
The rusty tabby smiled back, but only slightly.
He definitely struck you as the strong, silent type.

"I gotta go," He meowed gruffly after a moment. "Personal affairs, y'know? It was nice meetin' ya, uh..." He trailed off, his eyes traveling across you as he waited for you to tell him your name.

You smiled. "(Y/N). My name is (Y/N)."

The injured tom chuckled, standing up.
"Well, it was nice meetin' ya, (Y/N). The name's Brick."

You let your gaze travel over him for a moment, your pelt heating up. He was the most attractive tom you had ever seen in your life.
"I'm glad I could help you, Brick. Be careful out there, okay?"

Brick chuckled again, tucking his wounded leg underneath him.
"Will do, doll-face. Will do."

Then, he limped past you and into the wild forest, leaving you alone by your fence.
You watched him leave, a strange pang in your chest. You wished he could've stayed just a little longer— you wanted to know more about him.
"Oh, well." You sighed softly, turning and leaping back onto the wooden fence.
"Maybe someday."

****

I wanted to get one more one-shot done before I leave on my weekend trip tomorrow. I probably won't have much time to write this weekend or next week, but who knows.

I think this has the potential for a sequel. Let me know if you would like that!

Roses and Revelations ≫ Whitestorm x Injured! Female! Reader

[image]

Art: Mekaska

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Some gore
• Some angst
• Injury

****

You groaned, forcing your eyelids to open against the blinding light. You couldn't remember much of the previous day, only small fragments. However, you did remember chasing a rabbit, then the ground suddenly gave away under your paws and you were tumbling down a sheer ledge dotted with rocks and other debris. Your best friend, Whitestorm, had been with you, and you could vaguely remember his yowl of fear as you finally hit the ground far below.
You struggled to sit up, your flanks clenching painfully around your ribs. Everything hurt, especially your right shoulder.
You coughed, the bitter taste of blood spreading through your mouth.
"Wh-White...Whitestorm?" You croaked, suddenly aware of how painfully dry your throat was.
No one answered your weak call, so you collapsed back into the

moss with a sound somewhere between a wheeze and a groan.
Has he forgotten about me? You wondered in a daze, staring through blurry vision at the fern tunnel that concealed the medicine den.
You sighed sadly, allowing your eyes to flicker closed.
Maybe I'm not that important to him.
You fell back into a light sleep, far too sore to get any kind of proper rest. You opened your eyes a crack once in awhile to see if anyone had come looking for you, but no one — not even Whitestorm — was ever there. You had begun to give up hope when you were roused by the sound of pawsteps and rustling ferns.
Slowly opening your eyes, you saw a familiar snow-white pelt standing in front of the dark green ferns, creating an awe-inspiring contrast.
A pair of gentle amber eyes gazed down at you, unaware that you were conscious.
You smiled weakly, far too sore to move.
"Whitestorm..."

"(Y/N)!" The white warrior breathed, his amber eyes lighting up like stars.
"You're okay!"
He padded across the mossy ground, crouching down to your level and gently nuzzling your cheek. You giggled, your ears heating up. Every worry you once had over him not caring about you vanished like mist.
He stepped back after a moment, his gaze traveling over your crippled form.
"Yellowfang said the fall broke your tail. How does it feel?"
You blinked, genuinely surprised. You had never heard of a cat breaking their tail, but you supposed it wasn't outside the realm of possibility.
Concentrating, you strained the muscles in your tail in an attempt to move it, only to come to the painful realization that Yellowfang had been correct— You had indeed broken your tail.

"It hurts," You admitted in a soft wheeze, struggling to speak through your bruised lungs.
"but my shoulder hurts the worst. Did Yellowfang say anything about that?"
Whitestorm blinked, then turned his gaze upward as he searched his

mind.

"She didn't say anything else was broken," He concluded after a moment. "just your tail. You probably hit it really hard."

You snorted, rolling your eyes.
"You don't say."
Whitestorm laughed, his comfortingly familiar voice echoing through the fern hollow.
You huffed, averting your gaze, although not out of spite.

"Same old (Y/N). Always such a smart-ears."
His expression softened slightly, and he looked away and flattened his ears.
"I, um... I brought you something. May I... Give it to you?"
You were rather taken aback by the obvious darkening of his nose's color. You always knew Whitestorm as a calm, level-headed tom who rarely let his emotions get the better of him.
But now, as you lay injured and defenseless in his presence, you got to know the side of him that no one else ever saw.

"Of course," You meowed quietly, slowly propping yourself up on your forelegs.
"unless you don't want to."

He blinked, taking a deep breath. "No, no, I want you to have it. I just..." He trailed off, sighing. You tilted your head off to one side, slightly concerned. Your friend wasn't being himself whatsoever.
"Here," He meowed, nudging something toward you with a paw.
"just take it."
You turned your gaze down to his paw, and your heart fluttered in your chest.
Whitestorm had brought you a rose.

"It's beautiful," You whispered, tears brimming in the corners of your eyes. "Oh, Whitestorm, thank you..."

The white tom chuckled, flattening his ears in a flustered way.
"I'm glad you like it, and I'm glad you're okay, (Y/N)."

You smiled, carefully outstretching your paw to touch his. "You're

the best friend anyone could ask for," You purred. "Of course I love it."
Whitestorm smiled and opened his jaws to say something, but before he could, the fern tunnel parted and a familiar dark gray she-cat stepped into the hollow with an irritated huff.

"Hello, Yellowfang," Whitestorm meowed, clearly trying to keep his cool. "Nice day here in Thunder—"

"You're disturbing my patient," She retorted, glaring at the senior warrior. "(Y/N) has suffered a very traumatic injury, and she needs to rest. If you're not out of my den in one minute, I'll claw off your ears!" Then, she turned and disappeared back into the lush ferns.
You bit your lip, desperately stifling a burst of laughter. Whitestorm appeared to be doing the same, because his cheeks were puffed out and a snorting sound was rumbling from his nose.

"I'll be back tomorrow, alright?" He promised, gently resting his gaze on you. "Get some rest."

You smiled. "Okay. Goodnight, Whitestorm."
He purred, then, much to your surprise, he leaned down and placed a soft lick on your cheek before padding after Yellowfang.
You stared after him for a moment, your jaw hanging open. You were certain you had never been this flustered in your entire life.
You looked back down at the rose he had left you, and a smile spread across your face.
What a cheeky fox. You purred silently as you gently grasped the flower under your paw and rested your head.
What would I do without him?
Then, you fell asleep with the rose tucked into the moss next to you.

****

I'm baaack!

Life has gotten in the way of everything I love xD Send help Just kidding.

Thanks for being so patient, guys. I hope you enjoyed this chapter!

Lost in the Dark ≫ Fallen Leaves x Female! Reader

[image]

Art: roseberry-rukki024

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Some angst
• Claustrophobia
• Panic attack
• Intense/frightening themes

****

You were lost. Utterly, hopelessly lost.
You had no idea how you had managed to get so far down in the winding, dark tunnels, but you assumed it had something to do with the rabbit you were chasing across the moor a couple minutes ago.
Minutes? No, it felt much longer than that. It had probably been hours, or even days. You had lost track of time long ago.
You inhaled sharply, sucking in a mouthful of stale, damp air. It wrapped itself around your esophagus and lungs, threatening to drown you as the cold earth around you became tighter and tighter. Something inside of you snapped, and you took off at a full sprint into the darkness, your chest heaving as panic finally set in. The earth seemed to shift and morph around you with every step you

took, but you didn't stop running. You had to find your way back to the surface before you completely lost your mind.

The ground sloped downward suddenly, causing you to jolt forward. Before you even had a chance to cry out in shock, you were violently thrown downhill into a cave-like structure. You hit the ground with a splash, scrambling desperately back to your paws and sucking in mouthfuls of cool, fresh air.

Wait.

You slowly opened your eyes, allowing yourself to plop down on your hindquarters as you surveyed your surroundings.

You had fallen into a large cave of sorts, and when you looked down, you realized that you were sitting in a stream that flowed calmly through the stony cavern. The entire area was bathed in moonlight, and when you looked up, you saw a wide opening far above you that revealed the night sky.

You're okay, You told yourself as you finally calmed down and rose back to your paws.

everything is okay.

"Are you lost?"

You nearly jumped right out of your fur. The voice belonged to a tom, most likely a new warrior if your ears didn't betray you.

You turned around slowly, fearful of who — or what — you might find in the darkness behind you, but you soon discovered it was nothing to be afraid of.

A lean, short-furred white tom adorned with orange tabby patches stood mere whisker-lengths behind you, his kind fern-colored eyes glowing in the pale shadows as he watched you curiously.

"W-well," You began, swallowing nervously and taking a single step back. "I-I guess I am. Who are you?"

The orange-and-white tom averted his gaze, flattening his ears as if he was extremely uncomfortable.

"I don't matter right now," He replied, lifting his gaze again to look at you. "we need to focus on getting you out of here. Which way did you come in?"

You blinked, jerking your muzzle toward the steep slope you had tumbled down moments ago, wincing at the soreness of your neck.

"There."

The unknown tom followed your gaze up to the now collapsed tunnel, and his eyes lit up.
You were about to ask him what he was thinking, but he answered your question before you even had time to ask it.

"There's another tunnel on the other side of the stream," He meowed, pointing with a paw toward the shadows furthest away from you.
"it should lead you right back to the moor if you keep walking straight."
You stared into the maw of darkness, dread creeping down your spine. The last thing you wanted to do was go wandering off down here again.

You cast a glance at the orange-and-white tom, who flashed you a reassuring smile.
"It'll be okay. I promise that tunnel leads right back to your world."
He seemed genuine enough, and you didn't have much of a choice. You could either rot in the wet, dark tunnels, or you could take another risk and heed the tom's advice.

"Okay," You breathed, deciding to take the risk. "Thanks for everything. I don't know what I would've done if I hadn't come across you."

The young tom smiled. "I'm glad I could help. Be careful out there, alright?"
You murmured a quick "sure thing", then began your trek into the dark tunnel.
As the ground began to slope upward and the crisp evening air brushed against your fur, you couldn't help but to think about how strange that entire encounter had been. The orange-and-white tom didn't smell like any clan cat, nor did he speak like any. He had a strange dialect, but you couldn't decide which kind it was.
He looked so... Lonesome, You mused as you finally emerged from the darkness of the underground and back onto the moor you called home.
You turned around, staring into the darkness one last time.
I wonder what happened to him.

****

I felt so bad for Fallen Leaves. His death must've been terrifying

If you enjoyed this chapter, please vote and leave a nice comment. It really helps me out!

At Peace ≫ Yellowfang x Female! Reader (PLATONIC)

[image]

Art: Azthmutt

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• None

****

You trudged into camp, not even wincing as the thorns of the barrier scraped against your pelt. You were beyond exhausted, and each step you took sent a sharp zing of pain through your paws. You wanted nothing more than to curl up in your nest in the warriors' den and call it a day.
You were halfway to the hollowed-out bush when someone stepped in front of you, blocking your path. You sighed, smiling tiredly at the familiar face.
"Hi, Yellowfang. I was just—"

"No, you weren't," The grumpy she-cat interrupted you, her scratchy voice firm. "You look like death, (Y/N)! How can you expect me to leave you alone like this?"

"I'm not sick," You protested weakly, feeling your legs threaten to give out underneath you.
"I'm *exhausted.* Can I please just go to my nest without you putting up a fuss?"
Yellowfang's amber eyes twinkled with amusement for just a

moment, then they returned to their usual hardness.
You rolled your heavy eyes.
Every night with this fox-dung.

"Can I make sure you're okay for once without *you* putting up a fuss?" She shot back, her bushy tail-tip flicking impatiently. "I'm your medicine cat, (Y/N), and I refuse to let you out of my sight until I know you're okay!"
You wanted to cry. You were miserable due to exhaustion, and the last thing you wanted to do was get poked and prodded.
Yellowfang noticed your despair and sighed, her face softening. "Tell you what," She meowed, a half-smile curling up on the right side of her mouth.
"If you let me give you a good look-over, you can sleep in the extra nest by my herb store tonight. Ashpaw just put clean moss in it this morning. What do you say, (Y/N)?"
You looked at your paws, considering her offer. You did find the nests in the medicine den softer than the ones in the warriors' den, and, as begrudgingly you admitted it, it could never hurt to make sure you were healthy.

"Fine," You muttered, flattening your ears. "but I'm not happy about it."

Yellowfang nodded, seeming satisfied with herself. "Good, good. And no one said you have to *like* it. I only expect you to tolerate it." With that, she pressed herself to your flank and began guiding you towards the swath of ferns that surrounded the medicine den, keeping pace with you the whole time.
You bit back and slew of angry insults as she guided you through the lush greenery and into the small clearing.
She's only trying to help you, (Y/N). Just accept it.
The overbearingly pungent odor of herbs hit you right in the face as you finally stepped onto the soft ground of the medicine den, and you had to look away to try and shield your nose from the many smells.
"You get used to it," Yellowfang chuckled as she helped you lower yourself into a vacant nest.
"It's part of the territory. Now, where are you the most sore?"

You were already starting to drift off, but you forced your eyes

halfway open and muttered,
"My paws."
Yellowfang nodded, then turned and disappeared into a crack in the stone wall. You weren't sure what she was doing, but you could hear her rummaging around and mumbling to herself. After a moment of this, she returned with a mouthful of different herbs gripped in her jaws.

"Here," She meowed, setting the leaves down next to you. "Eat those poppy seeds and thyme while I rub a dock leaf poultice on your pads. It won't hurt for much longer."
You sat up, wincing at the soreness that filled your body. Yellowfang began chewing several leaves into a poultice, and you dipped your head and began lapping up the herbs she had instructed you to eat. As you chewed, you obediently lended her each of your paws so she could rub the poultice into them.
This is ridiculous, You thought irritably. *Why couldn't she just let me go to my nest?*
But even with your despairing thoughts, you had to admit that your paws already felt much better, and the poppy seeds and thyme were allowing your stressed mind to wind down.

"Thank you," You murmured sleepily, allowing your eyes to flicker closed. "What would I do without you, Yellowfang?"
Although your eyes were closed, you could tell the older gray she-cat was watching you with a small half-smile on her face whilst shaking her head slowly. It made *you* smile to think about.

"Get some rest, mouse-brain," She meowed with a light chuckle. "You've earned it."
You were too far gone to respond, so you simply curled deeper into the soft moss and let your mind slip into a peaceful darkness.
Just as you were almost asleep, however, the moss shifted beside you and the feeling of fur pressing against your flank roused you ever so slightly. You opened one eye just a crack to see Yellowfang laying beside you, staring straight ahead as if in deep remembrance. You smiled, letting your eyes fall closed again.
Your soreness and exhaustion didn't matter anymore, because you knew Yellowfang would always take care of you.
As you drifted away into sleep, it was an occurring thought that for

the first time that day, you were at peace.

****

Hey guys! I managed to write one more chapter this week. It took all of my energy, so feel special xD

In all seriousness, thank you all so much for your support. I wouldn't be the writer I am without you .

Because of You ≫ Lionblaze x Dying! Female! Reader

[image]

Art: Catwithhorns1

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Angst
• Some gore
• Near-death experience

****

It had been a brutal fight.
Dozens of cats had been killed in cold blood, and a good percentage of them were your clanmates. Thankfully your mate, Lionblaze, had been unharmed. He *was* the strongest cat in the forest, after all.
Soft voices rippled through the rain outside, drifting like a cold wind into the medicine den.
You forced your eyes open just a crack, struggling to hear the conversation over the blood rushing in your ears.
"How is she?"
You blinked. That was Hollyleaf, the cat you had tackled Hawkfrost to save mere minutes ago.

A second voice responded, somber and full of grief. "Not good, I'm afraid. The wound on her neck is too deep to mend properly. She..."
The voice that belonged to Jayfeather trailed off, and you thought you heard a pained swallow, as if he was choking back tears.
"I don't think she's going to make it."

You let out a quiet sigh and allowed your eyes to flicker closed. You weren't necessarily surprised, but you had never fancied the thought of death.
It was worth it, You decided as your mind began to grow numb. *My family is safe now...*

You weren't sure how long you had been asleep for, but it must've been a few hours, because you woke up to bright sunlight beaming down on you and the sound of a stream bubbling nearby.
Wait.
A stream? The medicine den wasn't even close to a stream. And why was the sun shining right on you instead of filtering through the gaps in the lichen?
Gritting your teeth and being mindful of your injuries, you sat up, surprised to notice that none of your wounds caused you pain. In fact, you didn't have any wounds at all anymore.
"Where am I?" You muttered to yourself, squinting into the bright light of day.

"Greetings, (Y/N). I wasn't expecting to see you here."
You froze in place, your heart fluttering as the achingly familiar voice wreathed through your ears.
Is that...?
You slowly rose to your paws and turned around, and sure enough, a handsome flame-colored tom was standing in the soft grass mere whisker-lengths from you.

"Firestar?" You breathed, hardly able to comprehend his presence. "B-but how? I thought you were..."

"Dead?" Firestar replied, a hint of amusement in his voice. You opened your jaws to respond, but no words came out.
Your former leader chuckled, his green eyes glistening in the mid-day sun.
"I am dead, (Y/N). This is StarClan."

Your breath caught in your throat, threatening to suffocate you.
"Wait," You stammered, feeling your chest began to tighten around your heart.
"I'm *dead?* What about Lionblaze?"

The flame-colored tom averted his gaze, a strange somberness shadowing his features.
"What is it?" You asked, your voice rising slightly. "What's wrong with my Lionblaze?"

"He's hurting, (Y/N)," Firestar meowed gently. "Look."
The former ThunderClan leader pressed both his paws firmly into the grass, and you watched in awe as a swirling mist ascended from the ground and wove around his paws like smoke.
There was a sound similar to shattering ice, and a strange, pool-like structure opened in the ground.
You slowly crept forward, peering cautiously over the edge of the pool. Far below, in an image that rippled like uneasy water, you saw a scene that you could only describe as surreal.
It was you — your body, anyway — laying as still as the night in a nest stained crimson. Jayfeather and Hollyleaf stood beside you, comforting a sobbing Lionblaze.
Your heart shattered into a thousand pieces as you watched his broad shoulders tremble, wracking his entire body as he cradled yours.
Firestar stepped back then, and the pool vanished. You stared at the ground where it had been, your jaw hanging open.
Your former leader watched you gently, touching his tail-tip to your shoulder.

"I can't stay here!" You blurted, whirling around and staring at Firestar with tears in your eyes. "I can't leave him, Firestar! He's my everything!"

The flame-colored tom watched you for a moment, then, a smile crept onto his face. You could've sworn you saw a soft glint of pride flash across his green eyes.
"You're a great warrior, (Y/N)," He meowed, taking a step forward and gazing into your eyes. "You will serve ThunderClan well."
Then, he touched his nose to your forehead, and everything around you was swallowed by darkness.

The first thing you noticed when you came to was the sound of soft snoring, reverberating through a small space and ringing in your ears.
Then the pain came back to you, followed by the taste of blood. An achingly familiar scent wreathed around you, and finally, after a short struggle with yourself, a light began to glow gently at the end of a dark tunnel, then you were staring at the stone wall of the medicine den.
You could feel another body pressed close to yours, gently pushing against your aching spine. You immediately knew who it was, and tears began to brim in the corners of your eyes.
"L-Lion...blaze...?" You croaked, weakly lifting your head to peer over your shoulder.
The tom's snoring suddenly ceased, and his whole body stiffened like beech bark.
You purred softly, slowly rolling onto your other side to see him. His amber eyes met yours, and they immediately filled with tears.

"(Y/N)..." He whispered, chuckling breathlessly. "I don't believe it... I was so afraid that you were..."

"Dead?" You croaked, a chuckle escaping your sore throat.
"Well, I *was* dead, but I'm okay now. That's what matters."
Lionblaze smiled, gently draping his foreleg across your flank and pulling you in for a kiss.
You kissed him back passionately, wrapping yourself up in his embrace and breathing in his comforting scent.

"I must be the luckiest cat in the whole forest," He whispered once you broke the kiss for air.
"How did I not lose you?"

You sighed softly, reaching up with a paw and gently stroking the side of his face.
"I came back because I love you so much," You murmured. "It's all thanks to you, my love."

Lionblaze gazed at you for a moment longer, then smiled and twined his tail with yours.
"I love you," He whispered. "So, so much."

You purred. "I love you, too."
Then, you allowed yourself to sink further into his warm embrace, your tired eyes flickering closed. You thought about the warm meadow in StarClan, how your wounds no longer aches and throbbed, and for just a moment, you missed that feeling of eternal serenity.
But then, Lionblaze shifted slightly and pulled you even closer to him, and suddenly, you didn't care how much pain you were in. You had Lionblaze by your side, and that's all you had ever wanted.

****

I was going to make this one a major tear-jerker, but I fell in love with the concept of a near-death experience.
I think it turned out pretty good!

Gratitude ≫ Mudclaw x Female! BloodClan! Reader

[image]

Art: ClimbDraws

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Gore
• Character death
• Murder
• Some angst

This is a request for RoseShadeWarriorCat .
Thank you for your support!

****

It was the early hours of the morning, and you were currently trudging after the rest of BloodClan as your belly snarled and groaned.
You were heading towards a place that Bone claimed was chock-full of rabbits and mice, plenty to feed an entire platoon of rogues, as he put it. Despite the painstakingly early hour Scourge had chosen to embark on this new mission, you were thrilled. You hadn't so much as caught a glimpse of food for the past several days, and the thought of a juicy rabbit or even a scrawny mouse made your mouth water.
A shoulder bumped lightly against yours, and you looked up to see Brick walking beside you.

"I can smell the fresh blood from here," He chuckled. "I can't wait to sink my teeth into one of those fat rabbits."

"Me too," You replied, your stomach snarling again. "Do you think those other clans will be there?"
I truth, you couldn't care less who showed up. BloodClan would kick their tails no matter what, so the thought of forest cats interrupting your escapade didn't bother you much.

"Doubt it," Brick replied, giving his matted pelt a shake. "Even if they do show up, we'll rip them to shreds. There's nothing to worry about."
You opened your jaws to reply, but quickly clamped them shut again as Scourge paused and turned to face his warriors.

"Be careful where you hunt," He meowed icily, narrowing his cold blue eyes and surveying each of you. "We don't want any trouble if we can help it, but if it comes to trouble, we will stand our ground. Is that clear?"
The entirety of BloodClan, including yourself, uttered "Yes, Scourge" in unison.
"Good." Scourge meowed coldly before turning and crossing the small stream that separated the abandoned street from the moor.

Brick snorted, casting a glance at you.
"He's in a great mood today."
You chuckled, twitching your whiskers in amusement. Your friend was right— Scourge *was* in a considerably better mood today than usual. Instead of clawing someone's ear for speaking out of turn or punishing someone for looking at him the wrong way, he was actually addressing his clan.

"Let's go," You meowed, nudging Brick with your shoulder. "Those rabbits won't catch themselves."
You leaped lightly across the babbling stream, landing effortlessly on the other side. Your clanmates found their way onto the moor one by one, and slowly, everyone began to spread out. You were halfway to a thicket of gorse bushes when a flicker of movement caught your eye. You tensed, holding as still as you possibly could. Sure enough, a plump brown rabbit hopped out of a burrow, standing on it's hind legs and sniffing the air, blissfully unaware of

your presence.
You smirked, crouching low to the ground.
You're all mine.
Suddenly, there was a flash of brown fur, followed by a sharp squeal as your prey was stolen right in front of you.
Furious, you sprang back to your paws and curled your claws into the ground.
"That was my kill!" You growled. "Can't you see I'm starving to death?"

The cat who had killed the rabbit — a muscular, lean, brown tabby tom — stood up and turned to face you, the prey still gripped in his jaws. His amber eyes were dark, shadowed by something you could only describe as ambition.
"You're on WindClan territory, you foul-smelling rogue," He retorted, letting the rabbit fall to the ground. "You have a lot of nerve questioning me on this moor."

You sneered at him, flattening your ears.
"What are you going to do about it, *wild cat?"*
You retorted, taking a bold step towards him.
"I'll rip out your throat before you even know what hit you!"
It was true; you had ripped out plenty of throats in your short life, mostly belonging to cats that dared to question BloodClan's superiority, and you never regretted it once.
If this sniveling, pathetic excuse for a tom wanted a fight, it was a fight he would get, and it wouldn't end in his favor.

The tabby smirked, his tail-tip curling up.
"Are you sure about that, *rogue?"*
You quirked an eyebrow and opened your jaws to ask what he meant, but right as you were about to come back with a stinging retort, the horse bushes behind the wild cat rustled, and five other cats stepped out.
You surveyed each of them, your hackles rising involuntarily. Each of them were equally as lithe and muscular as the tabby tom who had stolen your rabbit, and at that moment, you were severely outnumbered.
You cast a quick glance behind you, searching for your fellow BloodClan warriors. They were standing several feet behind you,

watching the scene curiously.
The tabby who had interrupted your hunt followed your gaze, then chuckled.
"Those are your clanmates?" He laughed, tossing his head back. "They're hardly bigger than apprentices!"
The five cats behind him started to laugh as well, and you felt the fur on your shoulders begin to rise.

"They're tougher than all of you combined," You retorted, stepping forward and thrusting your muzzle into the sneering tom's face. "They'd have all your throats torn out in an instant!"

The mud-colored tom stopped laughing, glowering down at you. "Prove it, then," He growled, smirking once again. "Show me how big and tough you are, flea-pelt."
You sprang forward, slamming into him and sending him sprawling backwards. All at once, the previously silent moor erupted into a frenzy of screeching and ripping flesh.
Part of you wished you hadn't started the fight, but at the same time, you knew this was the only way to prove BloodClan's strength.
I just wish I had the energy to care.
The mud-colored tabby lunged toward you, his claws outstretched. You ducked underneath him, raking your claws down his soft underbelly. He let out a screech of pain, landing abruptly and stumbling several feet before collapsing onto the ground.
You glared at him challengingly, silently willing him to get back up and fight you some more, but to your surprise — and disappointment — he only looked away, inhaling sharply through gritted teeth. All around you, the screeches and snarls were dying down, replaced by labored breaths and pained wheezing.
Upon looking around, you realized that the wild cats were retreating rapidly, leaving BloodClan alone once more.
You smirked, turning to face the tabby again, who had finally heaved himself to his paws.
"This isn't over," He growled, lashing his tail. "I'll find you again, rogue. And when I do—"
He unsheathed his claws, revealing their unusually sharp tips— "You better run."
Then, he darted past you and disappeared into the gorse thicket

behind you.
You watched him leave, satisfaction burning in your chest. Once again, BloodClan was victorious.

"Continue hunting," Scourge growled, his icy voice rising above the murmurs of your clanmates. "BloodClan will eat well tonight."
Everyone began to separate once again, and you were quick to forget about any concerns you may have previously had. You couldn't worry about anything when you knew that for once in days, you wouldn't be falling asleep hungry.
Stupid mud-colored cat, You thought with an amused twitch of your whiskers.
What made you think you even stood a chance?

✧ THE NEXT NIGHT ✧

It had been a long day. Scourge had given you the task of returning to the clans' territories. He told you in that unsettling icy voice that he wanted to find out if the wild warriors had upped their defenses since BloodClan took a piece of their territory. You wanted ask him why he couldn't do it himself, but you weren't ready to die quite yet. The territories had been quiet, at least, and you had found yourself enjoying the change of scenery. It was nice to not smell rotting garbage for once.
You sighed, coming to a stop at the crest of a hill that looked over the rest of the moor, tilting your head back to look at the night sky. The stars glittered peacefully millions of miles away, blinking in and out of view like a disappearing soul. It filled you with a strange sense of desire, and you found yourself tearing up. Maybe you wanted to get away from BloodClan, after all. Maybe even after all these years, something inside of you was still missing.
I better get back. Scourge will have my head if I don't report to him by sunrise.
You rose to your paws, giving the wild moor one last longing look.

I'll be back one day, You vowed silently.
I promise.
Out of nowhere, a twig snapped behind you.
You whirled around, your mouth hanging open.
"Wha—"
Strong paws slammed into your shoulders, sending you sprawling across the heather.
You flipped yourself onto your belly and sprang back to your paws. You rounded on your attacker with a snarl, only to gasp. It was the same mud-colored tabby from the original skirmish, and he had murder in his eyes.

He smirked, a devious cackle escaping his mouth.
"Back for more, rogue? In case you didn't know, this moor still belongs to WindClan."
You hesitated to respond, hastily scanning the darkness around you. There was no way this clan cat had shown up to start a fight without backup. For all he knew, BloodClan warriors were hiding in the shadows, as well.
You turned your gaze back to him and realized that he was subtly looking around, as well.
He's distracted!
You took your opportunity and moved forward like a striking snake, swiping at his limbs and knocking his paws out from under him. He fell onto his side with a growl, throwing one of his hind paws into the air. Before you could jump out of the way, it connected with your jaw and caused you to reel back with a snarl of pain. While you were busy clutching your wounded jaw, the WindClan tom leaped onto your back and sank his teeth into your neck.

"Rats and garbage!" You cursed as a hot pain exploded in your spine. Mustering all of your remaining strength, you flipped yourself forward, doing an uncoordinated somersault and landing flat on your back. Or rather, the WindClan tom's back.
He let go of your scruff to let out a scream of pain, allowing you to roll off to the side and tumble several feet away into a small crevice underneath a flat rock.
You let your eyes flicker closed, heaving in breaths of cool, wild air. You were too exhausted to even move, and every inch of your body felt like it had been set ablaze.

This is it, You thought painfully as the realization of your current situation crept it's way into your sleep-deprived mind.
I'm going to get whacked by a wild cat.
The sound of pawsteps echoed across the desolate moor, slowly approaching you.
You squeezed your eyes shut tight and waited for the killing blow, but it never came. Instead, there was the sound of raspy, strained breathing, like a cat who had run across the city without stopping.
You slowly opened your eyes, weakly heaving yourself back to your paws. The wild tom was standing several feet away from you, his head lowered beneath his broad shoulders as he struggled to breathe in any air he could.
You cocked an eyebrow, confused. You had a good reason to tire so easily— You hadn't eaten in days. This tom, however, didn't look too bad off.
You smirked, sneering at your attacker in a taunting way.
"Pathetic," You growled. "You barely even fought with me, and you look like a twoleg tied you to the back of a car and dragged you through a pile of garbage. Why so weak?"

The mud-colored tom glared at you, lashing his tail defensively.
"You try scaling this entire moor by yourself searching for rancid piles of crowfood like you," He retorted, a wheeze escaping him. "You'd be exhausted, too."
You were now more confused than ever.
Didn't this tom have other cats to patrol with? What happened to the WindClan warriors who had fought alongside him?

"Why are you alone?" You asked cautiously, not letting your guard down.
"I assumed you forest-dwellers always patrolled in groups of three or more."
He chuckled, and the sound of breath escaping his throat was so dry and weary, you almost felt a stab of pity deep within your chest.

"Normally, I wouldn't be alone out here," He replied, finally allowing his stance to relax.
"but my good-for-nothing flea-pelt of a leader insists that we don't fight you rogues because ThunderClan's leader says we shouldn't cause unnecessary bloodshed."

You blinked, allowing your gaze to drift off to the side. None of this was making any sense to you. You grew up being told that forest cats were full of strange and obscure customs, but you had always assumed each clan had it's own separate leader.

"Why should ThunderClan's leader get to decide what your clan does?" You asked, focusing on the WindClan tom again. "That seems a little arrogant."

The tom, who still looked disheveled and exhausted, allowed his haunches to buckle underneath him as he plopped down with a wheezy grunt.
"It is. This entire forest is being run on arrogance and stupidity. My leader insists on letting that ThunderClan mouse-muncher order us around, RiverClan took a bloodthirsty heathen's side, and ShadowClan doesn't even exist anymore. The only thing keeping us from ripping out each other's throats is the fact that there are still cats who remember what it means to be a warrior! And you know what else?" He clenched his jaw, curling his claws into the ground, and for a moment, you were certain you saw tears there.

"What else?" You pressed, now genuinely curious.

He met your gaze again, then heaved himself to his paws with a furious lash of his tail.
"WindClan's deputy is just as rabbit-brained as it's leader, and he will only allow us to fall deeper into ThunderClan's control when he becomes leader. What in StarClan's name are we supposed to do then?"
If *he becomes leader,* You thought, carefully examining the tom standing in front of you.
If this leader of yours is smarter than you're making him sound, buddy, then he'll choose you to carry on his legacy.
You did genuinely believe the able-bodied warrior was perfectly capable of leadership.
He was strong, fast, clever, and overall a very ambitious cat. He would be perfect.

"Scourge—My leader— said that you're a very formidable fighter," You lied, shifting your paws underneath you. "and I have to agree with him. Your strength is impressive."

Your opponent snorted, dismissing your compliment with a lash of his tail.
"I don't need validation from a filthy little she-rat."
You sighed sharply, irritated.
How stubborn can this idiot get?
Deciding to not waste anymore time and get back to BloodClan's alley before Scourge noticed you were gone, you turned away and started to stalk across the moor, but not before turning back to face the WindClan tom one last time.

"I've been meaning to ask you," You began. "What's your name?"

He looked away for a moment, as if seriously debating whether or not he should tell you his name. Then, he looked back towards you, and his amber eyes flashed like the headlights of a car in the moonlight.
"It's Mudclaw."

Mudclaw. What a fitting name.
"Well." You meowed, a small smirk creeping onto your face. "It's nice to meet you, Mudclaw. I hope to see you again soon."
Then, you turned and slipped back into the gorse shrubs, leaving the clan cat behind you.
What a strange tom, You mused as you crossed the deserted street that separated the moor from the city.
I wish I knew more about him.

✧ Two Days Later ✧

The wind howled like a dying dog through the small ravine, creating an eerie echo chamber all around you. It was the dead of night, and you were patrolling the deeper part of WindClan's moor with several of your clanmates in an attempt to find more prey.
Two whole days had passed since your encounter with Mudclaw, and you hadn't seen him stalking the edge of the moor since.

You figured he must've been in hiding with the rest of his clanmates, probably waiting for the right time to plan a siege against BloodClan.

"They wouldn't dare," Scourge had meowed icily when you initially told him about your encounter with Mudclaw on the moor. "Their resources are running low, and BloodClan has claimed over half their turf already."

Fat chance, You thought as you carefully stepped over a rocky dip in the ground and followed Brick out into the open.

Something tells me Mudclaw isn't one to quit.

"Stay vigilant," Brick muttered to you as you created the hill beside him. "I have a feeling WindClan has been through here recently."

You took a deep breath, wrinkling your nose at the familiar yet strange scent of wild cats.

Brick was right— A WindClan patrol had almost certainly passed through mere minutes ago.

Scourge emerged from the front of the group, scanning each of you with his cold blue eyes.

"Take as much prey as you can," He meowed, his eerie voice echoing across the desolate moor. "I suspect WindClan will be lurking somewhere nearby. We must be quick."

Your leader turned to make his way towards the stream, but just as he took the first step, a lean, well-muscled tabby tom stepped in front of him, his amber eyes glinting with malice in the dim moonlight.

You stiffened, your eyes widening.

Mudclaw?

Scourge narrowed his eyes and opened his jaws to say something, but before he could, the surrounding gorse thickets trembled and no less than five WindClan warriors emerged from them. BloodClan was outnumbered.

Brick tensed beside you, a low growl rumbling in his throat.

You flattened your ears, surveying the group of wild cats. You didn't recognize three of them, but the black tom standing next to Mudclaw resembled the authority of a cat in charge.

That must be the useless deputy Mudclaw was telling me about, You realized, a spark of adrenaline rushing through your veins.

Jackpot.

"Scourge," The black tom snarled, glaring at your leader. "This is WindClan's territory!"
Your fellow BloodClan warriors began to shift around you, their spines arching and their tails lashing as they prepared to jump to their leader's defense. You unsheathed your claws, glaring at the deputy.
You worthless coward.

Scourge met his gaze evenly, but you could feel the rage rippling from his body.
"This moor rightfully belongs to BloodClan," He growled lowly, locking eyes with the WindClan deputy.
"If I recall correctly, *we* won the first battle."

The black tom narrowed his eyes, his muscular shoulders rippling.
"Your words mean nothing to me, *rogue."*
Then, the entire moor erupted into a cesspool of chaos as the WindClan warriors launched themselves at your clanmates.
Hardly having time to process what was happening, you leaped off to the side as another she-cat sprang towards you, stumbling as your paw caught on the edge of a rock.
Where's that deputy?
You were in a daze. Everything seemed painfully slow as you swung your head in every direction, desperately searching the bloody carnage for a sleek black pelt.
You spotted it suddenly, locked in fierce combat with another black pelt.
Your heart skipped a beat as you saw them both tumble into the ravine, all the while screeching a ripping each other's fur out.
You looked around you, fear clenching your heart as you realized your clanmates were all too busy battling their opponents to notice Scourge was being torn apart by a much bigger tom.
Suddenly, a splitting yowl pierced the air, and you felt nauseous as you recognized the scream as your leader's.

"SCOURGE, NO!" You roared, thrusting yourself forward using your hind paws and slamming into the WindClan deputy's spine.
The wild tom let out a yowl of pain and fury, dropping Scourge.
Your leader was quick to scramble back to his paws, but you were

too focused on your opponent to pay him any attention.
The WindClan deputy twisted himself violently in an attempt to throw you off his back, but you held on by sinking your teeth deep into the scruff of his neck.
He screeched as his blood began spurting out around your jaws, collapsing heavily to the ground. You bit down as hard as you could, wincing slightly as a sickening wet crunch reverberated through the small ravine.
You stood back up, blood dripping from your muzzle. The black tom laid on his belly, completely still say for the dark crimson liquid still spreading around him.

"Let's go," Scourge snapped, his usual icy voice replaced by a commanding growl.
"BloodClan cannot afford loss."
You thought you saw a satisfied glint in his blue eyes, but he was already scrambling out of the ravine before you could get a good luck.
"BloodClan, retreat!"
You leaped up beside him as he yowled out the command, and all at once, your clanmates abandoned their fights and raced for the hill.
You charged after them, barely dodging a WindClan she-cat who raced towards the ravine with a horrified cry as she saw her deputy's corpse.
You paused at the top of the hill, casting one last glance behind you.
The WindClan warriors were gathered around their deputy, heads bowed in mourning. Mudclaw was among them, staring at you with a shocked expression.
Despite the grave loss, he didn't seem angry, but you couldn't tell for sure. His eyes were nearly unreadable.
Giving your pelt one last shake, you turned and pelted after your clanmates into the darkness.
Your work was done.

✧ SEVERAL HOURS LATER ✧

You returned to the moor just as the moon was beginning to sink below the horizon and the sun was taking it's place, leaping onto the same boulder you sat on three nights ago.
The battle with WindClan had taken most of your energy, leaving you with a slight limp and sore paws. Still, you wanted to see the stars again before they disappeared, and you secretly hoped to see a certain cat.
You were watching as the last star disappeared when the sound of paws on heather reached your ears.
Smirking, you turned towards the gorse thicket just in time to see Mudclaw emerge from the shrubs.
He chuckled awkwardly when he saw you, leaping onto the rock and sitting down.
"I thought I might find you here." He meowed, following your gaze to the indigo sky.

You cast a wry glance at him, your tail-tip curling up in amusement. "WindClan's newest deputy, I presume. To what do I owe the honor?"

He chuckled.
"I guess I owe it all to you."
You both continued to watch the sun rise for a moment, nothing but the crisp morning air and a peaceful silence between you. Then, Mudclaw rose back to his paws and leaped off the rock, but not before turning to face you one last time.
"I just realized I don't know your name. Who are you?"

You blinked, meeting his gaze with a smile.
"(Y/N)."

Mudclaw nodded, a half-smile creeping onto his face.
"Nice to meet you, (Y/N)."
He turned to leave, but just before he slipped back into the gorse bushes, he turned around, and with all the gratitude you could imagine a cat could possibly have, he whispered,
"Thank you."

Then, he disappeared into the shrubs, leaving you alone once more.

You watched as his brown tabby fur vanished, smiling. For the first time in years, you felt something other than a bleak coldness within you. "No," You murmured. "Thank you, Mudclaw."

FIN

I actually cannot believe this is finally done

I put all of my effort into this one-shot, hence why it took so long.
I hope you enjoyed it!

Through It All ≫ Honeyfern x Queen! Reader (PLATONIC/ PREQUEL)

[image]

Art: AngelDalet

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• A little bit of angst
• A tiny bit of gore

This is a request for Pinestripe37.
Thank you so much for your patience and support!

A/N This is a prequel to my one-shot where Honeyfern comforts (Y/N) after she loses her kits. It definitely has a happier vibe!

****

You watched your kits play from the shade of the nursery, a calm happiness bubbling in your chest. Peachkit and Cherrykit were only five moons old, yet they were playing and jumping around like apprentices already.
You laughed as Peachkit grasped Cherrykit's tail in her tiny jaws,

pulling her sister to the ground and pinning her by her shoulders.
"Peachkit, play nice!" You called in a warning voice, fixing her with a serious stare.
"You know Cherrykit is sensitive."

The bigger of the two kits let go of her sister's tail, allowing her to scramble back to her paws with an annoyed *hmph*.
"Sorry, mama." She shuffled her tiny paws and avoided your gaze sheepishly.

You smiled warmly, sitting up and wrapping your tail around your paws.
"Nevermind, Peachkit. Carry on."
As if she had never been scolded in the first place, Peachkit sprang back to her paws with an excited squeal and chased after Cherrykit as she leaped into the air in an attempt to catch a bright orange butterfly.
As you continued to watch your daughters play together, a sudden pang of sadness pierced your heart like dull claws.
It would only be one more moon until Peachkit and Cherrykit became apprentices, and they would sleep in their own nests and catch their own prey. They would no longer sleep curled up next to your belly, and they would never wake you when they had a nightmare ever again.
You were so caught up in your haze of nostalgia and worry that you didn't even notice as your best friend padded up to you and sat down until she gently brushed your tail-tip with hers.

"They grow up so fast," She murmured, her sky-blue eyes shining with wonder as she watched Peachkit and Cherrykit tumble around each other in the clearing.
"I can't believe they were born five whole moons ago."

"Yeah," You breathed, your mind already going back to a place that no longer existed.
"Neither can I."
Your mind began to wander, and before you knew it, you were lost in a smog of memories and places that felt so close, yet so far.
You remembered Peachkit's first breath as she wailed the moment

she came out of you, and in the same moment, you remembered the near-painful relief at the realization that your firstborn daughter had made it into the world safely.
Then you remembered Cherrykit, how she had taken nearly another hour to be born, and how Leafpool had expressed her concern over your youngest's wellbeing. However, after a brief time when Leafpool massaged your belly and several raspberry leaves were consumed, your second daughter was born.
Before you even had a chance to see your kits, they were hastily given to Daisy when you couldn't stop bleeding.
You remembered silently praying to StarClan, begging them to let you live so your kits could have their mother. Your prayers were answered, and several hours later, you met Peachkit and Cherrykit for the first time.
Honeyfern had been beside you when you first woke after the birth, her kind sky-blue eyes watery and clouded with emotion.
She had gasped when she noticed your eyes were open, and began rambling about how worried she was and how you had two beautiful kits, and how lucky she was to be your best friend.
Honeyfern was there when your kits left the nursery for the first time, and she had watched them with as much joy in her eyes as you.
She treated them as if they were her own, and you couldn't be more grateful.

"Mama!" Cherrykit's whine pulled you from your mind, and you looked over to where your kits were playing, blinking tears from your eyes.
Peachkit had snagged a clump of moss from her sister and was very clearly making sure Cherrykit couldn't get it.
You sighed, rising to your paws to go take care of the situation, but Honeyfern rested her tail on your shoulder.

"I'll handle it." She meowed kindly, flashing you a warm smile.
Then, she padded over to where your kits were playing, gently ushering a whining Cherrykit towards her with her tail and murmuring several words into her small ear.
You watched in awe as the sensitive, easily-upset kit got a big, bright smile on her face and leaped to her paws, embracing your best friend by rubbing her cheek against her foreleg.

Cherrykit is never that happy, You mused.
Honeyfern must have an even softer touch than I thought.
A moment later, the pale brown she-cat tugged Peachkit towards her playfully, ruffling the fur on the top of her head. Peachkit squealed in delight, squirming out of Honeyfern's grasp and pouncing on her belly. Honeyfern let out an overly-exaggerated cry of fake pain, rolling onto her back and sticking her tongue out.
Both of your kits began to squeal hysterically, and leaped onto your friend, yowling something about a ShadowClan warrior and defending ThunderClan's territory.
You smiled, tears brimming in the corners of your eyes.
How did I get so lucky?
Both kits grew bored of the game a moment later, scrambling off of Honeyfern and continuing chasing each other around the clearing. Honeyfern returned to your side a moment later, settling down beside you with a content sigh.

"Thank you," You meowed, gently twining your tail with hers. "I knew I could count on you."
Honeyfern just smiled, scooting a little closer to you and resting her chin on top of your head.
You sighed and allowed your head to lower, resting your chin on your paws.
Peachkit and Cherrykit were still dashing back and forth, chasing every bug they saw and pretending to be ShadowClan warriors and foxes and badgers.

"Hey, (Y/N)?" Honeyfern meowed suddenly, breaking the silence.

You turned to look at her, raising your head.
"Yes?"

"You know I'll always be here for you, right?"

Although you found the question to be quite obvious, you could tell by the look on your best friend's face that she genuinely wanted to make sure, so you just smiled and meowed,
"Of course I do, mouse-brain. Do you know that I'll always be here for *you?"*

Honeyfern grinned, touching her nose to your cheek.

"Of course I do, mouse-brain."
You turned back to watch your kits playing once again, a newfound sense of comfort resting gently on your shoulders.
Life was hard sometimes, but that was okay with you. You had two beautiful kits, and the best friend anyone could ask for, and you knew she would be by your side through it all.

****

Thank you for requesting, Pinestripe!
I always enjoy writing your requests, and I hope you enjoyed this one :D

By the way, guys, I need to tell you that the rules page in this book is very important. It's literally the first chapter of this book, and it needs to be read very carefully before you submit a request!
Don't worry, if you got your request you haven't done anything wrong. Some people just don't seem to understand that those rules are in place for a good reason.
Thanks, everyone!

Thank You ♡

[image]

I was getting requests finished the other day, but then I noticed something that made me stop dead in my tracks:

Does this amateur book seriously have 10k views!?!?

Guys, I cannot express how grateful I am for all your love and support. This is a huge milestone for me, (and I mean HUGE) and I'm so, so grateful for each and every one of you!

I love you guys so much ♡

Romance At It's Finest ≫ Jayfeather x Stick

[image]

Art: Nifty-Senpai

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• None
This one-shot is cheesy xD

This is a request for *BubbleBonniesWorld* .
I hope you find this read to be enjoyable!

A/N: This is a spoof chapter. It is not meant to be taken seriously.
Obviously, Jayfeather x Stick is not canon, and I do not view it as such. This was simply a fun request that was given to me by a reader.

****

Jayfeather awoke from his deep slumber, blinking as the soft smells of the morning touched his nose. He shifted in his nest, feeling his mate brush against his flank.
"Good morning, darling," He murmured, turning towards her with a warm smile.
"How did you sleep?"
His mate — a decent-sized chunk of wood covered in strange engravings — didn't respond, of course, but Jayfeather still smiled

and rubbed his muzzle against it.
"I slept well, too. Thank you for asking, my love."
He bent his head and began gently rasping his tongue down the stick's length, purring all the while. How a cat could get so lucky was beyond him.
Moss began shifting somewhere beside him as his denmates began to wake up, so he quickly tucked his beautiful lover underneath the edge of his nest and laid with his front paws crossed as if nothing had happened.

"Good morning, Jayfeather."
It was Briarlight, her voice still thick with sleep.
Jayfeather simply grunted, silently praying that his nose wasn't red. If any of his clanmates found out about his little secret, he would surely be punished for breaking the code.
Medicine cats weren't allowed to have mates, after all.
"Leafpool woke up early to collect some more catmint," The paralyzed she-cat continued as Jayfeather finished grooming himself.
"She told me to tell you to reorganize the herb store."

Jayfeather sighed internally.
"Will do."
He could already tell this was going to be a painfully long day. One heartbeat without his gorgeous stick felt like moons.

Several Hours Later

Jayfeather dropped the last clump of marigold in it's appropriate pile, heaving an exhausted sigh. As he had predicted when he first woke up, the day had dragged on forever.
At least it's finally over, He thought.
Now I can get some much needed rest.
He was about to curl up in his nest and fall asleep, but just as he did, a sharp pain flared up in his shoulder.

He let out a grunt of surprise, jolting slightly and sitting bolt-upright. He began feeling the moss with his paws, wincing as his pad brushed against a smooth surface lined with ridges.

"Look, I'm really sorry, alright?"

The piece of wood didn't respond, just stared at him angrily. He couldn't see her, but he could feel the rage rippling off of her in waves.

He sighed again, gently pulling her towards him with and paw and resting his chin on her.

"I promise we'll go stargazing tomorrow, darling. I had a long day."

He fell silent and patiently waited for her response, and when she gave it, he smiled and finally allowed his eyes to close.

"Thank you. I knew you'd understand."

He couldn't care less if anyone found out— he was happier than he'd ever been.

Leafpool's POV

Leafpool gently pushed her way through the lichen that covered the entrance to the medicine den, a tired sigh escaping her.

As she took another step and her paws touched soft moss, her eyes fell upon a rather peculiar sight.

Her son was sprawled out on his belly with a stick wrapped up in his forelegs, his jaws hanging open and drool trickling down his chin as he snored lightly.

What the...?

She pondered the thought of waking him and questioning his strange choice of bedding for just a moment, but when she saw how comfortable he was, she simply shook her head and turned away with a small smile.

That's my Jayfeather.

****

This was fun xD

Thanks again for requesting, BubbleBonniesWorld! Your support is appreciated.

A Light In the Dark ≫ Snowtuft x Dead! Female! Reader

[image]

Art: Natale77

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Gore
• Mentioned murder
• Angst
• Panic attack

This is a request for IkedaTheFurry.
Enjoy! :D

****

You slowly opened your eyes, slightly surprised that there was no burning from a source of light. In fact, more darkness greeted you.
I must still be asleep.
You allowed your eyes to fall closed again, silently willing yourself back into slumber.
After several moments of this, however, it became clear to you that you were indeed wide awake. You opened your eyes again, and then it became clear that you weren't in ShadowClan anymore.
As the feeling returned to your limbs and your eyes adjusted to the darkness, you realized you were standing in a desolate clearing surrounded by colorless dead trees and orange fungi that glowed

eerily in the dark black shadows.
You tilted your muzzle towards the sky in hopes that the moon would help you find your way back home, but instead of relief, a sickening dread filled your chest and caused your stomach to curl around itself.
The sky was an endless black void, vacant of the moon or a single star.
You took a timid step back, only for your hind paw to slip on the slimy ground and cause you to hit the ground with a wet splat.
"For StarClan's sake!" You spat, struggling to heave yourself back to your paws.
A sharp, fiery hot pain suddenly erupted inside your throat, causing you to double over and began coughing violently.
Thick, dark crimson blood began seeping from your jaws, splattering the dark grass with puddles that seemed to evaporate like mist.
You spat out one last mouthful of your insides, then slowly sat up and touched a paw to your neck. You winced as your pad brushed against exposed bone, and suddenly, everything came flooding back into your mind like a rushing river.
You had chosen to join Darktail when he took over ShadowClan and demoted Rowanstar.
Not by choice, of course, but because the rogue had promised you your freedom if you did exactly what he told you. You agreed in hopes of eventually being able to flee the forest and start a new life elsewhere, but your agreement came at a grave cost — You would have to kill every cat Darktail wanted dead, innocent or not.
You spent the next several moons perfecting your battle skills and staining your claws with the blood of every cat, young and old, who was foolish enough to question Darktail and his Kin. Some of your own clanmates fell victim to your cowardice, and it never failed to sicken you. You had began to think you would never see the end to your torment, but when Darktail overheard you warning Violetpaw about his plan to kill her, he wasted no time getting rid of you in the same way you had gotten rid of so many others. You supposed it was karma.
Realization dawned on you as the flashback ended, and you gritted your teeth as tears began streaming down your bloodstained face.
A real warrior would've died first. I deserve to be here.
Deserving as you might've been, it didn't change the fact that you

were alone in The Dark Forest. Alone, cold, hungry, and scared.
This is what you get, (Y/N). This is what you get for being a coward.
You began to cry harder, doubling over and allowing violent sobs to shake your entire body.
"I'm sorry," You choked out in a whisper, looking up at the starless sky. "I was so scared..."

You were so wrapped up in your misery that you didn't even notice the white pelt manifest from the misty shadows and slowly approach you from behind.
"Um... Hey." The stranger meowed uncertainly, staying at a safe distance behind you.
You gasped, leaping to your paws and whirling around, facing the strange voice with your hackles raised and chest heaving as you continued crying.
The strange tom's blue eyes widened slightly, and he took a small step back.
"Easy," He meowed lowly, as if trying not to intimidate you further. "I'm not going to hurt you."

For some reason, you found it hard to believe that any cat living in this rank, dead forest would want to do anything but hurt you.
"Why should I believe you?" You spat, your strained voice echoing eerily through the skeletal trees.

The white tom sighed, allowing his eyes to flicker closed for a brief moment as he collected himself.
"You're just going to have to trust me, alright? What's your name?"

You were slightly taken aback, but responded anyway.
"I-I-I'm (Y/N)." You tried to make your voice sound as steady as you possibly could, but it still came out in a strained shudder.

The white tom nodded, taking a small step towards you.
"Nice to meet you, (Y/N). I'm Snowtuft, and you're going to be just fine. I know you feel like you're all alone right now, but you're not. I'm right here with you, okay? You're not alone."
Strangely enough, his words were comforting, and you found yourself slowly beginning to settle down.
You closed your eyes, taking a deep breath, doing your best to ignore to overbearing stench of rot and mold.

"That's good," Snowtuft meowed, and you could tell by the volume of his voice that he was much closer now.
"Keep it up, (Y/N)."

You sucked in several more ragged breaths of stale air until you could feel your paws again.
"I'm sorry," You breathed once your panic attack fully subsided. "I just never thought I would end up here. Not in my worst nightmares."

One side of Snowtuft's mouth curled up into a slight smirk, and an amused huff escaped him.
"Welcome to my life. At least you knew StarClan wasn't the only place cats can go when they die before you woke up here."
You chuckled, causing some blood to seep from your neck. He was right, in a way — Waking up in The Dark Forest with no idea of what it could possibly be had to have been so much worse.

"I'm scared," You confessed, a slight tremor finding it's way back into your voice.
"I don't know what to do, Snowtuft. I don't know how to survive here."

The white tom looked away, and for a moment, you could've sworn you saw regret shadowing his eyes.
"If I'm being honest," He began, shuffling his paws slightly. "I really don't, either. I guess we'll just have to figure it out, huh?"
You blinked. *We'll?*
Is he implying that he wants to stay with me?
You were about to ask him, but the look on his face told you everything. This tom was lonesome, and there was no way you were about to wander off into the rotting, groaning forest alone.
Why not? I've got nothing left to lose.

"Yeah," You replied, swallowing thickly.
"I guess we will."
A smile stretched across Snowtuft's muzzle, and he jerked his head in the direction of a tumble of large rocks that lead up to a gaping maw of black, and what you assumed to be the entrance to the true Dark Forest.

"I have a feeling we'll get along just fine, (Y/N). It'll be nice to have some company down here."
He began stalking towards the rock pile, his translucent form flickering in and out of view between the skeletal shrubs.
You followed him, not wanting to be left behind.
Maybe this won't be so bad.

****

I like the way this one turned out, honestly.
Snowtuft deserves waaayy more attention

Thanks again for requesting, IkedaTheFurry! It was a pleasure

Aftershock ≫ Scourge x Exiled! Female! Reader

[image]

Art: Ricepurrsa

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Briefly mentioned murder
• Some angst

This was requested by Dewspirit.
I hope you like it!

****

You weren't sure where you belonged anymore, but you knew for a fact the forest wasn't an option. You had been a ThunderClan warrior living peacefully under Firestar's leadership, but when you killed a trespassing ShadowClan cat, all of that vanished.
When Firestar found out about your little confrontation, he exiled you with a firm warning to never return. You had heeded his warning, of course, and now you were wandering down a thunderpath surrounded by horrifyingly tall twoleg nests on all sides.
You had been walking all night, forcing your eyes to stay open until you were out of this unnerving place. It didn't seem to be ending, though; still all you could see in the dim light of early dawn were the same bleak twoleg dens and thunderpaths you had been seeing

since you left the forest.

Your stomach growled, clenching up painfully and reminding you of the mouse you had eaten mere hours ago. You desperately wanted something to eat, but you knew finding prey here was a slim possibility.

Upon further inspection, the area you were currently in had no promise of fresh prey. The hard ground was wet and slimy beneath your paws, the air reeked of crowfood and StarClan-knows what else, and there wasn't even a single rat in sight. You sighed, turning back to the thunderpath to begin your journey again.

Starvation will kill me out here before anything else does.

Suddenly, a new scent drifted across the stench of rot, one that made your mouth water.

It smelled vaguely similar to a wild bird, but warmer and accompanied by several other scents you were unfamiliar with. You began following the tantalizing smell towards a pile of shiny black clumps next to a silver thing made of mesh, nearly in tears over the thought of finally eating. You carefully sliced open one of the black things with a claw, sticking your muzzle into the hole and sinking your teeth into soft, warm flesh. With a grunt, you hauled the fresh carcass of some sort of bird out, not hesitating a single second before violently digging into it.

You were too busy savoring every mouthful of the strange meat to notice the shadow looming over you until it was too late. Sharp teeth suddenly snagged your scruff, ripping you away from your meal and tossing you harshly onto the cold ground. Your nose collided roughly with the ground, causing a sharp pain to shoot into the front of your skull.

You sprang to your paws with a snarl, whirling around with your hackles raised to face your assailant, and when your eyes landed on him for the first time, you couldn't stifle a fearful squeak.

He was a small black tom, and despite his size, his appearance was far from inviting.

His eyes were a cold ice-blue, shadowed with a strange darkness. His claws appeared to be tipped with what looked like the teeth of another animal, and a tattered red collar hung around his neck, the same jagged, yellow teeth jutting from it's fabric.

Suddenly no longer hungry, you swallowed hard and began backing away.

"I-I'm so sorry," You apologized, chuckling nervously. "I've been lost

all night, a-and I was really hungry... I-I didn't mean to take y-your food. I promise I-I didn't know it was yours... Um..."
The fact that you were frightened of this tom felt strange to you. Back in ThunderClan, you had shown no fear of any cat, big or small, in battle. You were known all throughout the forest as one of the most fearless warriors to ever live, yet here you were, standing in a dingy, wet twolegplace, cowering before a tom barely larger than an apprentice.

"What are you doing on BloodClan territory?"
His voice was ice-cold, just like his eyes. It had an eerie softness to it, almost like a cat with a throat sickness, but less scratchy.
You flinched slightly, your jaw working as you tried to find the right words to say.
BloodClan? What in StarClan's name is he talking about?
For as long as you had been alive, you had never once heard of a clan in the twolegplace. It was a strange thing to discover.

"Once again, I-I didn't know this was your territory," You replied, swallowing thickly.
"I just left the forest. I-I got exiled from my clan, and I haven't stopped walking since. I w-was so hungry. I'm so sorry. Please don't hurt me..."
In any normal situation, you would've silently cursed yourself for sounding so pathetic, but you were too exhausted to worry about that.

The black tom — who's name you still weren't sure of — blinked, and for a moment, his icy demeanor melted as a strange expression shadowed his face. You began to wonder what he was thinking, but he spoke again before you could ask.
"I see. That's quite an... *Unfortunate* situation. What is your name, forest cat?"

"(Y/N)," You replied, slowly standing back up.
"It's an honor to meet you, uh..."

"You may call me Scourge." He meowed coldly, his iciness returning.
"Your old clan may not want you anymore, but I think you could be a very valuable asset in BloodClan, (Y/N). If you will have me, I'd

like to offer you a place to sleep, food to eat, and the protection of a group only for the exchange of your undying loyalty. Do you accept?"

As frightened as you were of Scourge, you couldn't deny the fact that you had little to no knowledge of the twoleg place or anything within it. For all you knew, you could die the second you walked away from the black tom without the safety of a group. Food was another concern; you had gotten lucky with the bird carcass today, but without the help of other cats to scavenge with, when was going to be the next time you ate? Where would you sleep when it got cold?

All those factors crowded together in your mind, filling your chest with a hollow dread. You were suddenly aware of every noise within a mile of you.

"Okay," You meowed, straightening up and taking a deep breath. "I accept your offer, Scourge. I am forever loyal to BloodClan."

A strange, unnerving smile stretched across Scourge's muzzle, and he turned away with a flick of his tail-tip.

"Very good, (Y/N). Welcome to BloodClan. Welcome home." He began stalking down the narrow thunderpath towards a dark cave-like space between two tall twoleg dens, pausing to see if you were following him.

Pushing your doubts aside, you picked up your pace to a light trot and began trailing after your new leader and into the unknown, silently praying that you had made the right choice.

****

I'm so sorry this took so long to post. Work has been pretty stressful this week xD I hope it was worth the wait!

Lackluster ≫ Tigerclaw x Female! Reader

[image]

Art: bluemacaw11

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Heavy angst
• Implied smut (Not graphic)
• Implied abuse
• Tigerclaw being a huge red flag 🚩

This is a request for *LillRatBish* .
Thank you for requesting :D

****

The evening was gradually shifting into night, cloaking the forest in a swath of deep blues and purples. It seemed like just yesterday you were a timid, scared kittypet standing beside your brother as Bluestar announced your arrival to ThunderClan, and now you were walking beside him, your head raised confidently and a plump, juicy rabbit gripped in your jaws that you had caught all by yourself. It made your heart swell with pride, and for the first time in your life, you realized just how happy you were in ThunderClan.
You squeezed through the camp entrance beside your brother, giving him a friendly nudge with your shoulder as you approached the freshkill pile.
"You did great today, (Y/N)," He meowed once he had set the vole he caught down.

"The way you tricked that rabbit was really impressive. I wish I was as skilled and smart as you."

You felt your ears heat up with embarrassment at your brother's praise, and you met his gaze for a brief moment before shyly glancing away.
"Thanks, Fireheart. I learned from the best. You taught me everything I know about hunting back when we were apprentices."
It was true— Fireheart had always been the cat you looked up to the most, ever since you were kits. He made your whole life worth living, even when it was hard.

Your brother smiled down at you gently, his green eyes glowing proudly in the little sunlight that remained in the sky above.
"I had a lot of fun with you today, (Y/N)," He meowed. "Thanks for going hunting with me."
He swiveled his head back towards the entrance to camp, his gaze resting on a familiar pale ginger she-cat.
He smiled sheepishly, giving her a slight nod before turning back to you and briefly touching his nose to your forehead.
"Have a good night, okay? I'll see you tomorrow."

You purred, rubbing your cheek against his.
"Goodnight, Fireheart. I love you."

Fireheart smiled. "Love you too, (N/N)."
Then, he turned around a trotted back across the clearing, pausing next to his love interest and affectionately rubbing his muzzle against hers. You watched them with a smile on your face as they twined their tails together and slipped through the barrier, then disappeared into the approaching night.

Once you were certain they were long gone, you turned towards a thick clump of ferns next to the warriors' den.
"He's gone. You can come out."
The lush green fronds trembled, and a muscular, dark brown tabby tom stepped out of them, giving his pelt a rough shake and fixing you with an annoyed glare.

"Must you insist on making me hide in some bush every time your brother comes around?" He growled, lashing his tail.

You sighed. Of course he was angry— He always was.

"You know how Fireheart feels about you, Tigerclaw," You meowed, keeping your voice as low as you could manage so none of your lingering clanmates overheard you.
"If he finds out we're seeing each other, he'll rip your fur off and line his nest with it."

Tigerclaw's amber eyes flashed with a sudden glint of ambition, and you rolled your eyes, as you knew where this was going.
"I'd like to see that mange-ridden kittypet try," He snarled, extending his unusually long claws.
"If he ever tries to fight me, I'll pin him by his tail and rip off his—"

"That's *enough,* for StarClan's sake!" You hissed in a low voice, not wanting anyone to know what was being talked about.
"Fireheart has done *nothing* to hurt you, Tigerclaw. Why on earth are you acting this way towards him?"

"He's a kittypet," Tigerclaw growled, flattening his shredded ears and turning to glare at the camp entrance where your brother had disappeared moments ago.
"I don't trust his kind."
A stab of pain pierced your heart. Those few words were basically a characteristic of the cold ThunderClan deputy at this point, but even though he had spoken them to you more times than you could count, it never failed to fill your chest with a deep, residing ache. Yet somehow, for some reason, you still loved him.

"We're not kittypets anymore," You meowed, struggling to keep the tears from escaping your eyes.
"We joined ThunderClan because we wanted a new life, Tigerclaw. We wanted to be warriors. Our loyalty only lies within these borders now, nowhere else."

Tigerclaw snorted, whipping around with a lash of his tail.
"Forget it. Are we going to snakerocks, or what?"
You stared at him, completely stunned. You had made plans to visit snakerocks with him the previous night for a "patrol", but you couldn't believe he still expected that of you after the conversation you just had.

Despite your uncertainty, the slightly malicious look on his broad face that said, *I'll tell everyone what we do if you don't go along with this* filled you with a certain sickening dread, and you knew you didn't have much of a choice. Plus, he was doing this because he loved you.
Yeah, You reassured yourself, perking up slightly. *That's it. He loves me so much.*

"Alright, you cheeky fox," You purred, falling into step beside him as you both headed out of camp and into the dimly-lit forest. "Let's go check the ShadowClan border."

He smirked, bending down and giving your left ear a quick lick. "Glad you finally came around, gorgeous. You mean everything to me."
His voice was dark and sultry, and it sent a shiver of anticipation up your spine.
It's going to be a long night.

Later That Night

You quickly lost count of how long you had been at snakerocks. The only thing you could remember clearly was the feeling of the cool grass on your back, and Tigerclaw's weight on top of you. The memory of the way he felt eased an ache deep inside of you, but left you with a strange emptiness, almost like doubt. You weren't exactly sure where that feeling came from, but it didn't matter anymore. Tigerclaw was yours, and you were his. It was a hauntingly beautiful thing.
"Tigerclaw?" You murmured, glancing over at the handsome tabby laying several fox-lengths away from you.

Tigerclaw glanced over at you, his amber eyes flashing in the dark. "What?" His voice held and edge of coldness to it, and you flinched.

You forced a weak smile, scooting a little closer to him. "You do love me, right?"
A long, tense silence followed your question. You could feel the

unease rippling off of his pelt, wrapping around your heart and threatening to make it burst.
Of course he loves me, You told yourself frantically, fighting back the realization that came rushing over you like floodwater.
He has *to! If he didn't, we wouldn't have... We wouldn't have done what we did!*

Finally, the sound of leaves crunching filled your ears as Tigerclaw stood up, and it sounded like thunder inside your skull.
"I don't love anyone, (Y/N)," He meowed coolly, as if it was the simplest thing in the world.
"You were just another she-cat who fell for my words. Goodnight, (Y/N)."
Then, he turned his back to you, and without so much as a glance behind him, he disappeared into the dark forest.
You opened your jaws to call out to him, but all that left your throat was a weak croak, something between a cry and a whispered "wait".
It's pointless, (Y/N). A little voice inside your head whispered. *He's not going to wait. He never loved you.*
You stood still in the darkness, the strange ache in your chest from before returning with a vengeance. You had never felt so used in your entire life.
A gust of wind blew through the trees, shaking the remaining orange and yellow leaves from their branches and chilling you even further.
The shock wore off, and realization hit you like a monster.
I meant nothing to him.
You sat down in the same spot you had given up something to a tom who didn't deserve it, and for the first time since you left your twolegs to join ThunderClan, you began to cry.

Later, Just Before Dawn

You returned to camp with a sick feeling in the pit of your stomach. You hadn't left snakerocks right away, instead opting to sit in the

same spot for hours, sobbing until your eyes were dry and your heart was numb. You always heard cats say that they would rather hurt than feel nothing, and you didn't understand the logic behind that. Who would choose pain over relief?

The first cat you saw when you approached the fern barrier was Fireheart, still guarding the camp from the dangers of night.

He sprang to his paws when he saw you, crossing the strip of grass between you within seconds.

"Where in StarClan's name have you been?" He asked, an edge of grave concern to his voice.

"I was worried sick, (Y/N)!"

You didn't respond. Instead, you reached up with a paw and wiped a tear away from your eye.

Your brother's gaze softened, and he took a tentative step towards you and extended a paw, as if he was afraid that touching you would cause you to crumble into a pile of ash.

"Hey... What's wrong?"

The memories came rushing back to you, and it made you nauseated. Without responding to Fireheart's concern, you ducked your head and swiftly slipped past him, picking up your pace to a jog and not stopping until you reached the small hollow next to the nursery that was secluded by a clump of bracken and ferns.

Once you were safely hidden within the fronds, you collapsed onto your belly with a low wail, burying your face into your paws.

You couldn't believe it wasn't true. You had done so much with the strong ThunderClan deputy. How could you have possibly meant nothing to him? You gave yourself up to him and showed him the most vulnerable part of you, and he took that trust and crushed it underneath one of his massive paws.

You wanted to scream. You wanted to rip yourself apart, but the thought of alerting your clanmates to your predicament prevented you from doing so. You wanted to go home, but you were so far from home. All you could do was cry, and pray to StarClan that things would be better someday. Pray that your life would return to normal, no matter how painful this loss was.

You had never felt so broken.

****

I'm sorry about the long wait for this one-shot. I wanted to put every ounce of my effort into it, and since the user who requested it didn't give me specifics on what they wanted to happen, I just kind of came up with whatever felt right. Nevertheless, I hope you enjoyed it!

P.S, I'm not really sure when requests will be open again. It just depends on how busy I am in the next week or so. Thank you for your patience!

You Complete Me ≫ Hattie x Male! Reader

[image]

Art: aoifes-cats-101

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Some angst
• Mentioned gore
• Cats being wholesome

****

It had been a long, tiresome day.
The first thing that happened the second you opened your eyes that morning was the male twoleg who lived with you picking you up and placing you in your crate in the back of his big red monster. From there, you were taken to the cutter's, where they put you to sleep using a sharp silver thing, and when you woke up, that special area between your hind legs felt different, and you had felt different ever since.
You couldn't put a paw on it, but you somehow felt useless. Mundane; almost as if you no longer had a purpose.
The same male twoleg who had removed you from the warmth of your bed that morning set your crate down, then slowly pulled against the mesh covering with a shrill squeal until it was all the way open. You just stared ahead, too stunned to move. It wasn't like you had anywhere to be— all your friends would laugh at you if they saw the thing around your neck.
Your twoleg gently tapped the crate, slowly tipping it down until

you didn't have a choice but to leave it's cold interior.
You stumbled onto the soft ground awkwardly, staggering several paces forward until you finally collapsed into a weak crouch in front of your water dish. Your twoleg bent down and stroked his massive paw down your spine several times, then turned around and disappeared into another part of the den.
Trembling slightly, you opened your jaws and began lapping up mouthfuls of cold water, finding immense relief in the feeling of the soothing liquid hydrating your painfully dry throat. You were too busy greedily sucking in mouthfuls of water to hear the soft pawsteps of your friend approaching you from behind, and you didn't even notice she was there until she padded up beside you.
"Oh, (Y/N)..." She murmured, noticing the wound on your backside and the object around your neck. "What did they do to you?"

You couldn't see her due to the large object around your neck obscuring your view, but you could tell by the sound of her voice that she was deathly concerned.
"I'm okay, Hattie," You meowed, your voice strained and raspy. "I guess something was wrong with me, but I'm not sure what it was."

"Nothing was wrong with you," Hattie replied gently, resting her tail tip on yours.
"The twolegs don't want you to have kittens with a she-cat, so they took you to the cutter's."
She sighed, the bell on her collar ringing softly as she shook her head.
"They did the same thing to me, remember?"
You did remember. Several weeks ago, Hattie had been taken away in the same carrier you were, and when she returned the next day, she was sick to her stomach with the same object around her neck and a wound on her belly.
She had been miserable for several days afterwards, and you had to coax her to eat and even drink water.

You shuddered, turning all the way around so you could see your friend.
"I'm not looking forward to whatever this is going to put me through. Hattie..." You turned your head away from her again, your nose turning red at the thought of what you were about to ask her

to do.

"What is it, (Y/N)?" Hattie pressed gently.
"What do you need me to do?"

You shyly met her gaze, an awkward, crooked smirk stretching across your muzzle as your eyes locked with hers.
"Hattie, will you... Stay with me tonight? Like, in my bed?"

The pretty tabby she-cat who had caught your eye moons ago stared at you for a moment, then smiled softly.
"I would love to, (Y/N)."
Gently, she leaned against your shoulder, helping you stand up. Together, you both padded slowly across the soft ground, being mindful of your predicament.
What would I do without you? You thought as Hattie helped you lay down comfortably and turned to look at you with her wide, shining orbs.
"Are you feeling any better?" She meowed, her voice still as concerned as before.

"Yeah." You chuckled, doing your best to lay your head down despite the object around your neck. "Thank you, Hattie."

Hattie just smiled and rested her head down next to yours, and you felt her move just a little closer, causing your pelt to heat up.
"You're welcome, (Y/N)," She murmured. "Now, get some rest. I won't leave your side."
You smiled, allowing your eyes to flutter closed for the second time that day.
Things will be better tomorrow, You reassured yourself, finding strength in Hattie's warmth beside you. *As long as I have her, everything will works out.*

"Hattie?" You whispered, your eyes still closed.

You felt your friend stir slightly.
"Mhm?"

You smiled again, feeling a few tears spring to your eyes.
"You complete me."

Hattie purred, twining her tail with yours.
"You complete me, too, (Y/N)." She paused, and you heard her take a barely audible deep breath, as if she was nervous.
"I... I love you."
You felt as though time had stopped, as if the whole world had suddenly come to an abrupt standstill. Your heart began to beat five times faster, and you felt warm blood rush to your face. You could've accepted defeat right then and there and been perfectly fine with it, because the words you had just heard leave Hattie's mouth were enough to keep you alive for the rest of eternity.
For a brief moment you wondered if you had fallen asleep and this was merely a dream brought on by your feverish state, but when you felt Hattie shift closer to you and rest her chin on your foreleg, you knew you were still awake.

"I love you, too, Hat," You murmured, weariness from the day's events suddenly weighing down on you.
"Goodnight."
As you drifted off into a deep, peaceful slumber, you began to reflect on your previous thoughts. You definitely wouldn't be the same after what you had gone through, but suddenly, that didn't seem like such a bad thing. Hattie would be by your side no matter what, and that was all that mattered to you.

****

I almost can't believe I managed to post another chapter so soon. It seems like I've been too busy to breathe lately.

Thank you for your support, everyone. You guys never fail to put a smile on my face :D

Changes in the Weather ≫ Squirrelflight x Depressed! Female! Reader (PLATONIC)

[image]

Art: ClimbToTheStars

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Angst
• Severe depression

A/N: Words cannot express how much I love Squirrelflight! She's easily my second favorite character, right after Yellowfang.

****

The rain had never felt so cold.
You laid curled up in your nest, your back turned to the den's entrance and your face hidden underneath your front legs. You weren't crying, not anymore. You had purged yourself of all pain long ago, and now you were just a hollow shell where a cat once resided.
Thunder rumbled lonesomely off in the distance, deepening the strange feeling within you. As unusual as it was, you found comfort in the rain; when the sky cried, you felt understood.

I know how you feel, You reassured the sky you couldn't even see silently. *I'm broken, too.*
You exhaled into your front legs, the warmth of your breath stinging your tired eyes. This was really what it had come to.
"(Y/N)...?"
Your ears perked up slightly at the sound of your name being called softly from the other side of the den, but you didn't raise your head to see who it was. You had neither the strength nor the need for that; you would recognize the voice anywhere.

"Go away, Squirrelflight," You mumbled monotonously, your voice muffled. "I'm taking a nap."

You felt the moss shift slightly as paws gently padded across it, followed by a damp pelt brushing lightly against yours.
"You've been taking a lot of naps lately," Squirrelflight observed gently. "Are you feeling alright?"

"I'm fine," You mumbled again, burying your face deeper into the moss. "Just really tired."
Silence followed your words, but your old friend didn't leave. You could feel her gaze resting on you, but not in a malicious way. You could feel waves of concern rippling off of her like gusts of wind.

"Cinderpelt said she saw you crying earlier today when she was gathering herbs," Squirrelflight murmured, and you felt her gaze finally drift away from you. "She said it didn't look like a normal way of crying. She said your shoulders were slumped and your whiskers were crooked. What is that all about?"
A spark of irritation lit up the dark cavern that was your chest for a moment, causing your ears to flatten. It wasn't Cinderpelt's place to tell anyone what was going on with you; you hadn't even meant to be seen, anyway.

"She doesn't know what she's talking about," You mumbled, still not moving. "Why are you listening to her, anyway?" Your tone held an edge to it, and you felt Squirrelflight flinch beside you. Suddenly feeling guilty, you let out a small sigh, allowing the fur on your shoulders to flatten again.
"I'm sorry, Squirrelflight. I didn't mean to sound so harsh."

"I know, (Y/N)," Squirrelflight sighed, gently flicking the tip of your tail with hers. "I only listened to Cinderpelt because I've noticed you haven't been acting like yourself, as well. You've been avoiding everyone, you never join patrols anymore, and you sleep in really late. What's gotten into you, (Y/N)?" Her tone was surprisingly gentle, not harboring any of the usual annoyance you heard in most cats' voices when you interacted with them, and it gave you some sort of comfort deep inside.

"I don't know what's wrong with me," You whispered, pain suddenly returning to your mind and creeping it's way into your heart. "I just can't seem to smile anymore."
The moss suddenly shifted beside you as Squirrelflight pressed herself against your cold body and rested her chin on your shoulder.
You let out a shaky sigh, several tears finally escaping your fatigued eyes.

"It's okay," Squirrelflight whispered into your ear, resting her front paw on top of yours. "Let it all out, (Y/N). It's just me."
You didn't need to be told twice, as once the tears began flowing, they refused to stop.
You laid in Squirrelflight's warm embrace for StarClan-knows-how-long, allowing weak sobs to escape you as all of your pent up frustrations and fears finally tore free of their skeletal cage and found their purposes in the shadows all around you.
Once your agony had ceased just a bit, you finally raised your head. Squirrelflight had moved from her position on your shoulder to the left side of your face, and when you finally revealed your eyes, her own lit up with joy.
"You don't have to hide from me," She murmured, gently touching her nose to your tear-stained cheek. "I love you just the way you are, (Y/N). Nothing will ever change that."

A wave of pure relief washed over you, and in that moment, you felt as if the thorn in your heart and finally been removed.
"I can't promise I'll feel the same ever again," You meowed hoarsely, your voice strained from crying. "but I don't think I need to be the same as long as I have you, Squirrelflight. Thank you."

"I'll always be here, (Y/N)," The dark ginger she-cat meowed softly,

resting her chin on your shoulder once again. "You can be sure of that."

It suddenly occurred to you that the soft pattering of rain and the distant roaring of thunder had ceased, replaced by gentle birdsong and wind in the trees. You and Squirrelflight exchanged a glance, and her mouth curled up into a small smile.

"Do you want to go hunting?"

You smiled in return, your heart fluttering.

"I would like that."

You both stood up and exited the den side-by-side, your shoulders brushing together. As you left ThunderClan camp and headed into the crisp forest, a feeling of peace that you hadn't felt for a long time came over you, and suddenly, the sun had never felt so warm.

****

I literally just got home from work, and it's like 5am

In all seriousness, I'm glad I finally got a one-shot done. Writing has always been my happy place, especially when it makes you guys feel better.

Let me know what you thought of this one-shot, if you want. I love hearing from you all!

In All Bad Things, There Is Good ≫ Flametail x Female! Reader

[image]

Art: Graypillow

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Sickness
• Some angst
• Cute cuddling cats (CCC)

A:N: This cat is so underrated that it hurts my soul. He was such a good character during the short time we had with him. Rest In Peace, Flametail .

****

You sneezed for what must have been the seventh time in the past thirty seconds, groaning and wiping your nose with a paw.
It was the second day in a row you had been suffering from some sort of cold-like ailment, and it didn't seem to be clearing up.
Flametail —who had been rummaging through his herb store— poked his head out from the gap into the stone wall, sighing. "I've tried every herb known to cure your sickness, (Y/N)—At least, every herb known in ShadowClan territory. I think you're just going

to have to let it go away on it's own."
If you were being honest with yourself, that news was crushing to you. You didn't want to lay in Flametail's den all day, inhaling the pungent odor of herbs and having your freshkill delivered to you by apprentices; you wanted to go on hunting patrols and race your clanmates through the pine forest.
Distant chatter caught your attention, and you raised your head to see outside of the medicine den to see Tigerheart, Dawnpelt, Scorchfur, and Ratscar leaving camp, their voices high as laughter rippled from them in waves.
It's like they don't even notice I'm gone.
You sighed, your breath coming out shaky from trying to hold back tears.
Flametail slowly padded up beside you, sitting down and gently touching your shoulder with his tail tip. "They miss you, (Y/N)," He reassured you. "They're just trying not to think about it too much."

You blinked, tears slipping down your cheeks. You supposed what he was saying made sense in a way, but that didn't make it any less painful.
"I hate being sick," You mumbled tiredly, resting your head once more. "No offense, but I'd rather be anywhere but here right now."

Flametail only smiled, an amused huff leaving his nose. He turned to look down at you, his blue eyes shining like the light the setting sun cast on the lake.
"Well, I'm glad you're here, (Y/N). Not because you're sick, but because I like spending time with you."

You turned your head, adamant on concealing your reddening nose. You knew that Flametail considered you an acquaintance, but you never knew he thoroughly enjoyed your company as a good friend would.
"Thanks, Flametail," You replied quietly, a small smile creeping onto your lips. "I appreciate that."
You both sat in blissful silence after that, just watching your clanmates pass by in flickers of colors until the sun began to shine through the thick pines and the day's shadow stretched across the camp.

"What a day," Flametail meowed, his jaws stretching wide-open in a

massive yawn. "I can't wait to fall asleep. It feels like days since I've seen my nest." Suddenly, the ginger ton blinked, slowly turning to look at you.
You met his gaze in return, lifting a quizzical eyebrow.
"Ha... Hey, (Y/N)... Maybe you want some company tonight? You know, so you don't get too cold..."

You weren't as surprised as you supposed you should've been, but that's not to say you didn't like where this was going.
"I would love that." You meowed simply, scooting over so Flametail could lay down next to you. He did, and you immediately felt the rush of comfort that you had been longing for.
"Thank you," You murmured, resting your head and turning your face so it was brushing against his. "I feel much better now."

Flametail smiled, scooting a little closer to you and twining his tail with yours.
"I'm glad. Get some sleep, (Y/N). You can't fight sickness when you're tired."
You couldn't argue with that. Your eyes were starting to feel heavy, so you finally allowed them to close.
Maybe being sick isn't so bad, after all.

****

I know this one sort of mirrored every one-shot ever written in the history of one-shots, but it's late and I'm tired XD

Let's normalize authors writing late-night one-shots with minimal effort. Lol

Thanks for reading, everyone. I appreciate you all

An Unexpected Guest ≫ Brick x Female! Kittypet! Reader

[image]

Art: berrym00n

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• None

A/N: This is the sequel to my Injured! Brick one-shot I wrote way back in July.
In case you don't remember, (or just didn't read it) you basically stumbled upon Brick—who had a pretty badly injured leg— and patched him up.
I thought it would be kind of cool if he came back to your house to see if he could find you again, because he found himself thinking about you.
Enjoy!

****

It was snowing outside, and you were tucked away deep in your soft purple bed, half dozing, half listening to the sound of the wind howling. You were halfway in a dream about your toy mouse when the sound of the flap on the door across the room opening and then closing again pulled you out of your coma-like state.
Raising your head and blinking the sleep from your eyes, you stared into the shadows, which were dancing in the light of the flickering flames behind you.

A muscular, rust-colored tabby tom was standing on the inside of the flap, his pelt flecked with snow. You were certain you were dreaming.
"Brick...?" You murmured, still half asleep.

He smiled, almost sheepishly, ducking his head with a chuckle. "Hey, doll-face. Long time, no see. Sorry to wake ya."

You were too stunned to be angry. You never thought you would see Brick again after you cleaned his wounded leg, but you weren't complaining in the slightest.
"It's okay," You whispered, careful to not wake your sleeping housefolk. "But... What are you doing here?" The alleycat didn't appear to be injured or sick, as you couldn't smell any blood or other signs of poor health, so he obviously hadn't come to you for help again; not that he had intentionally sought you out the first time.

Brick chuckled again, looking away as if he was embarrassed. He looked back towards you slowly, then took several cautious steps towards you.
"I was just passin' by," He began, his voice unsure and nervous. "and I happened to walk by your fence. I couldn't just leave without sayin' hi."

For whatever reason— perhaps a deep gut feeling— you didn't think he was telling you the full truth, and something in his glowing amber eyes confirmed your suspicion.
"What were you doing all the way out here in this blizzard?" You asked, tipping your head off to one side. "I've never heard of a cat traveling for any good reason in this kind of cold."

Brick looked slightly taken aback, and for a moment, you had never seen a cat act so awkward and uncomfortable.
"Um... That doesn't matter," He mumbled, shuffling his front paws. "My point is, I just passed by coincidentally and thought I'd check in. Did I come at a bad time or somethin'?"

"No," You reassured him gently. "I just wasn't expecting to see you, is all." You smiled at him, a familiar warmth spreading throughout your body. "I'm really glad you decided to stop by, Brick. I've

missed you."
That wasn't a lie— You hadn't stopped thinking about the rust-colored tom since you first encountered him on the other side of your fence.

Brick chuckled, and in the dim light, you saw his nose turn red. "I missed you, too, (Y/N). I'm glad you're doin' alright." His smile faltered suddenly, and he turned to look at the cat flap behind him, where he had tracked several snowy paw prints inside. "I better get goin'," He mumbled, clearly thrilled with the idea of going back outside into the cold. "The other's'll be wonderin' where I am."

"The others can wait," You meowed, sitting up slightly. "You don't have to go back outside tonight, Brick. There's plenty of room for you here." The thought of sending your friend out into the cold saddened you deeply, and you knew you weren't going to be able to fall back asleep if he left.

"Are ya sure, doll-face?" Brick meowed, his amber eyes widening. "I'd hate to intrude."

"I insist," You confirmed, scooting over so there was room for him in your bed. "Don't be shy—get over here."

The stray tom watched you for a moment longer, then chuckled and padded across the floor towards you.
"Thanks, (Y/N)," He muttered as he stepped into the soft bedding and curled up. "I really owe ya one."

You smiled, resting your head and closing your eyes. "You don't owe me anything," You murmured, already falling asleep. "I'm just glad you're safe."
You blinked, turning your gaze towards the window across the room. The wind was beginning to calm down, replaced by a gentle murmur and slowly falling snowflakes.
"Brick?" You whispered, wanting to share the beauty of the outside world with him. Instead of a response, however, you were met with soft snoring. Turning your head, you saw that your friend was curled up tightly, his side rising and falling peacefully.
You smiled, resting your head next to his and closing your weary eyes.

"Goodnight, Brick."

****

This one is sooo typical of me xD
I apologize.

All jokes aside, I've missed you guys. I'm sorry my writing schedule is all out of whack, I've kind of had a lot going on lately.

Love Yourself ≫ Thrushpelt x Insecure! Chubby! Female! Reader

[image]

Art: Shimmerspirit

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Some angst
• Portrayed self-esteem issues
• Thrushpelt being the best!

****

You sighed, turning your gaze away from the mouse in front of you. Your appetite had disappeared with your happiness, leaving a yawning, empty hold deep inside of you.
It wasn't that you were particularly hungry, anyway, as you had eaten two shrews earlier that day after a long and tedious patrol in the scorching hot sun. You were paying the price for it, though; it had made you feel fat, and you still felt like a bloated rabbit carcass. It wasn't the physical discomfort that bothered you, however; it was the knowledge of your clanmates' judgmental stares and their hushed whispers about your heftiness as you walked past them.
"Not hungry?" Thrushpelt meowed, tipping his head to one side.

"Not really." You mumbled, poking the mouse with your paw.

"Well, that's certainly a first." The sandy-gray tom chuckled, giving you a good-humored nudge with his shoulder.
"Are you feeling okay, (Y/N)?"

You knew his words were simply meant as a light tease, but they still stung.
"I'm just not hungry," You replied, struggling to keep your voice even. "Is that so bad?"

Thrushpelt blinked, the humor fading from his expression. "I... I guess not. It's just not like you, is all I'm saying. You've usually eaten three mice by now."
Now that his teasing tone was gone, it stung more than ever. You had always been self-conscious about your belly, and Thrushpelt's comments weren't helping much.
He doesn't mean it like that, You told yourself in a vain attempt at self-reassurance. *He's just worried about me, and is unintentionally saying things that hurt. Thrushpelt would never talk about the way I look unless it was because I was unhealthy.*
Despite your silent words of encouragement to yourself, the nagging guilt about your appearance outweighed them.
"(Y/N)?" Thrushpelt meowed, his tone softening as he leaned closer to you. "What's wrong?"

You avoided his gaze, trying to hide the tears that were welling up in your eyes.
"You wouldn't understand, Thrushpelt."

Your sandy-gray friend stared at you for a moment, then smiled slightly.
"I may not understand," He began, sweeping his tail across the ground to twine it with yours.
"but I will always support you, (Y/N)."

Although his words offered you some much-needed comfort, they did little to ease the residing ache deep within you.
"I can't even stand to look at myself," You meowed quietly, pain clenching your heart like claws. "I don't like the way I look."

Thrushpelt looked rather surprised.
"What's wrong with the way you look?" He meowed softly. "You're

beautiful, (Y/N)."

Your heart fluttered in your chest, and your breath caught in your throat. It wasn't every day someone called you beautiful, and you weren't about to take it for granted.
"I'm shocked," You admitted quietly. "No one ever says I'm beautiful, and I certainly don't think so." You paused, finally turning your head to look into your friend's eyes.
"Thank you, Thrushpelt."

Thrushpelt smiled softly, his green eyes sparkling in the sunlight. "You mean everything to me, (Y/N). I love you just the way you are."
Somehow, you knew he was telling the truth. You had never felt as comforted as you did in that moment, and that meant more to you than being perfect or having all the toms in the forest chasing after you ever could.
Maybe I can love myself, after all.

****

I'm sorry about the long wait between chapters, guys. I haven't been feeling my best as of lately.

PSA: Being chubby is fine, but it's important to stay healthy. Remember that.

Thanks for reading!

Thanks, guys!

Holy cow, you guys are incredible! 26 followers and over 20k views!?
I'm literally in tears T~T

I just wanted to take a moment to appreciate each and every one of you, so without further ado, here's to all my lovely followers! :D

****

It is such a pleasure and a joy
to have a friend like you.
You always care, you're always
there,
You say the right things, too!

You make me smile when I am low
You're just a pure delight.
We talk a lot about everything;
You make my life so bright!

I hope that I am giving you
Some joy and happiness,
Because you mean so much to me,
More than I can express!

- Joanna Fuchs

****

I hope you all know how much you mean to me. You truly

make my life much better.
Thank you.

I'm Ready ≫ Micah x Pregnant! Reader

[image]

Art: moth-flights

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Implied birth
• Some gore

A/N: It has been a long, LONG time since I've read Moth Flight's Vision. I think the last time I read that book, I was in eighth grade. I apologize if I unintentionally butcher a character's personality or design. I'm running on fumes here, guys xD

****

You sighed, changing sleeping positions for the hundredth time. Normally you slept like a rock, but lately, you had been finding it much harder to get comfortable. Your belly was nearly as big as your whole body, and your paws and back ached constantly.
Where's Micah?
The reason for your discomfort— better known as Micah— was nowhere to be seen. He had a habit of running off unexpectedly to find herbs, but you didn't feel comfortable with him being gone when you were so close to kitting.
You groaned in frustration, propping yourself up slightly and glancing around the den. Moth Flight was at the back, carefully separating some sort of leaf from it's stem.

"Good evening, (Y/N)," The white she-cat meowed, with an emphasis on 'evening'. "How are you feeling?"

"Bloated," You grumbled, ignoring the sarcasm in her voice. "Where's Micah?"

"He went to find some catmint," She replied calmly, flicking a leaf off of her claw and turning to face you. "Why?"

You flattened your ears. Why were all your friends so dense?
"Because he's my mate and I want him to be here when his kits are born," You snapped irritably. "Is that too much to ask?"
A sudden clenching sensation built up in your belly, and you gritted your teeth and hissed.
"Speaking of which, I'd like him back *now."*
This was no surprise, however. You had been having contractions on and off all night, but you never told Micah. You were worried it was going to be a false alarm, and everyone would panic over nothing.
But as your belly finally unclenched and a warm trickle of water seeped out from under your tail, you knew this was the real deal.

Moth Flight's green eyes widened slightly, and she rose to her paws and padded over to your side. Carefully, she lifted your tail with her paw and smiled.
"Your kits are coming, (Y/N)," She explained. "I'm afraid I can't leave you right now. Micah will be back as soon as he can."
That wasn't the answer you wanted, but it wasn't like you could walk out of camp and find him yourself.

"Okay," You agreed in a murmur. "I'm ready."

Micah's POV

If there was one thing Micah hated, it was not being able to find the

herb he had set out for.
What a waste of a day, He thought begrudgingly as he entered camp. *I'll never travel that far for an herb again.*
Just as he passed the cluster of rocks that marked the end of the trail into camp, Wind Runner trotted up to him hastily, her amber eyes flashing with relief when she saw him.
Micah tipped his head off to one side, confused.
"Wind Runner? What is it?"

"We've been looking everywhere for you," The wiry brown she-cat heaved breathlessly. Micah blinked. What was going on? Wind Runner looked like she'd run across the whole moor and back without stopping, and upon stealing a brief glance around, he saw that every cat was sitting in the clearing outside of Moth Flight's den, anxiously pacing and murmuring to one another.

"What's going on?" Micah repeated, firmer this time. All the tension in the air was starting to frighten him.

"GAAAAHH!"
An agonized scream suddenly erupted from Moth Flight's den, splitting the calm evening air and sending a ripple of panic through the crowd of gathered cats.
Micah felt his heart drop. He knew that voice.

"(Y/N) is kitting," Wind Runner finally explained, the fur on her shoulders rippling tensely. "Moth Flight is with her, but I'd imagine she would—"
He didn't even stick around to hear what his leader was going to say next. With a sound somewhere between a gasp and a grunt, Micah began making his way briskly across the clearing, weaving past his staring friends and doing his best to remain calm.
(Y/N) is a fighter, He told himself firmly. *She's going to be just fine. She has to be.*

"Better get in there, Mic," Rocky meowed as Micah finally reached the front of the crowd.
"I think she's close."
Choosing to ignore the orange-and-white tom, Micah carefully pushed his way into the den.
Immediately, an overwhelming aroma of blood crashed over him,

and he suddenly felt queasy.
Turning the corner of the stone wall, he laid eyes on (Y/N) just as she gave one final push, and a kit slipped out from under her tail.

"Well done, gorgeous," Micah purred, his eyes welling up with tears. "I'm sorry I missed most of it."

Moth Flight and (Y/N) both looked up, slightly startled. The (F/C) she-cat smiled weakly, the shadow of exhaustion hanging over her features.
"You made it," She croaked, her voice obviously hoarse from screaming. "Micah, we have two daughters and a son..."

"They're perfectly healthy," Moth Flight meowed softly, her green eyes sparkling happily. "Your son looks just like you, Micah."
Micah was too awe-struck to speak. Slowly padding forward, he crouched down beside his mate and carefully peered over her shoulder.
Buried partially in the moss and still damp with (Y/N)'s blood, three tiny kits lay curled up.

"They're so small," He whispered, tears streaming down his face. "Look at their little ears..."

(Y/N) snorted quietly, rolling her half-closed (E/C) eyes.
"Yeah. *Small."*

Micah looked at his mate's gorgeous face, laughing softly. "I'm sure you're very sore," He murmured. "I bet they didn't feel very small coming out."

(Y/N) just smiled in return, a weak yet amused purr rippling from her chest.
"No. They didn't."

Micah laid by her side for a moment in silence, just admiring the three tiny bundles of fur that he helped create and rasping his tongue over (Y/N)'s ears, until Moth Flight cleared her throat. "Do we have any names picked out?" She asked with a soft smile.

Micah exchanged a glance with (Y/N), who smiled and gave him an

encouraging nod.
"Go ahead, my love. Name your son."
Micah felt his heart flutter in his chest. He always assumed it was the she-cat who picked out names for her kits, so he considered it a great honor that (Y/N) was allowing him to name their only son.

"Quiet Dusk," He murmured, noticing the silent yet strong way the newborn tom was breathing. "He's quiet and bold, just like the sunset."

"Quiet Dusk," (Y/N) repeated in a murmur. "It's perfect."

"What about our daughters?" Micah murmured, looking at (Y/N) again. "I think you should pick their names, love."

(Y/N) blinked, then turned her head to look down at the tiny she-kits that were now suckling. "This one should be called Wild Wind," She meowed, touching her nose to the small (F/C) kit. "Her fur is sticking up everywhere. It looks like she's been running across the moor. And this one—" (Y/N) gestured to the last remaining kit, a white she-kit with yellow tabby patches and white ears—She will be called Frosted Leaf."

"Those are beautiful names," Moth Flight meowed. "Congratulations, you two. You must be very proud."

"We are," Micah meowed, his throat tight with emotion. "We have such beautiful kits, (Y/N)."

(Y/N) yawned, then rested her head on her paws. "Yes we do," She murmured sleepily.
"I love you, my darling Micah. Our kits will love you, too."

Micah smiled, resting his head beside hers and touching his nose to her cheek.
Moth Flight quietly rose to her paws and exited the den, leaving him alone with his new family.
"Thank you," He whispered. "I'm ready."

****

I'm happy with the way this came out.
Micah would've been a good dad.

Thanks for all your patience, guys. I look forward to hearing what you thought of this chapter!

All is Well ≫ Redtail x Female! Spirit! Reader

[image]

Art: CloverChi

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Some angst
• Implied murder
• Implied sickness
• Some gore

A/N: I know little to nothing about this character. I never read Redtail's Debt, (I never read most of the Novellas, lol) but I know him very vaguely from Into the Wild, which I read when I was 8.
I'll do my best to not butcher his personality for those of you who have read his novella, but I can't make any promises xD

****

It had been moons since you had seen your beloved mate. The last time you saw him— could *speak* to him— was when you laid in Spottedleaf's den surrounded by your family and the foul reek of sickness and blood. You had fallen gravely ill with redcough. Redtail was by your side, his face buried in your shoulder as he sobbed quietly. You had simply opened your eyes and offered him one last loving smile and murmured,
"My love for you is eternal, my brave warrior. I will always be with you."

After that, your vision grew dark, your paws went numb, and suddenly, your chest no longer ached with the aftermath of a terrible cough.
Now, many moons after your departure from ThunderClan, you stared at the scene unfolding on the surface of the silver stone, your eyes watery and your throat tight.

"Pathetic," Tigerclaw growled, his mouth curling up into a sinister smirk. "I'm doing ThunderClan a favor by ridding them of your wretched presence. They need a strong leader."
Your lip curled into a snarl as the muscular tabby took a threatening step towards your mate. You wanted nothing more than to jump on the murdering tabby's back and rip his ears off, but you couldn't. You could only watch and hope that Redtail got to live to be ThunderClan's next leader.

"You won't get away with this, Tigerclaw," Redtail retorted, his voice wheezy and breathless from fighting. "Someone will find out what you did— *all* the things you did— and you will be exiled if you're lucky. Do you really want to go through with this? Do you really want to defy StarClan simply for *power?"*
You felt your chest tighten with fury. No cat worth a second glance by a StarClan warrior would *dare* go through with such an act of heinous treachery.
I always knew something was off about him, You thought darkly, recalling all the times Tigerclaw had given you suggestive looks or whistled as you walked past him when you were alive. *What a rotten pile of crowfood.*

"You know me, Redtail," Tigerclaw replied, a booming, sinister laugh rippling from his broad chest. "I never get caught, and I never will." With that final declaration of rottenness, Tigerclaw sprang forward and sank his teeth into the back of your mate's neck.
You squeezed your eyes shut, turning away as a sickening wet crack rang in your ears.
You waited with your back to the stone for a long time, but nothing else became of the horrible scene you had just witnessed.
Upon turning around, you saw that the silver surface was now just that: a blank, empty slate with no sign of murder to be seen.

"(Y/N)? Are you alright?"

You turned around again to see Sunstar standing behind you, his amber eyes glazed over with concern.

"Y-yes," You stammered, feeling rather nauseous. "I just... Saw something I wasn't expecting, is all."

Suddenly, the former ThunderClan leader's expression changed from one of concern to genuine happiness.
"There's someone here who I'm sure will be delighted to see you," He announced with a warm smile. "Follow me."
Immediately, you understood what— or who— he was talking about. Nodding shakily, you followed Sunstar out of the small cave and back into StarClan's warm light, breathing in the scent of wildflowers and prey.
The golden tabby led you to the edge of a hill that looked down into a luscious green valley below, pausing beside you at the top.
"Look," He meowed, jerking his muzzle towards the grassy dip. "Down there."
You began frantically glancing around, desperately trying to spot a tortoiseshell-and-white pelt somewhere among the array of bright colors.

Movement suddenly caught your eye, and your vision blurred slightly as tears sprang to your eyes.
"Redtail..." You breathed as your gaze rested on the tom standing in the middle of the meadow.
"Redtail!"
Redtail's head snapped up as you cried his name, and even from a distance, you saw his face fill with surprise and love.
You laughed, taking off at full speed down the small hill towards the former ThunderClan deputy. He did the same, stirring up grasshoppers and pollen as he did.
When you finally reached him, he crashed into you in the most loving way you could possibly imagine, tackling you to the ground and rubbing his muzzle all over your face while purring loudly.

"My love," He murmured, leaning back and touching his nose to yours. "I've missed you so, so much..."
For a moment, you could only stare into his eyes; the eyes you had longed for for so many moons. His scent wafted over you and wreathed around your body, embracing you and filling your

pounding heart with familiarity. You almost couldn't believe it; you were nearly certain you were dreaming.
"You're just as beautiful as the day I lost you," Redtail whispered, tears falling from his eyes and splashing your face. "(Y/N), I can't believe it... You're not dead."

You took a deep breath, forcing the lump in your throat to disappear.
"I've waited for you for so long," You whispered, emotion wrapped tightly around your voice. "I will always wait for you."
You both laid there for a moment, laughing and sharing tongues like never before.
StarClan had always been a wonderful place, but now that the love of your life was with you again, it was even better.

"Well, you can stop waiting now," Redtail meowed, finally scrambling off of you and allowing you to stand up yourself. "I'm here, my love."
Your smile faltered as you suddenly remembered how Redtail had gotten to StarClan. You had been so caught up in the joy of seeing him again that the awful memory of witnessing his death had left your mind.

The handsome tortoiseshell took a step towards you, tipping his head slightly in concern.
"(Y/N)? What is it, dear?"

"It's Tigerclaw," You murmured, slowly lifting your gaze to meet his again. "What will happen to ThunderClan when he becomes leader?"

Redtail blinked, and a shadow crossed his face, but it was gone after a moment.
"Tigerclaw will never lead ThunderClan," He meowed confidently. "I'm sure of it."
You wanted to be worried about the future of the clan you were born into, but deep down, you knew Redtail was right.
"Everything will work out, my love," He reassured you gently, twining his tail with yours. "I promise."

You looked at him and smiled, leaning into his flank. "I know."

A slight breeze picked up, carrying the scents of nightfall with it. You turned your head towards the horizon where the sun was sinking below the mountains, replaced by a soothing deep purple. "Let's go find somewhere to sleep," You murmured, gently guiding your mate towards the far side of the meadow. "You've had a long day."

Redtail chuckled. "You could say that again."
You both laughed, finding comfort in the sound of each other's voices. You couldn't wait to curl up beside your mate for the first time in moons and fall asleep in his embrace.
Everything is going to be fine, You told yourself. *We have a way of making sure things work out for the living cats.*

****

I'm so excited I published this xD
It's probably going to be the last one-shot I post for a couple days.

I hope you're all looking forward to the holidays and have something fun planned. I know I do!

Glimpse of Us ≫ Onestar x Female! Reader

[image] [image]

Art: paintedpaw-cat

Song: Glimpse of Us - Joji

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Angst

A/N: The song is behind the picture. You just have to click on the image and swipe left to find the lyric video.

****

The evening was slowly drawing to a close, turning the sky a dark blue and coating the entire moor in a peaceful shade of gray. Due to it being rather late in the season, a thin layer of frost had begun to settle on every stalk of heather, adding a stunning sparkle to the already beautiful moon-bathed moor.

You turned your head, your gaze resting on your mate who was sitting at the den entrance and watching the last of the sun disappear behind the rolling hills. "Isn't it beautiful, Onestar?" You meowed, sitting up in the nest you shared.

The mottled brown tabby jumped slightly, turning to face you with

a distant look in his amber eyes. "What?" He sputtered, his voice uncharacteristically startled.

You tipped your head slightly. "The moor. Doesn't it look beautiful this time of night?"

Onestar let out a breath, as if he'd been relieved of some grueling task. "Oh, the moor. Yes, (Y/N). It's very pretty." You blinked, laying down and crossing your front paws as you stared at your mate. It wasn't like Onestar to act so distant, but you couldn't deny that he hadn't been acting like himself much. Ever since you met the lean tabby tom, he seemed aloof and dreamy, as if there was a painful memory he just couldn't let go. You didn't know much about his past, but some of his mannerisms often made you wonder if something terrible happened to him. "I'm just tired, darling," He mumbled as if he had read your thoughts. "I'm alright."

"Are you sure?" You fretted as he padded across the den and laid down beside you. "Your nose is pale."

"Yes, I'm sure," Onestar responded, somewhat dryly. "Can a tom not have normal feelings without being pestered by his mate once in awhile?" His ears were flat against his head, and his eyes still held that distant pain.

You flinched at his tone, turning your back to him and resting your chin on your foreleg. "Of course he can," You murmured, wrapping your tail around yourself. "I'm just worried."

Onestar sighed, and you heard his tail-tip thump once in distress. "Goodnight, (Y/N)," He meowed apologetically. "I love you."

You swallowed, forcing your tone to remain calm even as tears began to pool in your eyes. "Goodnight, darling. Sweet dreams." You wanted to believe you had everything the territories had to offer; A loving mate, a warm nest, and the feeling of being needed. But with the unspoken distance you felt growing between you and the WindClan leader, your nest had never felt so cold and empty.

Onestar's POV

He waited until the (F/C) she-cat's breaths turned into soft snores, watching her sleep like he would watch a leaf fall from a tree; Sad and uninterested. Sad because the tree was slowly losing it's former beauty, and uninterested because it wasn't the tree he wanted to look at.
"I'm sorry," He whispered, but not loudly enough to wake her. "You don't deserve this."
She didn't stir, as he expected. And for some reason, that angered him slightly.
Say something, He begged silently. Wake up and tell me you love me.
Still, the sleeping she-cat didn't so much as twitch a whisker.

Onestar heaved a quiet sigh, setting his forepaws comfortably in front of him and staring at the black sky outside. Somewhere out there, there was a gray she-cat with brilliant green eyes and a soft pink collar. He hadn't seen her in many moons, but he still thought about her every time (Y/N) touched her nose to his cheek or rasped her tongue across his neck. He thought of her when his belly was pressed against (Y/N)'s as they whispered each other's names and lost themselves when they finally closed their eyes.
The beautiful gray she-cat was gone when he opened them every time, replaced with the (F/C) warrior he had settled for in order to ease his heartache.

(Y/N) was perfect in every way. She was a loyal warrior, a loving mate, and a beautiful she-cat. But despite her nearly glowing perfection, each time Onestar looked at her, he saw someone else; He saw Smoke. What can you do, you old fool? He chastised himself as he watched (Y/N) sleep. Smoke is gone. (Y/N) is your mate now.

His mind began to drift, and he suddenly found himself wondering if Smoke was thinking about him, or if she even remembered him. Moons had passed; She probably had a new mate; New kits that weren't his.

He blinked, gently twining his tail with (Y/N)'s. Would she ever have his kits? Would she ever have to see the pain in his eyes as he recalled the day he turned Smoke away because he had made a terrible mistake? No, He told himself firmly. (Y/N) will not feel the same pain Smoke felt because of me.

Onestar stayed awake next to his lackluster love for the remainder of the night, fighting the urge to flee WindClan and everything he had worked so hard for. When the dark sky began to glow a dim shade of blue and the sun finally began to peer over the horizon, he rose to his paws and carefully removed himself from (Y/N)'s embrace. There was no point greeting her in the morning, not after the unfaithful thoughts he had all night.

As he stepped out of his den and began making his way towards the camp entrance, he turned to look at the few remaining stars of Silverpelt with tears in his eyes. I'm sorry, He told his ancestors silently. but I don't know how to love anyone else. Then, Onestar slipped through the gorse bushes and into the deepest recesses of his shame.

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Finally! I can't believe I finally wrote something T-T It's been forever!
I honestly can't believe you guys are still around xD Thank you for being so patient!

I'm thinking about opening requests again soon, so keep an eye on that! I still haven't decided when, but when I do, I'll make an announcement.

Thanks for reading! I'll see you next time :D

This Is Home ≫ Snake x Adopted! Little Sister! Reader x Ice (PLATONIC)

[image]

Art: aoifes-cats-101

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Some angst
• Hinted animal abuse
• Animal neglect
• A few frightening/intense moments
• Some gore

This is a request for RoseShadeWarriorCat.
Thank you for your request! I'm so grateful for your support and patience!

****

Another day, another adventure. At least, that's what you had gotten in the habit of telling yourself each time the first rays of sunlight peered through the entrance to your housefolks' den and roused you from your fretful slumber. It was a sarcastic thought, of course— a mantra that you repeated like a prayer for death whenever you were forced to open your eyes and face the harsh reality of the life you called yours.

You rolled lazily onto your back, still half-asleep. You had neglected to open your eyes yet, but based on the way the sun felt on your exposed belly, it was just past sunhigh.

Finally giving in to the urge to wake up and stretch, you opened your eyes and turned over so your chin was resting on the hard ground, then arched your spine in a long stretch.

What a night, You groaned internally. *I must've slept on my neck funny.*

You laughed dryly at the thought, almost humoring yourself. You never had one night where you didn't wake up feeling like you had been hit by a monster, because your housefolk never bothered to give you anything soft to sleep on. You took up residence on the cold, painfully hard wood floor of the den, and if you were lucky, you could sneak onto the soft white rock the female twoleg always sat on and curl up for a few precious moments.

You cringed, remembering the last time she had caught you dozing on her favorite spot. You still had to favor your left front paw.

Your belly snarled violently, causing a wave of sharp nausea to claw it's way up your throat. You gagged, swallowing a mouthful of bile as you turned towards your food bowl. As usual, it was completely empty say for a single fly buzzing about inside of the rim, desperately trying to find any leftover scraps to lay it's eggs on. You watched the small insect, pity causing your throat to swell up.

You and me both, little guy.

You turned away from your sad-looking food dish, instead resting your gaze on the see-through gap in the den's wall above the soft rock, which had been left slightly ajar. Figuring you might be able to scrounge up a morsel or two from a scrapcan outside, you bunched your malnourished muscles underneath you and sprang onto the back of the resting spot before squeezing through the gap in the wall. It was an easy fit, considering that you didn't eat nearly enough to cover up your ribs, let alone possess any amount of body fat.

The warm sun on your pelt was a welcome feeling compared to the stark coldness of your housefolks' den's interior, and you breathed a small sigh of relief as you leaped down from the gap and began your morning stroll down the quiet thunderpath.

It was still quite early, early enough to where most cats your age

were still sleeping soundly after a full night of chasing mice through their housefolks' backyards and dashing carelessly up and down the quiet thunderpaths of the small twolegplace. You often heard them deep into the night, yowling happily as they lived their wonderful, carefree lives. You longed to join them, but the crippling fear of what might await you on your ill-fated return to your housefolk kept you on that cold wood floor. In simpler words, if you slipped out that gap in the wall one night and joined the other kittens, you would never go back—and you didn't have anywhere else to go.

"Good morning, (Y/N)!" A familiar voice called from somewhere above you. You paused your wandering thoughts for a moment, coming to a halt underneath the shade of a large twoleg den and tilting your head back to see who had called out to you. It turned out to be Stripes, an older ginger-and-white tabby tom with yellow eyes and a plump, perfectly round belly that you envied mercilessly. The she-cat who shared the same den was perched on the tall gray structure beside him, her gray tail swaying calmly. Ghost was her name, and although rather old and quick-tempered, she had still shown you the kindness and affection you so longed for.

"Good morning, Stripes." You called back politely, slightly shy of being in the two older cats' presence. You then lifted your gaze to Ghost, smiling sheepishly. "Good morning to you too, Ghost. I'm sorry if I interrupted something. I was just going for—"

"Have ya eaten today, (Y/N)?" Ghost interrupted you with a stern flick of her tail.

You flinched, slightly intimidated by her sudden change of character. Ghost *never* offered anyone food. Feeling slightly insecure, you lifted one of your front limbs to examine your belly.
Is it that an obvious that I haven't eaten in days?
"N-no, ma'am," You replied, your voice trembling slightly. "My housefolk didn't fill up my bowl this morning."

The old she-cat flashed you a look, almost pitying. "Come on up, kitten. I've got a nice big bowl a' wet food for ya."

Stripes smiled down at you and nodded, confirming Ghost's offer. "She's right, (Y/N). You should come up and get yourself something

to eat; you look like the slightest wind could knock you over!"

Nearly bouncing with excitement, you trotted towards the perfectly square green bushes that lined the outside of the gray structure. "Thank you!" You meowed, almost squealing. You winced, smiling up at the two sheepishly. You hadn't quite shaken your 'kitten voice' yet.
Clawing your way up the square bush closest to the wall, you hauled yourself over the top, already out of breath from the struggle.

Stripes noticed your labored breathing and purred, leaning his head over the gray structure and bracing his shoulders. "Alright," He laughed. "Up you go." Gently, the friendly housecat gripped your scruff in his jaws, then raised his head and pulled your frail body onto the structure beside him with ease. Once you were safely perched on the sun-warmed surface, Stripes carefully batted a large red food bowl full to the top with wonderful-smelling wet cat food towards you with a paw.
"Dig in," He meowed. "The food won't eat itself, you know!"
With an ecstatic *mrrow* of gratitude, you crouched down and greedily sank your teeth into the soft food, scarfing down mouthful after mouthful. Out of the corner of your eye, you saw Stripes and Ghost exchange an amused glance with one another, but you were too involved in what was in the red dish to care. For all you knew, this would be the last time you would eat for days.

While you were busy scarfing down your meal, you began to hear the two older cats exchanging some rather interesting words.
"Has Gwen told you anything else about them?" Stripes meowed, his voice tinged with skepticism. "You know how she can be, Ghost. Are you sure she didn't dream it?"

"Positive," Ghost replied, sounding rather irritated. "Gwen's been all over that city. She probably knows every tom there better than she knows her own mother. What she says is true, and I'll die on that hill, Stripes."

Stripes sighed. "No need to be so serious," He meowed, as of trying to calm her down. "I'm just saying I think it sounds a little silly. I mean, a group of strays that fight dogs and forest cats for fun, eat

out of scrapcans, and run around all night? I don't buy it."
Your ears immediately perked up. Being a stray that got to do those things had been your dream since you were taken from your mother. Where had Gwen found these cats?

"Oh, believe whatever ya want, ya oversized lump a' fur," Ghost snapped, lashing her tail. "but I know those strays are hangin' around the city by the huge thunderpath."
The city.
The city was a massive twolegplace filled with dens that stretched so far up they nearly touched the sky. It was full of twolegs, based on what you'd heard from the other kittypets that lived near you.
For the first time that morning, a smile stretched across your muzzle. It was a bit of a stretch, but maybe if you found these aforementioned strays, they would take you in and you could finally escape the cruelties you were subject to every single day.

You finished your meal in one more bite, sitting up and swiping your tongue over your muzzle and intently listening to the two older cats' conversation.
"What do these strays call themselves, exactly?" Stripes asked, beginning to sound annoyed. "The *Imaginary Fleabags'?"*

"No," Ghost shot back, her blue eyes now scalding with anger. "They go by the name BloodClan, and from what Gwen told me, they're not cats ya wanna mess with."
Stripes began going off about how Gwen had lost her mind, while Ghost threw every insult known to cats at him and rattled off some of the worst curse words you had ever heard.

Feeling awkward and out of place, you rose to your paws and took an uncomfortable step back. "Um... Thanks for the food," You meowed with an off-sounding chuckle. "But... I should get going. I have somewhere I need to be." Before you could get wrapped up in any more of their shenanigans, you turned and leaped down the structure and off the square bush, landing on the side of the thunderpath with a thud.
Sore paws or not, You decided firmly as you began padding towards the fence that separated the nicer part of the twolegplace from the dirtier, more run-down side. *I have places to be.*

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You'd never seen so much life in one place before. The small thunderpaths that snaked through the twolegplace you were from usually never saw much excitement, but it was a completely different story in the city. The thunderpaths here were massive and as wide as four gardens put together, and monsters of all colors and sizes raced up and down them, belching up dark fumes that stung your eyes and throat. Unbearably bright lights of all colors glowed on every corner, and it seemed that every noise and scent in the world had decided to congregate among the piles of rotting ruble and yowling twolegs. It was overwhelming, to say the least, and you wanted nothing more than to find a nice quiet place to hide. If there was a single quiet spot in the city, of course.

You paused mid-trot to turn a corner, only to come face-to-face with a large, square object made of the same stuff the gaps in your old twolegs' den walls were made of. It held a cat that looked exactly like you in it's belly, and it startled you greatly. Letting out a shocked caterwaul, you twisted around and made a beeline for a silver mesh fence that seemed to be guarding some sort of massive scrapcan. As you approached it, the smell of rotting meat and who knows what else penetrated your nose, causing you to gag. *At least the twolegs aren't coming over here.* You leaped onto the top of the barrier clumsily, stumbling and losing your footing. You flipped onto your back, catching the silver mesh with your claws just as gravity tossed you onto the opposite side of the fence and sent you tumbling all the way to the ground, ripping one of your claws out of it's socket in the process. You let out a low moan as your body hit the hot foul-smelling pavement, slowly struggling to your paws and shaking the dust from your pelt. A small splotch of blood was permanently painted onto the ground where your dislodged claw had landed, it's sharp tip glinting in the fading sunlight. You lifted your left forepaw to inspect the damage, cringing as more blood spurted from the empty claw socket. *This is a great start,* You

thought sarcastically, your eyes welling up with tears as you realized how far away from home you were. *What am I supposed to do now?* You couldn't go back to your twolegs, that was for certain. They usually got mad when you left their den for a few minutes; you didn't want to find out what they'd do if you returned after a few hours.

With a pace that could only be described as crawling, you turned away from the mesh fence and began limping further into the piles of rotting twoleg scraps, your head low and your tail dragging in the muck behind you. You were exhausted and hungry, the meal you had eaten at Stripes' and Ghost's place having disappeared hours ago. You wanted to curl up and sleep, but there was nowhere you felt safe enough to drop your guard. You paused, looking at the piles of discarded scraps and pondered the idea of squeezing underneath one of the shiny black things, but the thought of getting covered in whatever was inside of them made you cringe. You turned away from the muck, continuing on your slow journey through the scrap area until you came upon a corner of the field that was pressed up against the side of a looming, seemingly vacant twoleg den that stood against a large wall made of red stone. You turned in a slow circle, carefully examining the area to determine if there was a way out. As your luck would have it, there were no gaps in the fence and no way to get out except to jump over it. You sighed, flattening your ears as a feeling of defeat overcame you. *At least I can find something to eat here.*

You limped across the brittle grass towards a big black scrap holder, rearing up on your hind legs and placing both of your forepaws on the soft, slimy surface. Grimacing as the slime dampened your pads and soaked into the fur around your paws, you unsheathed the claws you had left and carefully tore a gap in the side and stepped back as the contents spilled out onto the ground. You bent your head and began sniffing at the pieces of rotting twoleg food, your mouth watering as you picked up on a familiar scent. It had been awhile since you had smelled it, but you could vaguely recall a time when your twolegs brought several of their furless companions into their garden and put several pieces of red-and-white meat on some sort of surface that spat flames. You had managed to sneak a bite of the stuff when your female twoleg dropped a piece on the ground,

and it had been delicious.

Score! You managed to dig up the source of the enticing smell, dragging it out from under a long and stretchy see-through thing. Once it was free, you wasted no time digging in. You dropped into a crouch and began greedily devouring the massive chunk of meat, swallowing full mouthfuls before you had even chewed them. You were so distracted by your meal that you didn't notice that two cats had spotted you and were watching you chow down with unfriendly gazes. Suddenly, a hard, ice-like object shaped like the things you had seen your twolegs putting against their mouths toppled down the pile of scraps, shattering into a hundred pieces mere inches from your nose. You nearly choked on the meat in your mouth, letting out a startled hiss and leaping back.

"Hey!" The angry snarl of a tom boomed from the top of the scrap pile, echoing across the piles of rotting food. "What do you think you're doing?"

You looked up, squinting against the blinding sunset to see who had called out to you. A large tabby tom stood on the roof of the defunct twoleg den that the scrap pile sat against, his dark orange fur glowing blood-red in the fading sunlight. Upon closer inspection, you realized that his neck was adorned with a black collar, it's material torn in places and studded with what appeared to be the teeth of some kind of animal. You stood up slowly, backing away from the intimidating cat without taking your eyes off of him. This tom clearly wasn't friendly, and it became increasingly obvious by the way his yellow eyes pierced you that you weren't welcome to stay.

You continued to back away slowly, wondering why he wasn't doing anything to harm you or stop you from escaping. *He probably just wants me to leave,* You thought, swallowing a thick lump of spit that had accumulated at the back of your throat. *I'll just go, and he won't-* Suddenly, fur that didn't belong to you pressed against your backside, and a deep-throated growl drifted to your ears. "Where do you think you're going, runt?" You froze, every muscle in your body stiffening. You were trapped. There was no way out of the scrapyard, and no way around the strays who had caught you on their territory.

"I...I..." You stammered, your throat too tight to form words. "I-I was really hungry, and I found some meat, so I-" Whoever was behind you let out a furious caterwaul, thrusting a massive paw into the back of your head and slamming you to the ground. You let out a wail of distress, desperately scrabbling at the cold ground with your claws in an attempt to get away.

"Stealing our food," The cat, who had now confirmed itself as another tom, snarled lowly into your ear, his rancid breath wafting over your face and making you gag. "Who do you think you are, huh? Prancing into *our* territory and eating *our* scraps! Do you know what we do to pesky little kittens who trespass?" You let out an agonized cry as the tom sank his claws into your frail shoulders and flipped you onto your back, his massive paw pressing down on your chest so hard you lost the ability to breathe. He was a massive white tom with thick black patches and furious green eyes with a green teeth-studded collar to match. He was much bigger than any cat you'd ever seen, let alone you. *This is it,* You thought, squeezing your eyes shut as he leaned closer to you, his teeth clamping around your throat. *I'm going to die...*

"Knock it off, Bone!" The tom who was mere inches away from sinking his teeth into your throat's head snapped up, tearing small clumps of fur away from your neck. You opened your eyes slowly, turning your pupils upward. The dark orange tabby who had first called out to you was standing several tail-lengths away from you, and even though he was upside-down, you could clearly see the irritation in his beaming yellow eyes. You took your opportunity and scrambled out from under the black-and-white tom's claws, backing up against a black scrap holder. The dark orange tabby turned his head slightly to glance at you, then averted his attention back to the tom who had attacked you, whose alias you assumed was Bone.

"What do you mean, 'knock it off'?" Bone growled, lashing his thick tail furiously. "The little runt is trespassing! She ate our food!"

"I'm well aware of that," The dark orange tom shot back hotly. His voice held a strange dialect, one you'd never heard before. A city cat thing, probably. "Look at her," He continued, jerking his scarred muzzle towards your shaky, skinny frame. "How much damage do

you think she's gonna do? She couldn't even eat a whole steak! Are ya honestly gonna kill a kitten over one little hunk 'a meat?"

"That *little hunk 'a meat belongs* to BloodClan," Bone growled, harshly mimicking the tabby's dialect. "Are *you* honestly going to let her get away with it?" You stiffened, straightening up slightly. *BloodClan?*

"I ain't gonna let her get away with it! I just think killing her is kinda extreme!" The two strays continued to argue back and forth, but you weren't hearing anything they said. The stray named Bone had mentioned BloodClan, briefly. Did he know anything about them? Possibly, something that could help you find them? You glanced up at the toms again, who were now standing nose-to-nose with their spines arched and tails lashing, caterwauling angrily. *This is probably a stupid thing to do,* You thought cautiously as you took a step towards the bickering duo. *but this might be my only chance to find BloodClan.*

"E-excuse me...?" You meowed timidly. Immediately, both toms' heads snapped towards you, their eyes burning angrily. You were about to ask them if they knew anything about BloodClan, but they both snarled, *"WHAT?"* in unison before you got the chance. You flinched, your tail-tip quivering slightly. "I-I was wondering if either of you know anything about BloodClan?" You asked, your voice trembling slightly. "Y-you see, I-I ran away from home, a-and... I was hoping to find this group of strays that live around here. I...I want to join them." The two strays looked at each other, and then, as if they had never been about to rip each other's throats out, they burst into a fit of hysterical laughter.

Your eyes widened, and you stared at them in utter confusion. "W-what's so funny?"

The dark orange tabby, whose name you had yet to learn, reached up with a paw and wiped a tear from his eye, snorting out a few last snickers before meeting your gaze, a dung-eating grin still plastered on his scarred face. "Look, kitten," He chuckled, twitching his whiskers. "I don't wanna see ya die or nothin', but I can't help but to laugh at yer ridiculous dream. Do ya know *anything* about BloodClan?" You paused for a moment to think. Now that you

thought about it, the only thing you really knew about the aforementioned group of strays was that they really liked to fight, and their name sort of scared you.

"W-well, no," You stammered. "That's why I want to find them. I want to learn how to be like them."

Bone, who had been chuckling still, turned his piercing green gaze over to the dark orange tabby. "Is she for real, Brick? Does Scrawny really want to join the most feared strays on this side of the city?" You flattened your ears, slightly offended by the insulting nickname the black-and-white tom had given you. *Scrawny? I'm not* that *scrawny!*

Brick looked down at you, his yellow eyes glinting mischievously. He smirked, a chuckle rippling from deep inside his chest. "Only one way to find out. Come on, Scrawny," He meowed, turning towards a gap in one of the scrap piles. "We'll show ya to the alley. Just stay close, alright? The rats 'round here would make a quick meal outta the likes 'a you!" He started to roar with laughter again, and Bone fell into step beside him with the same booming amusement. They stalked into the pile of rotting scraps, disappearing fully into the shadows. You cast an uneasy glance around you, then quickly followed them into the rancid tunnel. Brick's comment about the rats had given you something to think about, and you weren't keen on finding out if what he had said was true.

****

You followed Bone and Brick for what felt like hours, wading through murky, foul-smelling water that went up to your belly and having to climb up piles of twoleg debris and other rubble. Your paws were aching even more than they were when you found the scrapyard, but you didn't dare say anything about it. If you did, you

knew you would either be laughed at, sneered at, or worse, deemed unworthy of being a BloodClan cat. You desperately wanted to stop and groom the muck from your fur, but at the same time, you were afraid to let your mouth come into contact with your pelt. It felt sticky and smelled awful, and it was matted to your skin in places. *I look awful,* You thought miserably. *What are these strays thinking of me?* You knew you shouldn't worry about what other cats thought of you, but you couldn't help it. You didn't want anyone to think you were a half-drowned rat.

"We're here." Bone's deep growl interrupted your self-conscious worries. You looked up, your eyes widening as you saw what was looming right in front of you. It was a dingy, dark alley, situated between two rotting twoleg dens that stretched up to the sky. A tattered mesh fence guarded the alley's entrance, it's silver barbs glinting like claws in the moonlight.

"She-cats first," Brick snickered, nudging you roughly from behind. "We'd hate to see ya get left behind, Scrawny." Once again, the two strays began laughing, staring at you scrutinizingly as you cautiously approached a large gap in the mesh. You paused at the entrance, swallowing hard. It was so dark beyond the fence that you couldn't even see your whiskers. Not a single spark of light penetrated the shadows, and not even the full moon could pierce the blinding blackness. For a brief moment, you pondered the idea of turning back, but the thought of the snickering toms behind you made you angrily shake that thought from your mind. You weren't a coward, and you hadn't come this far only to turn back. *Alright, (Y/N), you can do this. What could possibly go wrong?* Ducking so low that your chest touched the damp puddles left by the recent rainfall, you shimmied your way forward on your belly, gagging slightly as your collar caught on the mesh and pulled against your throat. As you slid forward, thoughts of flesh-eating rats and scurrying cockroaches filled your fatigued mind, making your head spin with anxiety. *How much further do I have to crawl?* You thought miserably as the slime from the filthy ground began to seep into your belly fur. Suddenly, the pressure on your spine disappeared, and a blast of ice-cold air tinged with rot wafted over your face. You stood up abruptly, coughing and covering your nose with a paw. The smell in the alley was even worse than the scrapyard.

"Not so bad, huh?" Brick laughed, falling into step beside you. "For a house-pet, I mean." Bone chuckled, and you flattened your ears self-consciously. You hated being called names, but the two ragged strays somehow managed to make it even more agitating.

"I'm not a house-pet," You muttered. "Not anymore."

"We'll see about that," Bone replied, a devious smirk crossing his muzzle. "If Scourge doesn't take you in, you'll be sent right back where you came from. Or," He compromised, rounding on you, and sticking his broad muzzle into your face. "he'll decide to take pity on you and rip your throat out instead." You glared back at him, refusing to show any signs of fear. Even if what he said was true, having your throat ripped out would be a step-up from going back to your housefolk.

"Alright, cut it out," Brick snapped, stepping out in front of you. "We promised Scourge we'd be back by now, remember? If we don't show our ugly faces within the next thirty heartbeats, he'll off us for sure. Now, move it!" Bone mouthed one last "watch yourself" before turning his back to you and stalking down the narrow strip of walking path. Brick followed him, and you took the hint. This was not a place you wanted to be left alone in.

"Who's Scourge?" You dared to ask as you passed piles of rotting twoleg scraps and empty, water-stained brown square things that looked like they had been hastily thrown down and forgotten in a hurry. "Is he important?"

Brick and Bone exchanged a quick glance, clearly annoyed with your question. "He's our leader," Brick finally responded with a flick of his tail. "and he hates pesky kits who can't keep their mouths shut. If I were you, I wouldn't speak unless spoken to."

"What happens if I do?" You challenged him, picking up your speed so you were walking in between them.

Brick cast a glance down at you, and in the moon's eerie light, you saw haunted memories flash across his scrawny face. "Trust me, kitten. Ya don't wanna find out." Just then, you passed a broken piece of the wet brown stuff that was hanging over a space that had

been untouched by the rain, and when the moonlight revealed what was hiding beneath it, you felt sick. It was the skeleton of a cat, it's decomposed brown pelt still clinging to it's bones in places. You quickly ripped your gaze away from the horrific sight, your breath catching in your throat as a terrified scream began to crawl up your windpipe. This Scourge was clearly not a cat to be messed with. You couldn't help but to wonder what the poor skeleton had done to deserve such a cruel fate. Was this what life in the city was really like? The narrow walkway suddenly spread out on all sides, and you looked up to see that you were standing in the middle of a lot that looked similar to the scrapyard, only smaller. Strays were perched on all sides, on top of scrap piles and abandoned twoleg items glaring at you with suspicion. You swallowed, averting your gaze. *Don't speak unless spoken to.*

Bone stepped forward, and Brick poised himself at your flank. "Stay still and quiet," He muttered, leaning down so he could hiss into your ear. "If Scourge thinks you're worthy, you'll be recruited as a trainee."

"Scourge, we have returned," Bone meowed into the darkness in front of him. "and we brought a guest." You stood still as ice, watching the shadows for any flickering movement. Nothing caught your eye. Right as you begun to think that the strays were playing some kind of trick on you, the sound of paws gliding smoothly over damp ground echoed through the space, and a pair of ice-blue eyes glinted like tiny moons in the darkness. Suddenly, it seemed as though the entire city was holding its breath. The leering cats that surrounded you ceased their hushed conversations, and even the rats stopped scuttling. You stiffened, your insides ceasing to function as you stared at the pair of eyes, which now appeared to be attached to a small black tom. You were rather taken aback. You had pictured Scourge as a terrifyingly large cat with huge, rippling muscles and battle scars, but he was none of those things. His body was long and sleek, black fur glinting like shards of ice in the pale moonlight. His face was long and slender, and his ears were the pointiest you had ever seen. A tattered red collar was fastened bluntly around his thin neck, it's material strained and tense due to the discarded teeth that stuck through it. You shuddered, averting your gaze nervously. He was small, but his size didn't deter from his

intimidating aura.

"Who is this guest you speak of, Bone?" His voice matched his outward appearance perfectly, thin and raspy. If ice had a voice, you were certain it would sound the same.

Bone jerked his broad muzzle towards you, his dark green eyes flashing in the darkness. "This is her, sir. We found her in the trash pit." *Trash pit?* These cats sure had funny names for things.

Scourge slowly turned his head towards you, and when his eyes locked with yours, you felt an icy-hot spark of dread ripple up your spine. "Is that so?" He mused, the slightest hint of an amused smirk curving the corners of his mouth. "And what exactly were you doing in our food supply, *she-cat?"* You flinched. 'She-cat' had come out slightly accusatory. What was he insinuating? Did he think you were trying to cause some kind of harm?

"I..." You began, suddenly aware of how painfully dry your throat had become. "I was hungry, s-sir. I-I hadn't eaten all day, and when I found the scrap-Um- Trash pit, I thought it didn't belong to anyone. I'm r-really sorry, sir... I didn't mean any disrespect to you."

"I see." Scourge replied, straightening himself up and stalking through Brick and Bone to meet your gaze. He was nearly eye level with you, a mere two whisker-lengths taller perhaps. You normally would've laughed at such a small tom, but your throat felt as if sharp fangs was clamped around it. "Do you know where you are, kitten?" He questioned you icily.

You shook your head, not wanting to anger the black tom. It was true- You hadn't the slightest clue why you were standing in the rain-soaked lot, or why Scourge was questioning you. All you knew is that you said you wanted to find BloodClan, and now you were here. Suddenly, it occurred to you that it was very likely that you had found the aforementioned strays. Not only had you found them, but you were standing in the middle of their territory. You were speaking to their leader.

Scourge blinked slowly, his ice-blue eyes glinting in the moonlight, seemingly recognizing your realization. "Welcome to BloodClan," He

meowed coldly. "We don't take kindly to outsiders here." The strays surrounding you moved in closer, forming a tight circle. Brick and Bone stepped back, removing themselves from you. You swallowed, your tail-tip quivering as the whispers became louder.

"Ha! Look at her. She barely has enough meat on her to feed a rat!"

"Yes, but she could still suffice as a meal."

"How did that runt find her way into the trash pit?"

"A dog probably got sick of chewing on her and dropped her there. Look at her; she's half-digested!"

"Silence." Scourge's voice was anything but a command, but that didn't make it any less intimidating. All at once, the cats of BloodClan fell into an eerie silence. He turned his gaze back to you, its calm intensity piercing your very soul. "Is there anything you would like to say in your defense?" He asked you with sinister sincerity. "I do not agree with meaningless killing, so please, give me a good reason to finish you off before I sink my teeth into your neck." Your mind went blank at his words. He was going to kill you? You cast a quick glance around you, searching for a way to escape. Twoleg rubbish was stacked high enough to touch the moon, and you were completely surrounded by bloodthirsty, apparently cannibalistic strays. You had no choice but to tell Scourge why you were in his alley.

"Go on, honey! Tell Scourge why you're here!" A she-cat taunted you from somewhere in the crowd. An uproar of jeering and goading ensued, echoing and filling the lot with madness-inducing noise.

Scourge stared at you accusingly, his eyes glinting with malice. "Well?"

Your mouth moved, but no words came out. You wanted to crawl under a pile of trash and hide, free yourself of the sneering and judgmental glares. "I...I..." You were becoming frustrated beyond belief. Why wouldn't everyone just *shut up?*

"I... I want to join BloodClan!" The words left your mouth like a booming roar of raging thunder, cutting through the taunts like claws and silencing the crowd once more. You heaved in a surprised breath, daring to turn your head slightly to examine the beaten-up strays. A few snickers drifted across the stiff air, but other than that, no one made a sound, and you were grateful for that. You didn't know how many more insults you could take.

Scourge kept his cold gaze trained on you almost professionally, completely still say for the slight narrowing. "Why should I spare you?" He questioned, with just a hint of curiosity edging his tone. "What good could a scrawny little thing like you bring to BloodClan?"

"I'll do anything you want," You pleaded, trembling from the stress of the situation. "I'll find food, I'll fight. You name it! I just want to be a part of your clan!" You we're well-aware of how desperate you sounded, but you couldn't care less. Either you got into BloodClan, or you died, and you definitely preferred the former.

"I see you want this more than anything else," Scourge meowed. "You'd almost be willing to *die* for this."

"I'll do anything," You repeated, hoping he wasn't serious. *"Anything."*

The small black tom studied you for a moment longer, then nodded. "Very well." Drawing himself up, Scourge faced his clan with his piercing blue gaze. "This young kittypet has promised to give us everything she has in exchange for a place in BloodClan," He began, surveying the gathered cats. "I have decided to give her a chance to prove herself worthy. If she succeeds, we will welcome her as one of our own. If she fails, she will be taken care of." He turned his head towards you for a moment, his eerily calm gaze sending a chill through you. You swallowed. '*Taken care of*'?
"However, this young cat will need someone to help her along the way and teach her our ways," He continued. "Snake and Ice will be perfect mentors. Snake, Ice, step forward." Paws shuffled as cats stepped aside, then the whole clan was shifting positions. You were unsure why until two rather large white toms with black patches emerged from the crowd, their blue eyes staring forward

obediently. They looked almost identical, except for the fact that one had longer fur than the other.
"You will teach this kitten what it means to be a BloodClan warrior," Scourge commanded icily. "Do not disappoint me." Both toms dipped their heads stiffly, muttering a 'yes, Scourge' in unison.

You stared at the three toms before you, your heart racing. "Th-thank you, Scourge," You meowed with a grateful nod. "I won't let you down."

Scourge ignored your vow, flattening his ears. "What is your name?" He asked, remaining perfectly still.

"(Y/N)," You meowed with a new surge of confidence. "My name is (Y/N)."

"Well, *(Y/N),"* Scourge replied venomously. "These two toms standing before you are Snake-" He jerked his slender muzzle towards to bigger, fluffier tom- "-and Ice." He finished, casting a glance at the smaller of the two. "They'll be dealing with you from now on. Now," He meowed coldly, turning to address his clan. "this meeting is over. Return to your positions." Then, the black tom turned and vanished like a ghost into the shadows.

The strays who had gathered around you began to disperse and go their separate ways, giving you cold glares as they passed by. "Good luck, Scrawny," Brick mumbled as he stalked past you. "Don't get too cozy here." Then, he disappeared into the crowd alongside Bone.

I feel so out of place here, You thought anxiously, letting your gaze fall to the ground when the only cat you were vaguely familiar with left. *Will I ever fit in?*

Snake and Ice stalked up to you, holding the same intense gaze that their leader had. "So," The bigger of the two, Snake, meowed coldy, his dark eyes scanning you suspiciously. "You're the little runt we're supposed to train." He looked over you again, then grimaced. "I see we have our work cut out for us."

"We'll get her to learn," Ice said before casting a stern glance down

at you. "Even if it breaks her." You flinched, instinctively averting your gaze. *It's like they can read my thoughts.*

"Very well," Snake meowed, drawing himself up and squaring his broad shoulders. "Let's get moving. We have a lot to go over, and I have a feeling it's going to be a long night." He nodded to his brother, who left his side to stand by you like a cat guarding a valuable piece of meat.

Ice glared down at you, giving your shoulder a harsh nudge. "Get moving. We don't have all the time in the world." Muttering a quiet 'yes sir', you followed Snake out of the lot and back into the damp, reeking passagway you had come through earlier. As you walked, you couldn't help but to feel apprehensive. You hadn't the slightest clue what these two toms were about to put you through, but you had a feeling it wasn't going to be pleasant.

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As you had suspected, nothing pleasant was going to come out of being mentored by Snake and Ice. You were currently trudging up a muddy, rock-dappled hill, struggling to free your paws from the muck with each step you took. Snake and Ice were ahead of you by several tail-lengths, and neither of them seemed to care that you were almost sinking into the ground. "Hurry up," Ice snapped, casting an irritated glance your way. "How do you expect Scourge to accept you if you can't even walk up a measly hill?"

Measley? You thought as you ripped your paw free of the slimy ground once again. *This is what you call 'measly'?* "I'm trying," You huffed painfully. "This is a huge hill!"

"Try harder," Snake retorted. "I've seen dead rats walk faster than you!" Deciding it was best not to anger them further, you heaved a sigh and picked up your pace to a full-on sprint. Surprisingly, the

mud became easier to run in the harder you pushed your limbs. *I'm doing it!* You squealed internally as the crest of the soggy hill came into view. Snake and Ice leaped forward with their powerful hind legs, landing on the top with a wet thump and whirling around to face you.

"Well done, I suppose," Ice grunted as you leaped up beside them. "for a scrawny little rat." You flinched, but refused to let the two authoritative figures see your discomfort over being called a name. These cats clearly had high standards when it came to toughness, and crying because you got called an unpleasant name didn't seem like the best way to prove yourself to them.

"Thanks," You meowed, swallowing in an attempt to wet your dry throat. "What now?" Your mentors exchanged a glance, as if silently debating on what was next.

"W-well," Snake stammered, clearly struggling to keep his commanding tone in check. "I think we should go to the trash pit and climb some fences. What do you think, Ice?"

"Um... Yeah!" Ice agreed, squaring his shoulders and facing you as if to scare you off. "Let's see how well she can climb!" You blinked, confused. Fence-climbing? What was so important about climbing fences? Sure, the city was full of them, but they could easily be avoided if necessary. *It must be something all BloodClan cats do. I guess it's important.*

"Come on, runt," Snake growled, nudging you harshly as he marched by. "Those fences won't climb themselves." Ice snarled in agreement, stalking after his brother. However, you opted to stay behind for a moment, watching the two toms walk off in a random direction. They kept casting glances around, as if trying to determine where the closest fence was. You didn't know the city any better than they did, but something told you that you could find a fence much easier than them.

"Hey!" Ice growled, whipping his head around to glare at you. "You coming or not?"

"Um... Yeah," You called, bounding after them. "I'm coming." You

reached the pair, trailing after them uncertainly. *Why does it feel like they don't know any more than I do?*

****

Snake and Ice led you to a dingy, mold-scented lot smack-dab in the middle of an abandoned twolegplace, where the grass was dried-up and dead, and the air reeked of decay and who-knows what else. Surprisingly, the grassy area you were in was surrounded by a silver mesh fence, something you hadn't expected to find when you followed them. "Alright. Listen up," Snake growled, stalking around you. You nodded, locking your gaze with his. "This is a fence," He continued, jerking his muzzle towards the mesh structure. "and you're going to climb it." You stared at him, waiting for further instruction, but it never came. Snake stood next to the fence, his muscles tense.

"What's with the dumb face?" Ice demanded, glaring at you from his place beside his brother. "Haven't you ever seen a fence before?"

You nodded. "Of course I have."

Ice lashed his tail. "Then what's with the hesitation?"

"I'm not sure what you want me to do." You explained, daring to rise to your paws and pad over to the silver mesh. "You never explained where I'm supposed to start climbing, or how high."

Snake and Ice exchanged yet another uncertain glance, and this time, you knew they were stumped. "Just shut up and climb it already," Snake snapped with a lash of his thick tail. "We're wasting time!" You rolled your eyes, just subtly enough so they didn't notice. *Why did Scourge pick them, of all cats?* You wondered in complete awe. *They can't even decide which fence I'm supposed to climb!* Still, it seemed rather rude to question them, so you decided to play along

and hoped it boosted their confidence.

"Yes, sir!" You meowed, hoping your voice sounded enthusiastic enough. Then, you bunched what little muscle you had underneath you and began your ascent along the fence. The mesh allowed plenty of space to hook your claws into, and although it was harder than you initially thought it would be, you were able to scale the structure with ease. When you were close enough to the top to swing one forepaw over the edge, you pulled yourself upward and balanced on the mesh surface. Panting, you turned around to face your mentors, your heart racing from the experience. You had never climbed something so high!

Snake shook his head, padding up to the bottom of the fence. "No. Not quite, runt. You were slipping all over the place!"

You sprang down beside him, tilting your head. "How should I have done it, then?"

"Watch and learn, kitten." Snake meowed, leaping onto the mesh fence and finding his footing with ease. Ice followed him in hot pursuit, and together, the two brothers moved up the shiny surface as easily as two lumbering black-and-white lumps of fur possibly could. Snake's hind paw slipped free of one of the holes, smacking Ice in the nose.

"Watch it!" The smaller tom growled, hissing and swiping at his brother's dangling hind paw with unsheathed claws. "You almost put my eye out!"

"Big deal," Snake shot back, continuing his ascent as if nothing had happened. "Suck it up, you big wimp!" You watched them fight all while struggling to climb the fence, trying your hardest not to burst into a fit of amused giggles. You were fairly certain they weren't doing any better than you had, if not worse. You almost couldn't hold your amusement inside any longer, but thankfully, Snake reached the top of the fence before you lost all control. Ice hauled himself up beside his brother, and the two BloodClan warriors looked down at you with a ridiculous glint of pride in their eyes.

"That's how it's done, runt," Ice proclaimed, puffing out his chest.

"Maybe you'll learn something from watching that."

I learned to not slip so my paw won't put someone's eye out! You thought with a subtle giggle. You wouldn't say that out loud, of course, and instead opted to pretend to be wholeheartedly amazed by their climb. "Wow!" You exclaimed as your mentors clambered back down the fence and padded over to you. "That was so cool! I've never seen someone climb that high before!" Almost instantly, Snake and Ice's eyes lit up, glinting proudly at your over-exaggerated amazement. You had to stifle another giggle- you were certain you had never seen two cats look so pleased with themselves.

"Come on," Snake commanded, his tone a bit more confident than it had been before you came to the abandoned twolegplace. "We're going to scavenge for scraps."

You did a little excited bounce, putting in extra effort to make it seem like you had never been more thrilled to go digging through piles of rotting meat. "Okay!" You squealed, trotting after your mentors as they shared yet another pleased smirk between themselves. The pair lead you through several overgrown, unkempt gardens and past endless rows of decrepit twoleg dens until you came upon a set of silver mesh scrapcans, very similar to the ones your housefolk kept outside. A powerful odor was wafting from at least one of them, and you wrinkled your nose slightly. It wasn't as unbearable as the scrapyard had been, but it was still pungent.

"There's food in there, alright," Ice announced with an excited laugh. "What do you think it is, Snake?"

Snake bent his head and sniffed at the mesh surface, his ears perking up with excitement. "Chicken. No doubt about it." *Chicken?* You echoed silently. *What's 'chicken'?*

"Hey, runt!" Ice called, jerking his muzzle towards the scrapcan. "Get over here and dig that chicken out! It's soft and brown. You'll know when you find it!" Nodding enthusiastically, you padded over to the mesh container and scrambled up the side, causing it to topple over and spill its contents onto the ground. Snake and Ice let out a whooping cheer, laughing excitedly. You grinned, pleased

with yourself. *They don't seem as tense. My plan must've worked!* Jumping off the mesh container, you began digging through the leftover scraps, tossing aside pieces of material and shiny flakes until you found what you were looking for- A discarded carcass, one that appeared to belong to some kind of bird. It had the brown color Ice had mentioned, and when you sank your teeth into it to drag it to your mentors, it was soft and easy to chew.

"Save some for me!" Snake demanded, almost knocking you over as he scrambled to get a bite of the meat. You stepped out of his way just as Ice rushed over, and you watched as the two began greedily shoveling mouthfuls of the bird into their gullets. At first you were unsure whether or not it was okay for you to join in on the feast, but when Snake cast a glance up at you and nodded, you immediately forgot your uncertainties and crouched down to dig in yourself. It was easily the most delicious thing you had ever eaten! You had never tasted anything like it, and you couldn't get enough.

Ice cackled beside you, clearly thrilled over the find. "This is some good chicken," He meowed, his voice muffled from the meat that was piled into his maw. "Lucky we got the runt with us." Snake grunted in agreement, too focused on his meal to reply.

You swallowed a last big mouthful, then sat up and swiped your tongue across your jaws. "That was delicious!" You exclaimed. "I can't believe you knew where to find this!" Once again, Snake and Ice's eyes lit up as you vocalized your admiration for them. They exchanged an almost kitten-like glance filled with excitement, then rose to their paws and kicked the remains of the chicken carcass off to the side.

"We know every inch of this city," Snake declared proudly, cleaning the remaining meat scraps from his whiskers with a quick swipe of his tongue. "No one can find their way around better than us. Right, Ice?"

Ice nodded firmly, his blue eyes shimmering with triumph. "That's right." He turned his gaze to you, his face hardening. "And don't you forget it!" You looked up at the two strays, hoping your eyes betrayed your amazement. *Maybe if I show them how much I look up to them,* You reasoned with yourself. *we can even become friends!*

"I bet every cat in the city looks up to you!" You meowed in bewilderment. "You're so tough!"

Ice smirked, and Snake let out a chuckle from deep inside his chest. "That's right, runt," The biggest brother meowed. "You just keep doing what we say, and you'll be just fine." Even though a good amount of your enthusiasm was over-exaggerated, you truly did hold a sense of respect for the two BloodClan toms. It was becoming more and more clear to you that life in the city wasn't easy, and the fact that they had survived this long was incredible in your eyes.

"Where are we going now?" You asked, the excitement from your previous adventures still coursing through your veins.

Ice looked at his brother, his dark blue eyes glimmering in the mid-day sunlight. "Should we teach her some fighting moves?" Your heart began to beat faster. *Fighting moves!* You had always wanted to learn how to fight, even if it was just for fun. This time, you'd be learning to fight for real!

Snake nodded, then turned his gaze back to you, his usual facade of seriousness having returned. "Come on. I know the perfect place for that."

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Out of all the places you had found yourself in since you ran away to the city, this was by far the strangest. It was a massive, hollowed-out twoleg den that stretched far up into the sky. Its walls were covered in bitter-smelling marks, every shape, size, and color present. Snake had explained that twolegs sometimes snuck into the structure at night with small, shiny trinkets in their huge furless paws and decorate the walls with the foul-smelling colors. You didn't understand why they would do that, but you refrained from asking. Snake didn't seem like the type for questions, and neither did Ice.

"Alright, listen up," Snake's growl echoed off the bare walls, creating an eerie sense of isolation. You immediately snapped to attention, keeping your gaze held firmly on the big tom. Ice was standing next to him, seemingly nervous about his surroundings. You sighed internally. Once again, they were proving themselves to be no more familiar with the city than you. "Ice is going to charge at you, and you have to fight back. Got it?" You blinked, suddenly nervous. You didn't know any fighting moves. The only fight you had ever been in was when a chipmunk stole a bit of your kibble, and that wasn't much of a fight. The small creature had simply run away. How were you expected to win against Ice? Still, you didn't want to seem timid in front of your mentors.

"Got it." You puffed out your chest, your heart pounding against the back of your throat. There was no way this was going to end well. Snake turned to his brother and gave him a curt nod, and Ice took off towards you at a full sprint, letting out a terrifying snarl. You stood frozen, completely unsure as to what to do. A full-grown tomcat was charging at you, and it didn't look like he was planning on keeping his claws sheathed. You closed your eyes, desperately scanning your brain for any good ideas. *Come on, think! You're about to get trampled to death!* Suddenly, something occurred to you, clawing its way through your sleep-deprived mind like sunlight through fog. It was risky, but it was all you could come up with. *Please work!* Ice lunged towards you with his claws outstretched, ready to slice open your face. There was a glint of satisfaction in his eyes, as if he was thinking you were an easy target. But, unfortunately for him, that wasn't the case. Not today, at least.

You ducked low to the ground, knocking the wind out of yourself as your chest hit the hard ground. Ice sailed over you, the air from his fast launce sending ripples through your fur. Once you were sure you were in the clear, you sprang back to your paws and whirled around just in time to see Ice land clumsily on the ground. Before he even had a chance to turn around, you leaped onto his back and sank your teeth into his scruff and began raking his spine with your hind claws. Ice let out a manic screech of pain, flipping onto his back and crushing you beneath him. You let go of his scruff to draw in a gasp of air, and as soon as you did, the black-and-white stray twisted around and pinned you by your neck. Your gasp for air was

cut short as his paw pressed down on your windpipe, and you flailed your paws in a desperate attempt to free yourself from his claws. "What are you gonna do now?" He cackled, pressing harder on your throat. "You can't even move!" Through the blur of tears brought on by lack of oxygen, you could see the dung-eating smirk on Ice's face, and it made you blind with fury. Thrusting your hind paws straight up, you vaulted heavily into your mentor's soft belly, causing him to reel back with a hefty cough. While he was distracted and choking, you barreled forward clumsily and slashed your claws across his cheek. Fur clumped between your claws and crimson blood splattered the ground as Ice twisted away and began clutching at his wounded face. *He's still distracted! Now's my chance to prove myself!* You leaped towards Ice with the intent of landing on his back again, but Ice whirled around and delivered a painful smack to the side of your jaw, sending you tumbling across the ground and causing you to slam against the cold wall, hard. You groaned, opening your eyes. Everything was blurry, but you could see Ice stalking towards you, his tail lashing. Several feet behind him Snake stood, watching you with calculating eyes. *I have to get up,* You thought in a daze, struggling to heave yourself to your paws. *I have to prove myself...!* You finally managed to prop yourself up with your front limbs. But Ice pushed you back to the ground, cackling all the while.

"Get off of me!" You hissed, scrabbling at the ground pathetically. You hated the feeling of being out of control; it reminded you of your housefolk when they would beat you and toss you into a filthy carrier.

"Not a chance, runt," Ice growled, hooking his claws into your shoulders and roughly flipping you onto your back. "You gotta make me!" He was laughing again. That irritating, cocky laugh. You couldn't stand it. Feeling a sudden surge of strength fueled by pure rage, you sank your teeth into Ice's foreleg. Blood spurted out around your grip, spraying your face and the ground underneath you. Some of it got into your eye, but you didn't care. You bit down harder, your teeth striking bone. Ice's condescending cackle twisted into a screech of agony, and he began shaking his limb in an attempt to free his leg of your teeth. *Not a chance,* You mocked him silently, bitterly, with images of your horrible owners pushing you

to bite harder. *You gotta make me!* Using all the strength you had left, you wrenched Ice forward with a loud grunt, then released your grip on his leg and lunging forward, causing your mentor to stumble back. However, Ice wasn't going down that easily. With a snarl, the smallest brother sprang forward, slamming into you head-on and knocking you back onto the ground. You allowed yourself to hit the ground, then vaulted your hind paws into his belly once again. Ice reeled back and glared at you, and if looks could kill, you would've been dead. Scrambling to your paws, you faced him, only to cringe as the room spun around you. Blood was seeping down your face from your head, nearly blinding you. How were you supposed to win a fight like this?

"Enough," Snake growled, much to your relief. You and Ice both turned to look at the big tom, who was stalking across the now bloodstained ground, his tail lashing. "You idiot!" He snarled, facing his brother. "Are you trying to kill her!? She's no use to us dead!"

Ice faced his brother, looking annoyed. "You told me to attack her," He reminded Snake harshly. "What did you want me to do? Put a flower behind her ear and tell her how pretty she is?"

"I didn't ask you to slam her against the wall and crack her skull open!" Snake turned to face you, his deep blue eyes glazing over with something you couldn't quite read. Concern, maybe? "You alright, runt?" He meowed, padding over and giving you a sniff.

Although you felt like crying, you reminded yourself of the promises you had made to yourself: One, don't let them see you're scared, and two, pretend you think they're the coolest cats you had ever met. "That was awesome!" You meowed, wincing as the echo of your voice made your head ache even more. "Ice fights so well!" The smallest brother looked surprised, but he quickly puffed out his chest and gave his fur a few licks to smooth it down. Snake blinked, then turned and gazed at his brother curiously, who simply shrugged. You stiffened slightly. Were they catching onto your plan?

"Alright," Snake meowed after a moment, as if making a decision. "I think that's enough fighting for today." Although you were immensely relieved, you sighed and pretended to be disappointed.

Snake sighed, stalking past you a flicking your shoulder with his tail-tip. "Come on, runt." He meowed. "Let's go home. You look tired." He was certainly right about that. Your legs, chest, and belly were caked in dried mud, every muscle in your body felt like it was on fire, and your wounds were still bleeding. You wanted to thank Snake for deciding to take mercy on your pathetic condition, but decided against it. Nothing good would likely come from showing weakness. Ice padded past you, nodding. He didn't say anything, but the look he gave you seemed respectful. You returned the gesture, offering him a small smile. He didn't return it, but you counted it as a win.

Great. Time to go back to the alley. You took a step forward, only to cringe and buckle over as pain flared up in your shoulder. Upon hearing your soft cry, both of your mentors turned to face you simultaneously. You quickly straightened up, subtly favoring your right side. "You alright?" Ice meowed slowly, raising a brow.

"U-uh... Yeah!" You replied as enthusiastically as you could manage. "I'm good! I just stepped on something sharp." The brothers shared a skeptical glance, but they didn't question you any further.

"Hurry up," Snake demanded with a lash of his tail. "We have a long way to go, and you don't want to be out here after dark." He cast a glance through the gap in the den wall at the sinking sun, then shuddered. "Trust me." You didn't question him. The rotting twolegplace was nerve-wracking during the day; you didn't want to know what it was like at night. Your mentors stalked back outside, and you followed them as fast as you could manage, your aching shoulder throbbing in protest. *I'm sorry,* You apologized silently to your bones. *But I can't stop yet.*

Snake and Ice walked side-by-side down the rickety, decaying thunderpath, scaling the crumbling stone and discarded pieces of wood and scraps like it was the easiest thing in the world. You hung back slightly, however, in far too much pain to climb or jump like you normally could. Your mentors leaped on top of the same silver mesh fence you had climbed up earlier, pausing to cast a glance back way. You hesitated at the bottom, your wounds throbbing worse at the thought of having to climb all the way to the top. Despite your exhaustion, you knew you didn't have a choice- Snake

and Ice were watching you.

With a soft, pained grunt, you bunched your muscles underneath you and leaped onto the wall of the fence, curling your claws around the tiny silver lines and pulling yourself up while using your hind legs to push yourself forward. Your paw finally grazed the thick silver line that ran across the top, and you pushed yourself onto it with a sigh of relief. Snake and Ice watched you for a moment longer, then, much to your surprise, they sat back on their haunches. You looked up at them, confused. "Aren't... Aren't we going back to the alley?"

"Yeah," Ice meowed, his tail-tip twitching. "But we still got awhile before it gets completely dark, and you're pretty beaten up. Do you want to rest here for a sec?" Snake just grunted, silently agreeing with his brother's idea. You blinked, looking at your paws. It seemed strange that they were offering to let you rest, since they hadn't done that all day. Was this a trick to get you to display weakness?

"No," You replied, rising to your paws and wobbling slightly as you tried to hold your balance on the slippery surface. "I think it would be better for all of us if we headed back now. Like Snake said, we shouldn't be out here after dark, I think." In truth, you had no idea why you weren't allowed to leave the alley at night- You had been in the city until sunrise the night before, and the most dangerous thing you encountered was Brick and Bone. *Don't argue with them,* You reminded yourself. *They may not be great at teaching stuff, but they've lived here for a long time.*

Snake looked as if he was going to argue with you, but he clamped his sturdy jaws shut and nodded curtly instead. "Let's get moving, then," He meowed, rising to his paws and bounding down the mesh fence and landing on the other side of the abandoned thunderpath. Ice joined him, and you half-scrambled, half-tumbled down the side and began trotting after them, a slight tug of pride pulling on your heart. You did it- you survived your first day in the city! Truthfully, you never thought you would have made it this far. You had spent most of your life dreaming about a place beyond the fence in your housefolk's garden, and now you were here. Feeling a bit lighter in your step, you trotted after your mentors. A soft breeze picked up,

carrying with it many scents you had never smelled before. You took a deep breath, taking it all in. Nothing could possibly stop you now- you were going to be a warrior of BloodClan.

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Your paws were aching uncontrollably by the time you, Snake, and Ice returned to the damp, moldy alley nestled between tall twoleg dens and several monster dens. Snake cast a glance back at you, his ears twitching. "Keep your head down and be quiet," He instructed you callously. "You're still a stranger here, and we don't need any trouble tonight."

You nodded. "Yes, Snake."

Snake dipped his head in satisfaction, then turned to his brother. "Go tell Scourge we're back," He demanded with a lash of his tail. "He'll want to hear about this." Ice turned and padded into the dimly-lit tunnel, disappearing into the shadows on the other side. Snake gave you one last knowing look, then slipped in after him. Although the tunnel still made you nervous, you weren't eager to be left alone outside, so you took a deep breath and pressed your belly flat against the slippery ground and pushed yourself through the tight space. As soon as you poked your head out on the other side, the BloodClan cats began to mutter to one another, just as they had the night you showed up. You couldn't hear what most of them were saying, but you picked up on a few sneers and foul words as you walked forward with your gaze cast downward.

"Hey, there's Scrawny!" You pricked your ears at the familiar voice, but you didn't dare lift your gaze. From the spot on the ground you were staring, you saw a pair of dark orange tabby forelegs trot up to Snake, followed by an amused chuckle. "Boy, she sure looks ragged. Ya must've done quite the number on her, Snake!"

"Ice did most of the damage," Snake replied coolly. "but I helped, I suppose." Brick cackled like a dying crow. You looked at the ground further, your ears burning self-consciously. It felt like the more you stayed in this place, the more mockery you fell victim to. No, you had to be strong. You had been given a fighting chance, and you weren't about to throw it away. From the upper corner of your eye, you saw Snake cast a glance at you, twitching his ears knowingly. "She put up a surprisingly good fight," He told Brick, turning to face the dark ginger tabby with a snort of irritation. You dared to look up for just a moment, a slight shock igniting your pelt. Snake didn't seem like the complimentary type. Was he defending you? His stone-cold eyes made it hard to tell.

Brick eyed you shortly, his dark yellow eyes narrowing. "I see. Do ya, uh..." He leaned forward, attempting to hide his words in a whisper, but apparently he was bad at whispering. "...do ya think she's got a chance?" Snake stared back at him, but before he had a chance to reply, Ice re-emerged from the shadows with Scourge stalking beside him. You stiffened, and Brick turned and made hast towards the shelter of a crumbling roof.

"Scourge wants to speak with you," The lithe black-and-white tom meowed, casting a hard glance at you. "Alone." You felt as if your blood had turned to ice. What could Scourge possibly want with you already? Had you done something wrong? The image of the tabby's decaying remains flashed through your mind, and you had to suppress a shudder. Were you about to meet the same fate?

Snake gazed at you for a moment, and you could've sworn there was concern there for a split second. Then, he gave a curt nod and turned his back to you. "Very well." The brothers stalked away, but not far. They made a quick left turn and disappeared into a pile of wood, and in the darkness, you could just barely make out their deep blue eyes peering out at you. You sighed in relief. At least they were still going to keep an eye on you.

"Ice told me you exceeded his expectations today." Scourge meowed coldly, drawing your attention back to him like an icy claw was pulling on your chin. You blinked. Ice had really said that? Your heart fluttered in your chest, and for a moment, you could picture yourself standing among the strays who called the dark alley home,

as if you had been there all along. Your dream was ripped away from you, however, as Scourge continued. "However, this is still not nearly enough proof that you have what it takes to be a warrior of BloodClan. You have to know every nook and cranny of this city, and every scent that crosses your nose. How else do you expect to survive out here?"

"I understand, sir," You replied, standing up straight and squaring your shoulders. "I will keep training."

Scourge nodded, a small, barely noticeable smile curving the corners of his thin lips. "Very good." He blinked, then averted his gaze from you over to the heap of wood where your mentors were hiding. He narrowed his ice-blue eyes, several hairs standing up on his pitch-black pelt. Ice hissed a few curse words before retreating deeper into the shadows, followed by a loud smack and Snake's snarl. You couldn't hear exactly what he had said, but it sounded something along the lines of 'Keep back, you lumbering sewer rat!' You swallowed, silently praying that the frightening tom standing in front of you wouldn't march over and rip their ears off. Thankfully, he simply shook his head and turned his gaze back to you. "Rest now," He meowed icily. Then, he turned and stalked back to his den underneath the large green scrapcan. You watched him leave, unease still rippling beneath your pelt. Scourge carried a dark aura with him, almost like a black, cold mist. Nevertheless, he was still the leader, and you intended to respect him.

You winced, snapping back to reality as a sharp pain zigzagged up your left foreleg and into your shoulder. Turning your head, you saw a single gash, still dripping dark crimson blood. *My shoulder must've been cut open on something when Ice threw me,* You decided, then sat down and began to lick the wound and the muck from your fur. The taste it left on your tongue was anything but desirable, but at least you wouldn't be sleeping in it. Just as you finished cleaning yourself up, your mentors finally dared to clamber noisily out of the pile of wood and pad over to you. You immediately got to your paws, swiping your tongue across your jaws as you spat out the last clump of filthy fur.

Snake nodded, but somehow, it didn't seem as curt as usual. "We'll continue training in the morning," He explained with a dismissive

flick of his tail. "Goodnight, runt." The large tom turned and lumbered off, glancing back to see if Ice was following him.

"Um... Nice work today," Ice meowed dryly, almost awkwardly. "I guess. Night." Then, he joined his brother, and the two leaped onto the back of a dead monster and disappeared behind it's remains.

"Uh, yeah!" You called after them, a burning sensation of self-consciousness igniting your fur as several heads turned to give you hostile looks. "G-goodnight!" You turned away, letting out a shaky breath. They had simply gone on their way and left you standing in the middle of the alley surrounded by strange, possibly unfriendly strays. You had never had any other mentors before, but that didn't seem like something responsible mentors would do. *They're inexperienced,* You reminded yourself. *They'll get better. I hope.*

Turning in a circle, you scanned the rows of rubbish and scrapcans, searching for somewhere to sleep. It seemed that every space you could see was occupied by a glowering BloodClan cat, and the last thing you wanted to do was accidentally find your way into someone else's sleeping spot. That definitely wouldn't go over well. You suddenly felt very far from home, and you started to miss your backyard where you sometimes slept under the wooden steps. Feeling defeated, you dragged your sore paws towards the same pile of wooden squares that Snake and Ice had been hiding under moments ago, and curled up with your spine pressed against one of the planks. The ground here was even colder than the one in your housefolks' den, and you began to shiver. Despite the conditions, however, you soon slipped into a deep sleep. You were just going to have to get used to it.

Three Days Later . . .

You sprang forward from your hiding spot behind the mesh scrapcan, pinning the scurrying rat to the ground with your claws.

The black rodent let out a sharp squeal of terror, but the ear-splitting sound was cut short as your teeth snapped it's scrawny neck. Feeling triumphant, you stood up with the rat gripped in your jaws. It had been a few days since you first stumbled into BloodClan's alley, and things were gradually starting to get better. You were still sneered at, and occasionally, you even got hit with a piece of rubbish thrown by one of the strays whom you shared the alley with. You also found yourself missing the quiet, clean twolegplace you were born in, but you pushed that thought away as soon as it entered your mind. You had come this far, and you weren't going to give up now, no matter how cold the ground you slept on was, or how harsh some of the other cats could be.

Lifting your chin so the rat you had caught was blatantly visible, you turned around and began padding lightly down the crumbling walking path towards Snake and Ice, who had been watching you from a distance. You didn't let them know you knew that, however. They clearly thought they were being sneaky.

Snake nodded as you approached him, wrapping his fluffy tail around his paws. "Well done," He meowed. "We saw everything, and that was a pretty impressive catch." You stifled a snicker, amused by how oblivious to your knowledge he was.

"You're really sneaky, then," You commented, allowing the rat to fall from your jaws and hit the hot concrete with a thump. "I didn't see or hear either of you."

"We're the sneakiest cats in BloodClan," Ice gloated, a cocky smirk plastered like mud onto his slender muzzle. "Even Scourge says so." You twitched your whiskers, stifling a *mrrow* of amusement. Even if Scourge wasn't the cynical, cold-hearted cat he was, you couldn't believe he would ever say such a thing to any cat. Still, you were pleased that your plan of making the two brothers think they were the greatest cats whose paws ever stroked the city's ground was still working.

Suddenly, your belly gave an enormous growl, and Snake glanced at you with an eyebrow raised. You ducked your head in embarrassment, feeling your ears heat up. 'Ha, sorry," You mumbled, smiling to yourself slightly.

Snake twitched his ears. "No need for 'sorry', runt," He replied coolly. "Go ahead; dig in." You glanced at Ice, feeling slightly guilty. Neither of your mentors had eaten since sunrise. *Surely they must be hungry!*

As if reading your thoughts, Ice chuckled lightly. "Don't worry about me, scrap. Eat up." Twice was as many times as you had to be told. Crouching down, you sank your teeth into the flesh of the rat and chewed, your mouth watering as its juices seeped around your tongue and dribbled out of your jaws. Once you had finished, you sat up and swiped your tongue across your jaws, feeling satisfied now that your belly was full of delicious prey.

"What are we doing next?" You asked, eager to see more of the city. "Is there anywhere I haven't seen yet?"

Snake's whiskers twitched, and you could've sworn you saw a glint of amusement flash across his deep blue eyes. "Hold your rats," He meowed, lightly flicking your shoulder with his tail-tip. "There's plenty you haven't seen. But before you go off exploring, you need to understand that the city isn't a safe place. You have to learn how to defend yourself."

Your tail drooped slightly, and you felt slightly discouraged. "But Scourge said-"

"Never mind what Scourge said," Snake meowed, flicking his tail impatiently. "He'll let you join BloodClan as long as you know how to hunt, scavange, and fight. And you've already gotten the first two down pretty well." Your spirits lifted a bit. You had gotten quite good at stalking rats and birds and digging through scrapcans for food. The only thing you struggled with was fighting. Which you didn't like very much, but you knew you had to learn to do it.

"Let's go!" You exclaimed, leaping to your paws and whirling around.

Snake trotted after you, lashing his tail. "Alright, kitten. Don't give yourself a heart attack!" You, Snake, and Ice wove though mesh fences and rows of twoleg dens, pausing to remark the scent barriers that separated BloodClan territory from the rest of the city.

You were enjoying the journey through unknown places, staring in awe at every little thing that shone or flew. You still couldn't believe you had found your way into the city alone. "Hold on," Snake meowed suddenly, stepping out in front of you and pushing you back with his tail.

"What?" You asked him, slightly irritated that your sightseeing had been interrupted.

Ice fell into step beside you and opened his jaws to taste the air. "Uh, Snake? You smell that?" He meowed cautiously, the fur on his shoulders rippling.

Snake flattened his ears, casting an annoyed glare at his brother. "Yeah, ratskull. I smell it. Thanks for pointing it out." Ice snorted, then rolled his eyes and turned away. You blinked, confused. What had they smelled? You raised your head and parted your jaws as you tried to identify the source of the odor. You could definitely smell something strange, but you couldn't tell what it was. It was something you had smelled before, though.

"What is that?" You asked Snake, turning your head to look up at him.

"Cat," Snake replied, turning to meet your gaze intently. "You're telling me you don't know what cat smells like?"

You fluffed out your fur defensively. "Of course I know what cat smells like! I've just never smelled a cat like that before." In reality, you hadn't picked up on what the scent was at first, but you were too embarrassed to admit it.

Snake cast one last wary glance around him with narrowed eyes, then shook his pelt and forced his fur to lay flat. "Keep moving," He meowed gruffly. "We have a lot to do." You didn't protest and trotted after him, but you couldn't shake the feeling of being watched. You felt like the rat you had caught by time you and your mentors reached a small clearing dotted with yellow, dead grass and patches of exposed earth. You cast an uneasy glance behind you, and Ice turned and did the same.

"Did you see something?" The slender black-and-white rogue asked.

"No," You replied warily. "But-"

"(Y/N)," Snake snapped, drawing your attention towards him. You were stunned, not only by the sudden return of authority to his voice, but also by the fact that he had called you by your name instead of 'runt' or 'kitten'.

"Y-yes, sir?" You replied, quickly snapping your attention away from the line of lush-growing woods you had been staring at.

"Focus," Snake retorted harshly. "Do you want to be a BloodClan warrior or not?"

"Of course I do!" You protested, your unease completely lost in your desire to prove yourself to your mentors. You scrambled over to Snake, who was eyeing both you and Ice accusingly. You swallowed hard, worried you may have angered him past the point of return, but he relaxed once he saw that you were serious about training.

"Alright," Snake meowed, turning away and padding several tail-lengths away from you so he was in the middle of the clearing. "What do you think the best thing to do when a cat attacks you from the front is?" You blinked, staring at your paws. What was the best thing to do when a cat charged at you head-on?

"Um... Aim for their eyes?" You suggested meekly, shuffling your paws. You had never been very good at fighting, and the last thing you wanted to do was anger Snake further.

"No," The large rogue sighed, shaking his head like a disappointed mother. "If you try to claw their eyes, they could use your distraction to their advantage. Guess again." You studied Snake's position, thinking carefully. *If I charged at him right now, I could try to jump over his head and land on his back, but that would mean he could claw my belly...* You were beginning to feel helpless. How would Scourge accept you if you never learned to fight? You stared at Snake for a moment longer, desperately trying to come up with a semi-intelligent answer.

"Oh!" You exclaimed, an idea stroking your mind. "I know- you dodge off to the side and rake your claws down their flank!"

Ice pricked his ears as if he were surprised, and Snake gave you an approving nod. "Very good," He meowed, his tone as cold as usual, despite his praise. You didn't mind, however. You were just proud of yourself for figuring it out without any help or hints. "Ice and I will demonstrate," Snake continued, beckoning his brother towards him with a sweep of his tail. Ice strode forward as if he were the most important cat in the world, then stood several tail-lengths in front of Snake. Snake turned his gaze back to you, twitching his ears. "Watch closely."

You nodded, trying your best to act firm and serious. "Got it." Ice took off at a full pelt across the clearing, but Snake made no attempt to fight back. Instead, he waited until his brother's muzzle was mere inches away from his whiskers and suddenly darted off to the side before Ice even had a chance to react. With the speed of a lightning strike, Snake thrusted himself off the rough grass with his hind paws and extended his forepaw off to the side, sinking his razor-like claws into Ice's fur. You stared in awe and shock as blood sprayed out of the long, slender wounds, causing Ice to screech in pain and lose his footing once he hit the ground. As the smaller tom staggered and collapsed with a grunt, Snake straightened himself up and gave his chest fur a few licks before turning to face you.

"You have to strike before your enemy has a chance to think about what you're doing," He explained roughly. "Now it's your turn." He swiveled around to glare at his brother, who was still trying to heave himself off the ground. "Get up, you useless lump of fur," Snake growled, prodding his brother with his claws. Ice groaned and forced himself to his paws, and you winced as you saw the damp fur on his flank, now stained red and coated in a sheet of dust. Could Ice handle another blow? You glanced over at Snake, who was now watching you intently from the edge of the clearing. You swallowed, turning to face Ice. It didn't seem like either of you had much of a choice. The large black-and-white tom whisked his tail, then curtly meowed, "Begin."

Ice shuddered, as if his limbs could barely hold the weight of his body. Then, he launched himself forward from his hind paws,

haring towards you like a speeding monster. You waited until you could nearly feel his breath on your face, then leaped off to the side and propelled yourself forward, extending your left forepaw to rake the side of his body that hadn't been mutilated yet. It was the least you could do for him. However, your claws missed his pelt and simply sliced uselessly through the air, throwing you off balance and causing to crash into the ground. You hissed in pain through gritted teeth, forcing your eyes open. The wound on your forehead from a few days ago hadn't fully healed, and now it had broken open again and was producing a steady stream of blood. You stumbled back to your paws, your head spinning and your paws threatening to slide out from under you.

"You jumped out too far," Snake called, clearly struggling to hide to concern over your injuries. "You have to get far enough away that he can't reach you, but stay close enough so you can reach him. Try again." You gritted your teeth, biting back a yowl of frustration. How long were you meant to put up with this? How much more could you take? *No!* You snapped at yourself, whipping around to face Ice as he began creeping forward. *You have to stay focused. Thinking like that won't help you now!*

Ice leaped forward with a snarl, his long claws outstretched. You hissed, twisting onto your front paws and stepping off to the side. Ice sailed past you, and you reared up and your hind legs and swung your claws at his flank. This time, your claws met fur and tore several clumps free of his pelt, but you still hadn't managed to hit any flesh. "That was better," Snake meowed, his tail-tip flicking in anticipation. "But you still haven't wounded him yet. Again!" Ice whirled around and sprang once more, kicking up a cloud of dust as he thrusted himself forward with his powerful hind paws. You coughed, screwing up your eyes to see through the earthy blur. Ice burst out of the haze seconds later, intent on tackling you. Leaping off to the side, you bunched your muscles underneath you and sprang up, hooking your claws deep into his flank and propelling yourself forward. Ice let out a caterwaul, and your heart twisted slightly. *I'm so sorry!* It didn't feel right intentionally harming a cat, but this was clearly BloodClan's way. You had no choice but to accept it.

You landed back on the uneven ground, the blood from the wound you had inflicted on Ice spraying up onto your muzzle as the same paw you had used made contact with solid earth. You gazed up at Snake, who was watching you intently through narrowed eyes. He didn't speak, and you were confused. Had you done something wrong? Suddenly, massive paws crashed down on your shoulders, thrusting you to the ground muzzle-first. More dust blew up around you, and through the haze, you saw Snake rise to his paws and stalk towards you with an irritable lash of his tail. "Never drop your guard until the fight is over," He retorted. Ice stepped off of you and began lapping gingerly at his bleeding flank, flattening his ears. You scrambled back to your paws, shaking your pelt.

"I-I'm sorry," You stammered. "I was waiting for your instruction, and-"

"In battle, there is no instruction," Snake snapped. "If Ice was your enemy, you would be dogfood right now!" You swallowed, fighting to stop your lip from trembling. You had finally managed to get the move right, and now you were being scolded for getting distracted. How were you supposed to get by in a fight if you kept getting distracted? Snake noticed your crestfallen expression and sighed, allowing the fur on his shoulders to flatten. "You're learning," He meowed, his voice just a bit gentler than usual, which you found slightly odd. "And when you're learning, you're going to make mistakes." His deep blue gaze hardened suddenly, and he squared his shoulders with a defiant lash of his tail. "But I will not use that as an excuse to let you be soft and untrained. This isn't a twoleg's garden, (Y/N)," He growled. "There are real dangers out here, and you need to be ready to face them. Hesitating won't win any fights, and apologizing won't make an enemy less hostile. Do you understand?"

You sniffled, straightening up and looking Snake dead in his eyes. You refused to let him see any more of your fear. "I understand. I'll keep trying, because I want to be just like you someday!" Snake's fur rippled sheepishly, but he quickly flattened it and gave his pelt a firm shake. You stifled a purr, your whiskers twitching. All was going according to plan; at least you had done one thing right.

"Good job," The large tom approved with a stiff nod. "Now get back

over there and show us what you've learned." With a surge of confidence, you turned and marched back into the middle of the dry clearing, where Ice had finished licking off his wounds and was facing you once more. He pelted towards you, and you sprang sideways before leaping forward yourself and raking your claws down his flank, reopening the wound Snake had given him. You heard him let out a low, long groan of pain, but he didn't protest further. The moment your forepaws grazed the brittle grass, you whirled around and sank your teeth into Ice's hind leg, causing him to buckle in midair and collapse to the ground with a pained grunt. Not sparing him a single moment, you leaped on top of his back, digging your claws into his shoulders and biting into his scruff. You began kicking his spine with your hind claws, tearing clumps of black-and-white fur free. Ice suddenly went limp underneath you, and you released your grip on his scruff and shoulders slightly as a volt of fear shot through you. *Have I killed him?* Suddenly, he heaved himself up with his powerful limbs. You let out a shocked cry and lost your footing, tumbling onto the hard ground and flailing pathetically as you tried to flip yourself over. Ice sprang on top of you, raising his claws in a mock attempt to strike your exposed throat. You twisted underneath him right as his paw came down, hissing as you felt his claws tear through the flesh of your left ear. Warm blood began to dribble from the wound, streaming down the side of your head and staining the dirt crimson.

"What are you going to do now, tough stuff?" Ice taunted you with a dry laugh. Your fur began to bristle. You knew it was all a facade for training, but you couldn't help but feel under attack. With a snarl you didn't even know you were capable of, you thrusted your hind paws into Ice's soft underbelly. Your mentor let out a half-grunt, half-growl, then reared back. You launched yourself forward from a laying position, throwing yourself into him head-on and thrusting him to the ground with a hard bite to the ear. Blood seeped into your mouth, but you held on as Ice thrashed beneath you.

"Enough!" Snake's commanding growl clawed its way through the blood rushing in your ears, and you immediately released your grip on Ice's ear and scrambled off of him. Ice sat up, grumbling curse words under his breath and rubbing a paw tentatively over his torn

ear. You reached up and did the same, wincing as you felt the blood and the large gash that would never grow back. Still, pride warmed your paws. No kittypet could have a scar like that! Snake stalked over to you, nodding briskly to his brother before turning his gaze back to you. "Well done," He meowed. "That was quite an advanced move. You learned it very quickly." You puffed your chest out, purring. You did it! You learned a battle move!

"Don't let it get to your head," Ice muttered, standing up and shaking his pelt. "You'll scare all our competition away."

Remembering your plan, you gave your own fur a hard shake, ridding it of dust and blood. "I learned from you two," You mumbled sheepishly. "If I can fight good, it's because I learned from the best."

"Alright, alright. Don't get all sappy on us," Snake muttered, shaking his head. "It's gross." His nose had turned a darker shade of pink, however, and it became obvious that he was trying to hide his pride. Ice was doing the same, grooming himself nonchalantly while trying to hide the smirk creeping onto his slender muzzle. You smiled. The two toms had begun to grow on you, and it made you happy to see them so confident in themselves. Plus, you were one step closer to becoming a BloodClan warrior.

"I don't want to get beaten up again," Ice growled in a slight whine. "Snake, you take her on for once!"

Snake rolled his eyes, giving his brother a belittling stare. "Fine, you dampened sack of rawhide," He snapped. "Just don't pull a muscle laying down too hard."

"Flip that around on yourself," Ice retorted, stalking over to the edge of the small clearing and sitting down underneath a tall, silver tree with a strange light on the end. You twitched your whiskers, slightly amused with the brothers' quarreling. It seemed as if they fought any chance they got.

"Alright," Snake meowed, slowly pulling his gaze away from his brother and focusing on you. "We're going to do the same thing, but with a twist. This time, when I jump at you, duck underneath me

instead of off to the side. That way, you can claw my belly. Got it?"

You nodded once in confirmation. "Got it!" Training wore on, and you had begun to realize that Snake was much harder to beat than his smaller, lither counterpart. It seemed that every time you landed a good blow, he would return it ten times harder. You didn't give up, however, and as the scorching sun finally began to sink below the rolling hills of the forest, you managed to knock him to the ground like he had been doing to you.

"That was good," Snake huffed, heaving himself to his paws and trying to catch his breath. "I'm impressed with your performance today."

You stood in the center of the earthy patch you and Snake had been fighting in, sucking in greedy gulps of cool evening air. "Thanks," You puffed, giving your pelt one last shake. "Is that all?"

"Eager to be rid of me, huh?" Snake meowed, and for the first time since you came to the city, you saw a glint of humor cross his dark eyes.

"No way," You purred, padding up to him. "I'm just tired, is all."

"You and I both," Ice meowed, stalking up to you both with a massive yawn. The smaller brother had been napping underneath the silver tree. His snoring had been audible even from the middle of the clearing. "I've had it for today."

"Welcome back, gorgeous," Snake snickered, his lip curling up in mockery. "Have any nice dreams about pink collars or toms with rippling muscles?"

Ice swiveled his gaze towards his brother, unsheathing his claws. "That's not funny, Snake. You know I have trouble staying awake all day." You yawned, your jaws stretching as wide as they possibly could without snapping in half. *I know what he means.* Ice turned his gaze to you, chuckling under his breath. "Heh. Looks like I'm not the only one who could use a good night's sleep. Come on-let's go back to the alley and call it a night."

"Sounds like a plan," Snake meowed gruffly. "You coming, runt?"

"Yeah," You replied, glancing wistfully at a pool of fresh, crystal-clear water resting underneath a small cluster of pine trees at the clearing's edge. "I just need to get a drink first." Your mentors both nodded and turned away, stalking towards the dimly-lit thunderpath and muttering to one another. You couldn't tell what they were saying, but it sounded like insults. You padded heavily across the clearing, wincing with each step you took. You couldn't remember the last time you had such sore paws. Once you reached the water's edge, you crouched down and began gulping down mouthfuls of the cool liquid, relishing in the soothing feeling of it sliding down your dry throat. You were startled suddenly by the sound of something snapping in the cluster of forest in front of you, echoing from the shadows. You suddenly remembered the unease you had felt earlier that day when you first got to the clearing, and you slowly sat up, backing away. You watched the looming undergrowth for a moment, but nothing stirred or made another sound. Still, there was that feeling... *Don't be an idiot,* You chastised yourself, turning and trotting after your mentors. *It was probably just a chipmunk or something.* Still, you couldn't shake the feeling that something-or someone- had been lurking mere inches from your nose.

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You opened your eyes to see dull dawn light penetrating the cracks of the wood pile you had grown accustomed to. Rising, you stretched your limbs, wincing as a dull ache coursed through the length of your body. *Geez, training really did a number on me.* Stiffly and trying to avoid bearing weight on your left shoulder as much as possible, you slipped out of your makeshift den and limped across the damp alley and began sniffing through a pile of scraps. You were able to dig up a half-eaten chunk of brown meat, which you scarfed down in just a few greedy mouthfuls. The alley was

becoming lively as the sun rose higher, and the dense morning silence was slowly filled in by the noisy chatter of many rogues gathered in one place. Brick emerged from a pile of brightly colored twoleg pelts, his thin jaws stretching wide in a massive yawn. Bone hauled himself out of a small gap above Brick's place of residence, grumbling about the sun getting in his eyes.

You swiveled your head around, your ears perked anxiously. *Where are Snake and Ice?* As much as you despised admitting it, you were still nervous around the battle-scarred, hostile BloodClan cats. You felt safe nestled between your mentors.

"Morning, runt." You started slightly, whirling around to see Ice standing behind you. He noticed your frightened jolt and twitched his whiskers, a faint glimmer of amusement flashing across his deep blue gaze. "Heh. Sorry. Didn't mean to scare you."

You ruffled your pelt self-consciously, forcing your fur to lay flat again. "You didn't scare me," You protested slightly defensively. "Where's Snake?"

Ice shrugged his shoulders in an attempt to ward off the early morning chill. "Had to take a morning walk, if you catch my drift." He straightened up, twitching his ears and glancing towards the same gap you had slipped through the night before, shaking his head. "He should be back in a minute or two. I guess that rat we ate last night didn't sit quite right with him." You grimaced slightly, your fur prickling with hot embarrassment. That was more information than you needed about the burly black-and-white tom, but you supposed it happened to everyone.

"Where are we going today?" You asked, eager to change the subject.

"Snake was talking about letting you go off on your own to hunt today," Ice explained gruffly. "I think he wants to see how well you can manage alone. Don't worry, we won't spy on you this time." Snake emerged from the gap in the mesh fence, surveying the alley as if searching for prey. His gaze rested on you, and he stalked forward.

"Sleep well?" He asked, his tone slightly lighter than it had been since you met him.

"Yes, thank you," You replied, feeling a twinge of apprehension. You had never gone off to hunt by yourself before. You had always imagined yourself being thrilled at the opportunity to show off your skills, but the city still made you quite nervous.

"Good," Snake meowed with a flick of his tail. "Because you're going to need your energy today. We're going back to the clearing by the forest, and when we get there, we split up and catch as much prey as we can carry."

You nodded, swallowing back your apprehension. "I understand." Snake nodded, and without another word, turned and began stalking down the narrow passageway that led out of the alley. You stared after him, your heart clenching in your chest. Something was making you wish you had kept sleeping, but you weren't sure what.

"Come on," Ice meowed, nudging your shoulder with his. "You don't want to miss out on this opportunity."

"Coming!" You replied, trotting after him and trying to sound enthusiastic. *But I wish I wasn't.* You trailed after your mentors down winding thunderpaths and mud-slick hills, staying as close to them as you possibly could. Even without the threat of twolegs or dogs, you felt as if something would leap out and claw your ears off around every corner or shadowy gap you passed. Snake led you and Ice across the quiet thunderpath that zigzagged around the brittle clearing you had trained in, bounding forward and leaping onto a silver tree that had snapped in half and fallen to the ground. You watched as he leaped on to it with ease, then turned to face you.

"Keep a sharp lookout for mice and birds," Snake meowed. "They sometimes come out of the forest, and they're big enough to feed an entire platoon of rogues." Ice swiped his tongue over his jaws as if he were already biting into a rodent's warm flesh. "Stay close enough to the thunderpath that you can still see it," Snake continued briskly. "It's easy to get lost in the trees, and no one wants to come in and find you." He eyed you sternly, his tail-tip twitching. "Got it?"

You tore your gaze away from the line of trees, where you could've sworn you saw something duck out of sight behind a bush and pushed your unease down. "Got it, Snake." You didn't feel as confident as you sounded, however. The moment your paws touched the dead grass, the same feeling from the previous day returned: being watched by eyes you couldn't see. With your mentors off doing their own things, you were free to hunt in peace. Taking a deep breath, you stepped off of the hard black surface and onto smooth grass, your dry pads dampening with the earth's moisture.
The grass does feel nice, You confessed silently, flattening your ears self-consciously. *I could get used to it.* You knew you were a city cat, but you couldn't help yourself. You hadn't felt such soft grass before.

Suddenly, a lithe brown animal scurried across the ground mere whisker-lengths in front of you, pausing and resting back on its hind legs. It surveyed its surroundings, it's bushy tail quivering. You tensed up, your ears perking. The small creature hadn't noticed you. *You're mine!* Dropping into a crouch, you began stalking towards the prey, your paws gliding silently across the smooth grass. Once you were inches away from it, you sprang forward and slammed your paw down on top of it. The prey let out a terrified squeal, but it was cut short as you snapped its neck with a quick bite. Heart soaring with triumph, you grabbed the limp body and rose, padding lightly back onto the abandoned thunderpath. You were so proud of your catch that you didn't notice the massive tom looming over you until his shadow overlapped yours. Letting out a sharp gasp, you dropped the prey and whirled around, your hackles raised. A massive, thick-furred dark brown tabby glowered down at you, his piercing amber eyes glinting with cold bloodlust.

Attempting to mask your fear with anger, you arched your spine and curled your lip back in a snarl. "This is BloodClan territory," You spat as fiercely as you could manage. "Leave!"

The battle-scarred tom smirked, his lips curling into a malevolent grin like a snake slithering up a tree. "Oh?" He purred, but the sound was anything but friendly. "Is that *so?* Well then, you'd better chase me off, kit!" His head lolled back in a mocking laugh, and you

caught a glimpse of his sharp, white fangs. You flinched, your heart beating painfully against your ribs. Who was this cat, and why was he in the forest to begin with? Suddenly, realization washed over you, and your fur bushed up. This tom wasn't any old stray- he was a forest clan cat!

Your hackles rose even higher at this realization, and you curled your claws deep into a crack in the hard black surface. You still weren't that great at fighting, but what other options did you have? You couldn't just let him waltz into BloodClan territory! "Leave!" You repeated, harsher this time. All your fear had been shadowed by rage. "Leave or I'll rip your ears off and feed them to the dogs!" Immediately, the clan cat stopped laughing. He centered his dark amber gaze on you, and the heat of his fury could almost be felt on your whiskers. You swallowed, fighting to keep your tail from quivering. The massive tabby suddenly seemed much bigger and scarier than he had before.

"I should let you know," He began, unsheathing his unusually long claws. "that you caught that squirrel on ShadowClan territory. It doesn't belong to you." He leaned down so his hot, rancid breath wafted over your face, and you had to fight a war to stop yourself from gagging. "And do you know what I do to pesky little kits who steal my prey?" He growled, his voice barely louder than a whisper. You opened your jaws to reply, but all that came out was a choked cry as the forest cat slammed his massive forepaw down on your neck, knocking you to the ground and pinning you to the hard black surface. He smirked, that same dark smile curling onto his lips. Then, he leaned down so his muzzle brushed your ear and muttered, "I kill them." You felt like your blood had turned into streams of ice. You frantically looked out of the corner of your eye to see the forest tom's claws raised far above his head, ready to slice open your exposed neck. You squeezed your eyes shut, bracing yourself. *This is it. This is how I die...* Visions of your kithood began to flash before your closed eyelids. Most of them weren't very pleasant, but several faces made your heart ache with grief. Stripes and Ghost would never know what happened to you, and worse, Snake and Ice would lose their only apprentice. *I'm sorry,* You told your mentors silently. *I'm sorry I wasn't enough.*

Suddenly, the tiger-like tom let out a startled caterwaul, and the weight of his claws vanished from your neck. Confused, you opened your eyes to see Snake and Ice wrestling the brute to the ground, their teeth and claws sunk in to as many places as possible. You scrambled to your paws, your heart soaring. Your mentors had come back to save you! Snake leaped onto the clan cat's back, then dug his claws into the tabby's broad shoulders and bit into his neck. Blood spurted from the wound, staining Snake's muzzle crimson. The tabby let out a screech of pain, rearing back in attempt to throw Snake off his back. However, Ice lunged forward and sank his teeth into the dark brown tom's throat right as his did. This time, the tabby thumped back to the ground, twisting so Snake was thrown off his back, and with a hate-filled glare, turned and charged for the trees. "Yeah, that's right, you oversized pile of dog feces!" Snake snarled after him, rising to his paws and arching his spine. "Run like the coward you are!"

"Yeah!" Ice roared, standing beside his brother with his claws unsheathed. "If we ever see you again, you'll be dog chow!" The dark brown tabby paused at the line of pine trees, then turned and gave you one last rage-filled stare as if to say 'I'll be back', then plunged into the shadowy undergrowth.

You shook your pelt, ridding it of the dust and debris that had taken up residence within it. "Thanks!" You exclaimed, your enthusiasm anything but fake this time. "You saved me! You two are the best!" The two brothers exchanged a glance, half-amused and half-proud. They padded over to you, smiling like you had never seen them before.

"No problem, runt," Snake meowed gruffly, leaning down and touching his nose to your forehead. "We'll always have your back."

"We sure will," Ice backed him up, flicking your ear with the tip of his tail. "You're basically our sister now." Your smile widened, and a purr escaped your throat. You knew it now, and you had known it all along: you did belong in BloodClan. This was your home.

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OKAY I CANNOT BELIEVE THIS IS FINALLY DONE. LIKE, I'M LITERALLY IN TEARS. T_T SERIOUSLY, THIS HAS OVER EIGHTEEN THOUSAND WORDS ASDFGHJK

I want to thank everyone who waited so darn patiently for this to come out. You've all been so incredible in every way, and I couldn't ask for a better audience! More than anyone, however, I would like to thank the amazing, wonderful and kind reader of requested this one-shot. Please go give them all the love they deserve!

Thank you all so much for tuning in tonight! Your support is appreciated more than anything.

Fun fact: Stripes, Ghost, and Gwen are based off of three of my cats. Unfortunately, they have all since passed on, but I keep their memories alive within my stories.

Solace ≫ Bluefur x Little Brother! Reader x Snowfur (PLATONIC)

[image]

Art: bluegrassxpollylover

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Depicted anxiety
• Some angst

This is a request for AlexandraandCharlie. I hope you enjoy your one-shot!

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Soft morning light was what woke you up. It was streaming through the gap in the wall of the nursery, dappling the ground and Swiftbreeze's pelt in its gentle golden specks. You blinked, sitting up and carefully pulling yourself out of your foster mother's grasp. The brown-and-white tabby she-cat was still sprawled out on her side, snoring lightly. A big smile stretched across your muzzle, and your heart gave a leap of joy as you remembered what day it was—Pinestar was finally going to make you an apprentice like Leopardpaw and Patchpaw! Even better, that meant you were going to be a warrior like your older sisters, Bluefur and Snowfur. "Swiftbreeze!" You mewed excitedly, scrambling over the tabby she-cat's foreleg and placing both of your paws on her shoulder to wake her. "Wake up, Swiftbreeze! I'm going to be an apprentice, remember?"

Swiftbreeze's eyes flickered open and rested on you, and a purr of amusement rippled from her chest. "Yes, little one," She murmured, stretching and gently shooing you off of her so she could sit up. "I remember." You could barely keep your paws still. You bounced with excitement, your fur fluffing up as you did. "Calm down," Swiftbreeze purred, gently scooping you closer to her with a paw and leaning down to smooth your sleep-ruffled fur. "How will any cat take you seriously if you're fidgeting like a fox in a fit?"

"I can't help it!" You exclaimed, twisting out of her grasp as her tongue rasped over your ears. "I feel like I could run all the way to Fourtrees!" You knew you shouldn't be dancing around like an excited kit, but you could barely contain yourself. You wanted to race out of the nursery and explore the forest and catch all the prey you could carry. "I want to make ThunderClan proud," You continued, puffing your small chest out defiantly. "I'm going to be the strongest warrior the forest has ever seen!"

Swiftbreeze purred, carefully smoothing down the last frazzled hairs on your neck before releasing her grip and allowing you to scramble free. "I'm sure you will be, dear," She meowed lovingly, her amber eyes glowing with pride and sadness. "I only wish your mother could be here to witness it." Your smile immediately faltered, and you stared at your paws and pouted sadly. You were barely old enough to open your eyes when your mother, Moonflower, had died fighting in a battle. Your clanmates hadn't given you much detail about her untimely demise, but Swiftbreeze had always reassured you that she had died a true warrior's death, fighting for her clan. You pouted, huffing a small sigh. It wasn't fair that every cat knew so much more about your mother than you, and it certainly wasn't fair that she had decided to fight when she was still nursing a young kit. "It's alright, young warrior," Your foster mother murmured, moving closer to you and gently pulling you into her comforting embrace with her tail. "Your mother will always be watching over you from StarClan. I'm sure she is very proud of you."

You sniffled, reaching up with a paw and wiping a tear away from your eye. You were about to respond, but the lichen covering the nursery's entrance rustled, and two familiar she-cat stepped inside.

Your grief immediately vanishing, you sprang to your paws and raced towards them, letting out a squeal of joy. "Bluefur! Snowfur!" You exclaimed, winding around their limbs and purring loudly. "Can you believe it? I'm going to be an apprentice!"

Snowfur purred, leaning down and touching her nose to your forehead. "Yes," She meowed, laughter bubbling in her smooth, soft voice. "Pinestar is going to give you a new name and a mentor today. But... You aren't excited or anything, right?" A teasing sparkle shimmered in her sky-blue eyes, indicating that she was merely teasing.

"Of course I'm excited!" You protested, scrambling away from her and staring up at her defiantly. "Why wouldn't I be?"

"I'm teasing," The white she-cat purred, flicking your ear with her tail. "I can tell you're very excited. Your tail looks like a leaf blowing in the wind!" You glanced behind you, giggling as you noticed the way the furry (F/C) appendage was swaying back and forth with your excitement.

"You'll have to keep still for your naming ceremony," Bluefur spoke up in a warning tone. "You don't want everyone to think that you're a squirrel, do you? They might mistake you for prey!" Although the dark bluish-gray she-cat's voice was more serious than her sisters, it was still apparent that she was in a light-hearted mood, as well.

"I've been telling him the exact same thing," Swiftbreeze purred, padding up to you and gently sweeping her tail down your spine. "He just can't seem to sit still."

"I'm sure he'll learn," Snowfur chuckled. "Come now, (Y/N). Pinestar is waiting for you." You nuzzled Swiftbreeze goodbye, then whirled around and trotted outside into the clearing, your eyes widening. You'd been out of the nursery before, but everything seemed much more exciting now that you were allowed to explore on your own. Swiftbreeze had always been rather protective of you, scarcely letting you out of her sight.

"There are so many cats!" You breathed, pausing at the edge of the crowd of gathered warriors and gaping in awe.

"These are your clanmates," Bluefur explained, coming to a standstill beside you and sweeping her gaze over the ThunderClan pelts. "You'll be sharing a den with them someday." Your heart fluttered in your chest as you gazed at every leaf on the ground and hair on every cat's pelt. Near the middle of the crowd, four cats sat together, their bodies smaller than the warriors and their pelts looser on their skin. Your heart skipped a beat as your recognized Leopardpaw and Patchpaw among them. Your former denmates turned their heads and met your gaze, their eyes shimmering in the morning sun. Patchpaw nodded, and Leopardpaw grinned excitedly. The other two apprentices—whose names you didn't know—kept their gazes trained on the highrock, where a powerful-looking tabby tom stood, his green eyes patiently scanning the crowd.

"Go on," Snowfur urged you in a whisper, gently nudging you forward from behind. "He's waiting for you." Swallowing hard, you slowly padded through the gap in the gathered cats, your tail quivering and your gaze trained on the ground. You had never seen a clan leader before, let alone spoken to one. What if you said the wrong thing, and he wouldn't make you an apprentice? Pinestar smiled at you as you approached the base of the highrock, and you felt a bit more at ease. Maybe he wasn't as strict as you had envisioned him to be.

"(Y/N), you have reached the age of six moons and it is time for your to be apprenticed," He begin, his strong voice echoing across the clearing a making your fur ruffle. "From this day on, until you receive your warrior name, you will be known as (Y/N). Your mentor will be Thrushpelt. I hope Thrushpelt will pass down all he knows on to you." A sandy-gray tom emerged from the crowd of warriors and apprentices, his green eyes shimmering kindly as he padded up to you and dipped his head in greeting. You returned the gesture, your heart pounding like racing paws in your chest. This was it—you were an apprentice.

"Thrushpelt," Pinestar meowed, averting his gaze from you to your mentor. Thrushpelt met his gaze evenly. "You are ready to take an apprentice. You have received training from Adderfang, and you have shown yourself to be compassionate and wise. You will be the mentor of (Y/N), and I expect you to pass on all you know to him."

Immediately, every cat in the clearing erupted into cheers. Thrushpelt dipped his head, and you quickly pushed your nose into his, causing him to let out a grunt of surprise and jolt slightly. "Sorry!" You mewed, ducking your head in embarrassment.

The sandy-gray tom purred, his tail-tip curling up in amusement. "No worries," He chuckled. "I'm glad you're excited." The voices of your clanmates rose in a chorus of gleeful cheering, announcing your new name to the bright blue sky. You smiled, your heart swelling with pride. *This is the best day of my life!*

Pinestar dismissed the meeting, and immediately, cats began to crowd around you, meowing excitedly. "Congratulations, (Y/N)!" Snowfur purred, trotting up to you with Bluefur at her side. You grinned, rubbing your nose against hers.

"Well done, young warrior," Bluefur meowed, leaning down and touching her nose to your ear. Her voice didn't betray any excitement, but her blue eyes were glistening with pride. "You'll do great."

"Can we leave camp now?" You asked, whipping around and beaming up at your new mentor excitedly. "I want to see the whole forest!"

The sandy-gray tom smiled, a purr rumbling deep in his throat. "I can't promise we'll see the whole forest, but I'd be more than happy to let you to see ThunderClan's territory." His green eyes twinkled mischievously, and he raised an eyebrow. "I don't think your paws are big enough to run all the way through the forest. In fact, I don't think anyones are."

You bounced excitedly, spinning around. "Let's go!" You began trotting across the clearing, eagerness swelling up inside of you. Your sisters called out farewells, and although you couldn't see them, you could hear the amusement in their voices.

"Wait up!" Thrushpelt laughed as he caught up to you. "You can't just go racing off into the woods. You don't know your way around yet!" His tone was more teasing than reprimanding, so you instantly felt at ease around him. *This is going to be so fun!*

You followed Thrushpelt out of camp, keeping your nose several whisker-lengths away from his tail-tip. You had never seen such tall trees before, nor had you smelled so many different things. The grass beneath your paws felt damp and coarse, flattened from many moons of paws padding across it.

"Everything is so big!" You meowed, your voice rising with awe. "How do cats protect all of this forest?"

Thrushpelt glanced back at you, his whiskers twitching. "We all take turns," He explained while slowing to walk beside you. "At certain times of the day, the clan deputy sends out a small group of cats called a patrol to walk through the territory and make sure the scent lines are well-marked."

"That seems like a lot of work," You swallowed, suddenly feeling quite anxious. The thought of patrolling the entire forest seemed like a big job.

"It's not as bad as it sounds," Thrushpelt reassured you, flicking your ear with the tip of his tail. It was almost like he could sense your unease. "Different patrols check different borders; we don't scale the entire territory with one small group." You flattened your ears, silently chastising yourself for sounding so mouse-brained. *Stupid furball! How are you ever going to become a warrior like this?*

"You didn't know," Your mentor meowed gently. "This is your first day as an apprentice, (Y/N). Don't expect too much of yourself." You huffed, fluffing out your fur. It didn't seem fair that every other apprentice was so much older than you and knew so much more. A chill crept underneath your pelt, settling like frost on your skin. Would you ever learn? What if you couldn't figure anything out? Then what? The thought of failing to become a warrior made you queasy, and you suddenly wanted to run back to Swiftbreeze and curl up beside her.

"(Y/N)," Thrushpelt meowed, gently touching your tense shoulder with his tail-tip. "I'm worried about you. Are you feeling okay?" You swallowed hard, holding back tears. You refused to cry like a kit in front of your mentor.

"I'm fine!" You chirped, your voice strained as you struggled to hide the pain behind it. "Can we go catch a mouse?" You didn't want to catch a mouse, of course; you just didn't want Thrushpelt to know how miserable you were, and much to your dismay, he didn't seem to want to hunt, either.

"You will have plenty of time to catch your first prey. Now, come on; let's go back to camp. I think all of this excitement has been too much for you." Thrushpelt padded to your side, gazing at you with concerned green eyes. You fluffed put your fur indignantly, gravely embarrassed. The last thing you had wanted to do on the day of your apprentice ceremony was make a mouse-brain of yourself, yet you did.

You begrudgingly picked up your paws and began making your way down the well-worn path in the grass, your tail drooping. Thrushpelt followed closely behind, and you could feel his gaze resting on you like a suspicious mother. As you slipped back through the bracken tunnel and emerged into the camp, you felt a hollow sense of misery settling in your belly like a pool of icy water. *How will I ever be a warrior now?*

"How about you go and find your new nest?" Thrushpelt suggested, gently running his tail-tip down your shoulder in an attempt to reassure you. "I'm sure Leopardpaw and Patchpaw will be excited to see you." You looked at the apprentices' den and shuddered. The last thing you wanted was for your new denmates to see you in the frazzled, frightened state you were in. They would never want to be your friend, and even worse, they would laugh at you.

"N-no thanks," You stammered, stepping away from your mentor. "I think I just want to go sit under the willow tree for awhile. See you later, Thrushpelt." You ducked your head, skulking away before your mentor had a chance to reply. You couldn't bear to see the disappointment on his face.

You reached the secluded corner where an old willow tree drooped lazily, offering some much-needed privacy from the faces of your clanmates. You crept underneath the low-hanging leaves, then settled down and rested your chin on your paws. Through the flimsy cream-colored tree's appendages, you could see your

clanmates going about their day, chatting and sharing prey. Your chest tightened, and tears begun to fill your eyes. *What's wrong with me?*

On the other side of the clearing, you saw your sisters standing shoulder-to-shoulder, speaking in hushed voices with their heads lowered. You raised your head, squinting to try and see what they were doing. Your heart sunk in your chest as you finally saw the sandy-gray pelt of your mentor standing before them, speaking uncertainly. His green eyes were dark with concern as he finally finished speaking, and Bluefur and Snowfur exchanged an uneasy glance.

They're talking about me, You realized with a sinking feeling of dread. *Thrushpelt probably told them I can't be a warrior!* You scooted further away from the hanging leaves, wishing they would wrap themselves around you and make you disappear. It was over—you were never going to be a warrior.

Suddenly, a shadow passed over the drooping leaves, and a familiar voice spoke from the other side. "(Y/N)? Are you in there?" You went rigid, your heart skipping a beat. The voice clearly belonged to Bluefur. She was probably coming to tell you that Pinestar had decided not to make you an apprentice, after all.

Another shadow appeared, leaner and less defined than the first. "Is he in there?" Came a second voice, higher pitched. *Snowfur.*

Bluefur sighed, and you heard leaves rustle as she took a step back. "His scent is all over the willow, but he didn't respond when I called out to him." You laid down and buried your face in your paws, desperately trying to drown out their conversation. *They'll go away soon—they'll have to.* But much to your dismay, that never happened.

"(Y/N)," Snowfur called, slightly firmer than usual. You stiffened, every hair on your pelt tingling. Snowfur never used that tone; it had to be serious. Slowly, you lifted your head and stared at the drooping willow leaves, locking eyes with your thick-furred white sister. She had crouched down, and was peering inside your makeshift hiding spot.

"Y-yeah?" You stammered, your voice thick from crying.

"Come out of there," Snowfur meowed, and you saw a pair of white forepaws shuffle closer to the gap between the cream-colored leaves. "You're not in trouble, alright? We just want to talk." You hesitated, but when you registered the sincerity in her voice, you slowly crept forward, emerging back into the secluded corner.

"(Y/N), what in StarClan's name is going on?" Snowfur asked, her sky-blue eyes wide with concern. "Thrushpelt said you started to panic when you left camp."

You swallowed, shaking your head rapidly. "N-nothing's wrong!" You insisted determinedly. "Thrushpelt is the one who made me come back!"

Snowfur opened her jaws to respond, but Bluefur interrupted her. "That may be true," She meowed firmly, her gaze hardening on you. "But even so, you shouldn't push the blame onto another cat—especially your mentor." She took a deep breath, then forced her fur to lay flat. "Now, tell us what's wrong. We know you, (Y/N). We can tell when something's bothering you." Snowfur glanced at the bluish-gray she-cat, clearly surprised at her sister's sudden change in authority. But nevertheless, she turned her gaze to you and gave you an encouraging nod.

You looked at your paws, too embarrassed to meet your sisters' gazes. It was bad enough that you had been sent back to camp on your first day as an apprentice, but now you would have to explain your fears. "I-I'm worried," You confessed quietly, your shoulders slumping.

Snowfur took a careful step forward, crouching down so she could meet your gaze. "What are you worried about, (N/N)?" She asked gently.

You took a deep breath. "I'll never be a warrior," You whispered as tears crept to your eyes. "I'm not smart or strong enough." Silence followed your words. Bluefur and Snowfur exchanged a glance, but you couldn't properly read their expressions through your blur of tears. You finally dared to raise your head, and when you did, you

were met with two pairs of blue eyes, shimmering with sympathy.

"Change can be frightening," Bluefur meowed softly, padding to your side and encouraging you to lay down before settling beside you and resting her tail on your spine. "Believe me, I know that. The thought of having the responsibility of protecting your clan can seem daunting, especially when you're so young."

Snowfur laid down on your other side, twining your tails together. "Bluefur is right," She murmured. "You're a young cat, (Y/N). No one is expecting you to know everything today, and they won't expect you to know everything six moons from now. Being an apprentice is all about learning."

"But what if I don't learn anything?" You replied, gazing at each of your sisters in turn. "What if I can't hunt or fight? What if I can't remember where all the borders are, or how to get back to camp?"

Bluefur gently tickled your spine with the tip of her tail, prompting you to look at her. "You will learn," She assured you with gentle confidence. "I know you, (Y/N)—you'll be an excellent warrior one day."

You blinked, sniffing as the last of your tears dried. "Promise?"

A soft smile stretched across Bluefur's muzzle, and she leaned down and touched her nose to your forehead with a purr. "I promise." Somehow, you felt at ease. Settled comfortably between your sisters, quietly observing the going-ons of ThunderClan was a moment of peace you never knew you needed.

"Thank you," You whispered, nuzzling each of your sisters. "I love you."

"We love you, too," Snowfur murmured, leaning over and nuzzling your cheek. "We'll always be here, (Y/N)."

"That's right," Bluefur meowed, resting her chin on your head. "No matter where you go, we will find you. You never have to be afraid." You smiled, a purr rising in your throat. Maybe everything would be okay, after all; maybe you could be a warrior.

****

I did my best, lol. I'm pretty pleased with the way this came out, and I hope you all feel the same.

Also, please don't come after me about Adderfang being Thrushpelt's mentor. I looked into it, but no one seems to know much about Thrushpelt, so I just had to guess.

Once again, special thanks to the requester for being so patient!

And the Silence Was Deafening ≫ Bristlefrost x Brother! Reader (PLATONIC)

[image]

Art: Me (cat-riddles)

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Spoilers for A Light in the Mist
• Mild gore
• Heavy angst
• Death

This is a request for rott1ngweiler. Please enjoy!

****

You were trapped in a nightmare. All around you, long-dead warriors and unfortunate living cats screeched and snarled, ripping each other's fur with their claws and breaking each other's bones with their gnashing teeth.

I shouldn't be here. That was one of the painful thoughts that throbbed inside your skull as you dodged a dark warrior with intentions of slicing your throat with his claws. Your throat tightened and bitter bile pooled near the back of your mouth as a sickening realization overcame you. *None of us should be here.*

You came to a halt at the edge of the clearing, coughing and spraying the ground at your paws with crimson blood. You drew in

a sharp breath, forcing your heavy eyes open. As much as you wanted to, you couldn't lose consciousness. Your sister was here somewhere, fighting Ashfur like he was her own personal enemy—you couldn't afford to rest.

A gut-wrenching screech tore through the endless chaos, filling your ears and making your fur stand on end. You whipped around, eyes wide as you desperately surveyed the mess of unfamiliar pelts, searching for a gray-and-white she-cat. You recognized her voice, even as a horrible caterwaul.

"Bristlefrost!" You yowled into the fray, racing down the makeshift bank that separated you from the rank, black water. "Bristlefrost! Where are you!?" Despite your best efforts, you couldn't see your sister among the many other pelts.

You let out a low caterwaul, despair seeping into your pelt like fangs. You were about ready to turn and start looking elsewhere, but a familiar voice, harsh and filled with rage, drifted towards you. It was somewhat distant, but you could still make out what was being said, and it filled you with fear.
"Leave him alone! I'm coming, Shadowsight!"

Your head snapped around, and your eyes landed on a familiar gray-and-white pelt streaking like lightning down the opposite side of the clearing towards Ashfur, who was looming over the young ShadowClan medicine cat menacingly.

Everything seemed to freeze over like the lake in leafbare. The sounds of battle vanished into a dull throbbing in your ears, replaced by the roaring of blood in your veins as your heart desperately tried to keep up with your stress.

The gray-and-white pelt belonged to your sister, and she was charging straight at Ashfur with the intent of knocking him into the dark water. The dark water that would swallow her whole, spirit and all.

Through your haze of ice-cold fear, you saw Ashfur's head slowly swing up, his dark blue eyes flying wide-open in shock as Bristlefrost made the final stride towards him. You closed your eyes,

swallowing a painful lump of dread in your throat. You weren't sure what to do—you weren't even supposed to be here. Suddenly, a surge of adrenaline sparked deep within you, and your eyes shot open as the sounds of raging battle returned to your ears.

You didn't know much. In fact, you hardly knew anything at all—but you knew you weren't about to let your sister give up her life.

Rearing back, you let out a fierce caterwaul and plunged into the fray, pushing yourself forward with all the strength your tired limbs still possessed. You didn't stop the pursuit, even as claws tore your pelt and teeth ripped into your flesh. You only had one thing on your mind, and nothing would prevent you from it.

You burst from the mess of bloodstained pelts and gnashing teeth, blood streaming from a deep gash on your flank as you broke away from the fight and charged downhill, gritting your teeth against the blinding agony of your wounds.

Once the slimy ground leveled out and Ashfur was mere tail-lengths in front of you, you unsheathed your claws and snarled, "BRISTLEFROST, NO!"

Your sister faltered just as she was about to pounce on the dark warrior, whipping around with wide eyes. Her gaze locked with yours, and every emotion possible flashed across them. "(Y/N)!?"

The thought of not being able to stop and bid her farewell with a heartfelt goodbye pained you to your core. If you stopped, some cat would get ripped to shreds, and that wasn't a risk you were willing to take. So, as you neared her achingly familiar frame and your whiskers brushed past hers, you cast her one final gentle look, silently meowing, *I love you. Be brave.* Then, you threw yourself into Ashfur and sent him barreling backwards into the dark water.

Surprisingly, it wasn't terribly thick. It seeped into your fur and lapped against your stinging flesh, and you found it's embrace strangely soothing. As your head vanished under the surface, you heard Bristlefrost let out a horrified wail. *No, Bristlefrost... Stay safe... Don't come after me...* Much to your relief, the sounds from the world above vanished into the darkness, and your sister made no

attempt to follow you.

A gray pelt flashed past you in the murkiness, and your heart lurched as cold fear swept over you. Had Bristlefrost followed you after all? You were about to grab the cat's scruff and attempt to drag them back to the surface, but when Ashfur's limp body sank past you and vanished like mist into the abyss, all your fear went with him. Bristlefrost was still up there, alive.

You smiled, turning your gaze upward again to gaze at your sister's blurred face, but to your surprise—and slight dismay—only blackness stretched on in front of you. You had sunk so far into the dark water that not even the eerie glow of the Dark Forest was visible.

Within your blurry thoughts, you could only assume that most cats would feel nothing but dread as they sank to the bottom of a dark void, but strangely, you felt nothing but peace. It was as if all your worries had been washed away with the blood on your pelt when you entered the watery chasm.

Images began to flash before your eyes, blurry at first, but slowly fading into view. You saw Ivypool and Fernsong as they watched your warrior ceremony. Their blue eyes glowed with pride, proving that the love they had for you was eternal. Then you saw Flipclaw and Thriftear racing through the forest beside you, smiles stretched across their muzzles as you chased a plump rabbit.

Your heart twisted, and for a moment, you began to regret tackling Ashfur into the dark water. You braced your muscles and attempted to swim back towards the surface, but the water was too heavy, and your limbs felt as if they were made of stone. What would you leave behind? Heartbroken clanmates? A destiny never to be fulfilled?

Then, another vision materialized in the murk. It was Bristlefrost. She was curled up in a mossy nest, her blue eyes weary, yet glistening with joy. You squinted, struggling to make out more of the scene unfolding in front of you. That's when you noticed Rootspring crouched beside her, gazing down at three tiny bundles of fur suckling at her belly.

Your throat tightened with emotion, followed by a familiar soft burning in your eyes. Bristlefrost was in love, and she had a future with the tom that had stolen her heart. You would be gone, but even without you, she would find happiness.

As the last of the dim light from the surface faded into oblivion and you began to grow numb, you smiled and finally allowed your eyes to close. You weren't leaving behind a destiny; this was your destiny.

The bitter cold disappeared from your fur, the pain of your wounds dissolved like melting snow, and then there was nothing.

≪ Bristlefrost's POV ≫

Bristlefrost stared at the damp ground where her brother had vanished, numb from shock. "(Y/N)...?" She whispered, tears forming in her eyes. She hoped and prayed for what felt like moons, but the (F/C) tom didn't resurface. Not even the dark water that had taken him remained.

All around her, Bristlefrost sensed her allies slowly padding forward, somberness rippling from them in waves. She slowly shook her head, the realization finally beginning to overtake her.

"Bristlefrost," Rootspring murmured, padding up to her and gently stroking his tail down her spine. "(Y/N) was a very brave cat... I'm so sorry."

"No..." Bristlefrost choked out, her voice rising as the anguish wrapped itself around her. "NO!" With a deafening screech that portrayed every ounce of grief she held within her, Bristlefrost threw herself onto the soggy ground and buried her face in her forelegs, sobbing pitifully.

Rootspring curled himself around her in a vain attempt to console

her, but it did little to help. (Y/N) was gone forever—not even his spirit remained.

****

A Light in the Mist ruined my life. I literally wanted to cry so bad after I finished reading it. So many good characters dead :(

Thank you for requesting, rott1ngweiler! I hope it meets your expectations :D

Unexpected ≫ Jayfeather x Crippled! Female! Reader

[image]

Art: noktivus

⚠ **Warnings:** ⚠
• Injury
• Blood
• Mild gore
• Some angst

This is a request for MinkWillow. Thank you for being so patient!

****

Everything had been just fine. You had the forest at your paws with a promising future as a young warrior of ThunderClan, never failing to impress your clanmates with your flawless agility while hunting and unwavering strength in battle. Everything had been just fine, and suddenly it wasn't.

You strode out in front of the patrol, your head held high as you scanned the bright forest around you. It was just a little past dawn, and you had been chosen by Brambleclaw to join the first hunting patrol of the day along with Spiderleg, Lionblaze, and Rosepetal.

"Who made you patrol leader?" An amused purr rose up beside you, and you glanced over to your right to see Rosepetal trailing beside

you and giving you a teasing look, her bright blue eyes glistening in the morning sunlight.

You smirked sheepishly, slowing down just enough to let your clanmates catch up to you. "Sorry," You chuckled. "I guess I'm a little excited to be on patrol."

"Well, I'm not surprised," Rosepetal meowed, turning to look at the warm sunshine that dappled the canopy of green leaves above. "It's a beautiful day to hunt."

"Beautiful?" Spiderleg echoed, casting Rosepetal a sour glare as if her optimistic observation made him nauseous. "It's early, is what it is. What is it with she-cats and morning patrols?"

"You know, it wouldn't kill you to try and be pleasant for a change, Spiderleg," You shot back before Rosepetal could reply. "What is it with you and always being grumpy?"

"Don't try to reprimand me," The skinny black-and-brown tom retorted, his fur bristling defensively. "You'd be grumpy too if you had kits jumping on you and stepping on your face before the sun was even out!"

You sighed, rolling your eyes. It was typical of Spiderleg to go off on tangents about his kits and Daisy, and most of the time, you let your mind wander and tuned him out.

"You are so negative!" Rosepetal snapped, rounding on Spiderleg with a lash of her tail. "You have no respect for your clanmates, you lay around as much as you possibly can, and you complain about everything! What kind of warrior behaves that way?"

Spiderleg curled his lips back, revealing his teeth. "Watch your mouth, *she-cat."*

"That's enough," Lionblaze growled, thrusting himself between the bickering warriors. "If either of you had any respect for the warrior code. . ." The golden tabby began firmly scolding your denmates, but you had stopped listening. Instead, you were intently eyeing a plump squirrel perched on the root of a large oak, nibbling on an

acorn and blissfully unaware of your presence. *You must have feathers in your ears if you can't hear Spiderleg yowling.*

You dropped into a hunter's crouch and began slowly stalking forward, your paws gliding soundlessly over the damp grass. The squirrel continued to nibble on the acorn, pausing and casting a wary glance around.

Suddenly, a small gust of wind picked up, carrying your scent right to the brown creature. With a squeak of alarm, the squirrel twisted and shot up the trunk of the oak, it's bushy tail streaming out behind it.

"Fox-dung!" You broke into a sprint, flattening your ears as you headed for the tree.

Just as you flung yourself forward and began clawing your way into the branches, Rosepetal noticed your sudden departure and turned around questioningly. "(Y/N)?"

You ignored her, instead bracing your muscles and hauling yourself onto the first branch. It swayed uncertainly under your weight, but you couldn't care less. The plump squirrel would feed all the elders, and it was only a few whisker-lengths ahead of you now.

Growling determinedly, you continued your ascent up the old oak, tearing away pieces of bark with your claws as you scaled branch after branch.

You leaped forward one last time, thrusting yourself upward with your hind legs and bracing yourself by placing both of your forepaws against the sturdy trunk. The squirrel stared down at you from the last branch, chittering in a taunting way.

You drew your ears back, hissing. *Stupid rodent. You'll pay for that!*

With a grunt, you dug your claws into the rough bark and launched yourself forward with your hind paws, swiping at the plump creature and missing by an inch.

"(Y/N)!" Rosepetal's mew was further away now, yet far more panicked.

Just as your hind paws reconnected with the branch you had been standing on, you turned to see what your clanmate was yowling about. You opened your jaws to call back a "what!?", but an ominous groan from beneath you interrupted your irritated reply, followed by a wail of shock and terror from deep within your chest as the branch that was supporting you snapped.

You fell slowly at first, landing on another branch below the one you had been standing on. Hot pain seared in your flank, but you lacked any more breath to scream. Then, you were suddenly plummeting at a violent speed towards the ground below.

The ground greeted you harshly, slamming into you at full-force and jostling your insides around. Groaning, you opened your eyes, only to see the same branch that had snapped plunging towards you.

No! You tried to move, but you were too late. The heavy piece of wood landed on your outstretched foreleg with a loud crack, and only then were you able to scream.

The last thing you saw before unconsciousness relieved your suffering were your clanmates rushing towards you, their eyes wide and horrified. You gazed up at the bright blue sky peering through the canopy of leaves one last time, allowing a shuddering breath to escape your chest. Then, darkness swallowed you like an ominous fog.

≪ ??? POV ≫

"Oh my StarClan! I think she's hurt!"

"No way, Rosepetal! What gave you that idea?"

"Knock it off! This is not the time to start bickering!"

The three ThunderClan warriors stood in a weak semi-circle around

their unconscious clanmate, who was trapped by an oak branch that had crushed her right foreleg.

"I'm no medicine cat," Lionblaze continued once his fur had stopped rippling over Spiderleg's harsh remark. "but I'd say her leg is broken beyond repair."

Rosepetal winced, her cream fur rippling uneasily. "She's so young," The ThunderClan she-cat meowed sadly, casting a mournful glance at her fallen clanmate. "She has her whole life ahead of her. This can't be the end of her days as a warrior!"

"Look," Spiderleg snapped before Lionblaze could reply. "(Y/N) obviously isn't going to recover laying under that branch like a dead fox. Let's get her back to camp and let Jayfeather deal with her."

"You're right." Lionblaze meowed, a hint of surprise in his voice. "Spiderleg, help me carry (Y/N). Rosepetal, run back to camp and let Jayfeather know we're on our way. Hurry!" With that, Rosepetal turned and disappeared down the same path the patrol had taken out of camp, leaving the two toms to carry on.

Together, Lionblaze and Spiderleg heaved the branch off of the (F/C) she-cat, both wincing as the tough bark tore the rest of the fur on her leg away.

"She's bleeding badly," Spiderleg remarked, following a crimson trail leading from a puddle of blood to (Y/N)'s foreleg with his eyes. "We'd better get her back fast."

Grunting in acknowledgement, Lionblaze dipped his head and carefully grabbed the unconscious she-cat's scruff in his jaws. Spiderleg grabbed her tail, and together, the toms began their trek back to ThunderClan camp with nothing but a young warrior's crumbling dreams between them.

≪ Jayfeather's POV ≫

Jayfeather sighed, finally allowing himself to straighten up after what felt like hours of cleaning his herb supply. He had been hard at work all morning, restocking pungent-smelling leaves and plucking dead petals off of marigold clumps. Normally such things would only take him from dawn to sunrise, but ever since Leafpool became a warrior, everyday tasks seemed twice as long and tedious.

"Jayfeather! Jayfeather!"

Jayfeather pricked his ears, quickly rising to his paws and turning around at the distressed cry. Rosepetal burst into his den as suddenly as she had called out, wheezing as ragged breaths escaped her. It was obvious she had been running. *But why?*

"What's wrong?" Jayfeather asked, sniffing the she-cat's pelt in search of wounds of sprains. "Are you hurt?"

"No," Rosepetal choked out, and Jayfeather could feel the heat of fear rippling off of her in waves. "It's (Y/N). She fell out of a tree, and a branch... Oh StarClan, it crushed her leg!"

A wave of cold fear coursed through Jayfeather's veins. It was one thing to find out about such a horrific accident, but the fact that it was (Y/N) made him queasy. He had known the young she-cat since they were kits, and the thought of her winding up in a predicament like that was one of the most disturbing thoughts Jayfeather had ever experienced.

"Where is she?" He demanded as calmly as he could manage. As upsetting as it was, there was no point in frightening Rosepetal further.

The young she-cat let out a shuddering breath, and Jayfeather could tell she was struggling to keep herself composed. "Lionblaze and Spiderleg are bringing her in."

As if summoned by Rosepetal, the sound of heavy breathing and rapid pawsteps began approaching the medicine den, followed by gasps of shock and horrified yowls from ThunderClan cats. A rustling sound filled the den as the lichen parted hastily, and the scent of blood filled Jayfeather's nostrils. He could smell intense

fear rippling off of his brother and Spiderleg in waves.

"Lay her down right here," Jayfeather instructed, patting an area beside the small pool in the back of his den that was covered in moss.

Paws shuffled, and cold fear clenched Jayfeather's chest as (Y/N)'s full condition occurred to him. She hadn't moved or made a single sound when the two toms had set her down in the makeshift nest, not even a soft whimper.

She's really far gone, Jayfeather realized. *I'll have to work fast.*

"Every cat out," He demanded, lashing his tail. "I can't work with the den crowded like this." Hesitantly, the group of three scrambled back out the way they had come, but Jayfeather could sense their unease. It was to be expected, of course; (Y/N) was their clanmate.

"Hold on, (Y/N)," Rosepetal murmured. Then, she slipped outside with the others.

Without hesitating for a moment to consider his options, Jayfeather began pressing his paws onto the unconscious she-cat's flank, feeling for any abnormalities under her bones. After a moment, he determined that she had suffered no damage to her organs, but he knew that wasn't the end of her troubles.

Jayfeather sat back for a moment, closing his eyes and letting out a long sigh. The last thing he wanted to do was feel the part of (Y/N) that he knew was horribly disfigured, but he knew he didn't have a choice.

You're a medicine cat, He chastised himself. *Get it together.* It just felt so different when the injured cat was a good friend.

With as much caution as he could manage, Jayfeather bent his head and sniffed at (Y/N)'s right foreleg. He grimaced as the overpowering odor of blood swamped over him, struggling not to retch.

A major blood vessel is definitely severed, He realized, quickly dashing to his herb store and snagging a generous pawful of cobwebs. *I have*

to stop the bleeding before I can mend the bone.

He limped over to (Y/N)'s side and started pressing the sticky webs to the gaping wound. Thick, warm blood seeped through the cobwebs and onto his paws, soaking his pads. He sighed. It was going to be a long day.

****

Several hours later, Jayfeather finally stood at the tiny stream that ran from his den and out of camp, rinsing the blood and marigold poultice from his paws.

He had finally managed to get (Y/N) stable, but her foreleg remained grossly twisted and scarred. He'd done everything he could, from bracing the bone with thick twigs to holding it straight for minutes at a time, but nothing could repair the terrible damage the falling branch had caused.

She was such a bright, eager warrior, Jayfeather mused somberly as he rose to his paws and flicked the water off of them. *How is this going to effect her?*

He made his way back into his den, his heart and eyes heavy. It wasn't fair that (Y/N) had been chosen to carry such a weighty burden. Why did it have to be her?

Carefully, Jayfeather approached his friend, who was still deeply unconscious in her makeshift nest and gently touched his nose to her cheek in a rare display of affection. "I'm so sorry," He whispered. (Y/N) didn't stir. Her breaths came in shallow, painful wheezes, and Jayfeather could feel her flank shuddering.

He slowly turned his back on the young she-cat and padded heavily to his nest, curling up and tucking his nose under his tail. As sleep began to fall over him like a shadow, blurry images of crimson blood and (Y/N)'s agonized face filled his mind. He growled, angrily

shoving the oncoming dream away. *I am not going to end the day like that.*

≪ Your POV ≫

Pain. Intense, hot, throbbing pain was what woke you up, forcing your heavy eyes open and causing a low whine to escape your sore throat. You couldn't recall much of the past day, but you remembered a squirrel and a falling branch.

Forcing your eyes open all the way, you struggled to sit up and come to your senses, but a paw rested between your shoulders before you could.

"Stay still," A familiar voice instructed from beside you. "You've suffered a horrific injury, and moving will only make it worse."

"J-Jayfeather?" You croaked, grimacing as a fresh wave of pain rippled through your body. "What happened? W-what's wrong with me?" It wasn't like you couldn't tell; your right foreleg was clearly twisted and bent at an awkward angle, and based on the thick twig that braced it that was held in place by an endless amount of bloodstained cobwebs, it was a bad fracture.

"You had an accident hunting yesterday morning," Jayfeather explained, his tone unusually somber. "A branch fell on your leg and crushed the bone. I..." He paused, then took a deep breath. "I wasn't able to mend the bone in the correct place."

The way his voice shook slightly told you everything you needed to know. You swallowed hard, glancing down at your broken appendage. It was twisted off to the side, your paw angled crookedly and your claw sockets empty.

"S-so..." You choked out, tears filling your eyes. "Am I ever going to be a warrior again?" Jayfeather turned towards you, his blind blue gaze resting on your frame. His expression was so sincere, so gentle,

that for a moment, you could've sworn he could see you.

"I'm afraid not, (Y/N). I'm so sorry." His tone was soft, unusually so for Jayfeather. You slowly turned your head to look up at him, and you saw that his blind blue eyes were resting on you sympathetically.

"This is a nightmare," You whispered, silently praying that you would wake up soon. "Why would StarClan let this happen to me?"

Jayfeather sighed, shaking his head. "I don't know. But I do know that you're strong, (Y/N); the strongest cat I know. If any cat can get through this, it's you."

You winced. You didn't feel strong, not with a crippled limb and an inability to serve your clan. "I don't feel strong right now," You replied weakly, resting your chin on your paws and allowing a tear to fall. "I feel like a burden."

Surprisingly, Jayfeather padded closer to you and sat down, twining his tail with yours. "You're not a burden," He promised confidently. "Not to me, or any cat. Accidents happen, (Y/N). No cat is blaming you for getting injured."

You weren't so sure about that. You hadn't seen any cat except Jayfeather since your accident took place, and you couldn't help but feel as if some cat was seething with rage over the fact that you could no longer perform your duties as a warrior.

"They're not blaming you," Jayfeather repeated gently, leaning down to look at you closer. "And if they do, I'll claw their ears off."

"Thanks," You mumbled, smiling slightly at the mental image. "but if I'm not a warrior, what am I supposed to be?" Silence fell between the two of you, and for a moment, you thought you really were asleep. But then, Jayfeather rose to his paws.

"Well, I could always use more help in the medicine den," He meowed casually. "There's a lot to do everyday, and since Leafpool became a warrior, it's been harder to keep up with."

Your eyes widened slightly, and you raised your head again.

"Wait...Are you...Are you asking me to...?"

Jayfeather snorted, twitching his whiskers in amusement. "To be my apprentice? Yes. Yes I am."

You blinked, thinking hard about his offer. You never thought you'd be a medicine cat, but what other options did you have? You could either become Jayfeather's apprentice, or live out the rest of your days with the elders, just laying around and complaining about ticks and joint pain. At least you'd still be serving your clan as a medicine cat.

"Alright," You meowed decisively. "I'll be your apprentice, Jayfeather."

Jayfeather nodded. "I'm glad we came to an agreement. I'll talk to Firestar later today, and once you're well enough to walk again, we'll begin your training."

You nodded, a small smile creeping onto your muzzle. "Alright. Thanks, Jayfeather." The blind tom nodded once more, then slipped outside. You stared after him for a moment, your heart fluttering in your chest. You hadn't thought of it before, but maybe this was a good thing. Maybe this was your destiny, after all.

****

Whew, I'm sorry about the wait! I promise I do work on these in my spare time, I just don't have a lot of spare time ^^"

I sincerely hope you enjoyed this one-shot! You guys are literally so patient, and I am so grateful to have you as my readers <3 Thank you all!

A/N: Please don't ask for a part two. I'll make one if I wish to, and you can always request a second part when I start taking them again.

A Redeemed Life ≫ Firestar x Male! Spy! Reader (PLATONIC)

[image]

Art: SparkPlatinum

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Some angst
• Hinted violence/murder

This is a request for Roguehooman. I apologize for the long wait, and I sincerely hope it was worth it!

****

You never asked for this. In fact, you had begged Tigerstar to just let you live your life and serve him as a warrior, but he had refused. According to him, TigerClan needed a cat to "check up" on Firestar once in awhile.

Yeah, check up on him, You grumbled internally as you picked your way around bracken patches and sharp rocks. *Because that's what any cat should be worried about right now.*

You were thinking of Leopardstar and how she had willingly given in to Tigerstar and his ridiculous demands. If it hadn't been for her weakness, TigerClan wouldn't exist and many cats would still be alive.

Your miserable dwelling was interrupted by the sound of paws

approaching you from the opposite side of a small embankment you were standing on. Muttering a string of curses under your breath, you crouched as low to the ground as you could manage and concealed yourself behind some ferns before creeping towards the edge to peer out.

A lean-built tom with a flame-colored pelt was padding lightly along the edge of the small dip, his ears perked and jaws parted to taste the air. It appeared he was hunting, but you weren't that toad-brained.

You leaned forward just a bit to peer over the edge of the small ravine you were on, trying to get a closer look at the tom you were supposed to be spying on. As your right forepaw reached the edge, however, the loose soil crumbled beneath your weight. You let out a yowl of surprise as the earth gave way around you and sent you tumbling downward into the clearing below.

You scrambled back to your paws once you hit the ground, muttering curses under your breath and shaking clumps of dirt from your pelt. Out of all the embarrassing things that had happened to you, falling out of a fern and landing right in front of your target had to be the most cringe-inducing yet. *Tigerstar will have my whiskers for this!*

"Do you mind if I ask what you're doing on ThunderClan territory?" Firestar demanded, his green gaze boring into you. You flinched slightly, suddenly painfully aware of your pathetically scrawny frame. It had been moons since you'd last had a descent meal, and it was beginning to show.

"I'm sorry, truly," You meowed, trying to maintain as much composure as you could. "I'm only following orders." You dipped your head to the leader, hoping to earn a bit of trust. Firestar, however, did not appear to share your goal.

"Orders?" The flame-colored tom echoed, narrowing his eyes to slits. "What kind of orders?"

You looked away, staring at the ground off to the side as memories of all the pain and bloodshed you had had to endure over the

previous three moons came rushing back to you all at once. You had done your best to forget all of the burdens you carried on your shoulders, but being asked about the orders Tigerstar gave you brought it all back, and it hurt worse than a thorn lodged in your paw.

Firestar seemed to notice your discomfort, because his gaze softened just slightly. "I can't even imagine what it must be like to live under Tigerstar's rule," He meowed somberly. "I'm sorry you had to see the things you did."

You were somewhat surprised by his reaction to your predicament. Any other cat wouldn't have hesitated to rip you to shreds; you were sure of it.

"Thank you," You mumbled, dipping your head in a respectful way. "I appreciate that."

The flame-colored tom straightened up again, his green eyes flashing like embers in the fading sunlight. "What's your name?"

You blinked. "(Y/N)."

Firestar nodded, a small smile creeping onto his muzzle. "It's nice to meet you, (Y/N). It would be an honor to welcome you to ThunderClan."

You stiffened, your ears perking up in surprise. What in StarClan's name was going on? It was one thing for a leader to drop his guard in front of an enemy, but it was another thing entirely to welcome said enemy into his clan. *How naive is this tom?*

Still, the thought of a warm nest and a juicy mouse was too tempting to pass up. So, with a polite dip of your head, you meowed, "Thank you, Firestar. I am honored."

The ThunderClan leader purred, turning around and glancing back at you over his shoulder. "We'd better get going, then. It's getting dark fast."

Upon glancing up at the sky, you realized that he was right. The once bright blue horizon was now a deep purple color, dappled

with the last of the sun's dark orange light. You knew it wouldn't be long before Tigerstar sent a patrol out to search for you, and although he would likely figure out where you had gone quite fast, you would feel much safer in a nest tucked away in ThunderClan camp.

"Right," You meowed, falling into step beside Firestar. "Good idea." You were convinced you were dreaming for a moment, but you knew that was impossible; the feeling of leafy fronds brushing against your flanks felt too real.

Thank you, StarClan, You meowed silently, hoping your warrior ancestors could hear you. *I think this may have just saved my life.*

****

Typical clueless Firestar. I'm joking, of course. He definitely made some mistakes, but what leader didn't?

I apologize for the wait. I know I haven't been insanely active online lately, but that's because I've been busy. I have a life, you know :0

This was the last request of the ones I got way back in December of 2022. I feel great knowing I can finally move on and work on some things I want to for awhile! Don't worry, requests will open again eventually.

This means the world to me

[image]

It has just occurred to me that this book has over 50k reads, and...wow. I just can't even begin to imagine how I possibly made it this far.

I just wanted to say that you guys have gotten me through some of the most difficult days of my life, and even though I never talk about those days here to avoid burdening you, I truly mean that from the bottom of my heart.

Thank you all so much for being here and supporting me through my writing, and giving this book so much love. You all are a big part of my small world, and I wouldn't trade that for anything.

Wherever you guys are, I hope you have a wonderful day or night. God bless ❤

Sunshine ≫ Whitestorm x Female! Reader

[image]

Art: manthemoth

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Angst
• Portrayed anxiety disorder
• Portrayed anxiety attack

****

You laid in your nest, curled tightly around yourself as spasms wracked your pathetic-looking form. You were no stranger to these jarring episodes, but for some reason, this one was especially bothersome.

Stop, You begged your racing heart in a silent sob. *Please just slow down...*

Your heart didn't seem to be in a listening mood, however; none of your body did. It continued to tremble and twist in painful ways, contorting you down to the last hair on your bristling pelt.

Your breathing hitched suddenly, and your lungs drew in a massive breath of cold air, but it did little to settle you. In fact, it only made things worse. Now you couldn't stop sucking in greedy, sharp breaths. Every second felt more painful, and you were beginning to wonder if you were going to die.

The lichen covering the warriors' den rustled, followed by the sound of pawsteps and a familiar voice, one you had fallen in love with. "(Y/N), Tigerclaw was wondering if you would join a—(Y/N)? Are you okay?"

You couldn't bring yourself to look at him. You knew Whitestorm wanted nothing but the best for you, but you were ashamed to let him see you in such a pathetic and weak state. So instead, you drew in yet another wheeze and choked out, "Whitestorm..."

Over the sound of your sniffles and gasps, you heard the big white tom murmur, "Oh, (Y/N)...not again..."

Soft pawsteps made their way towards you cautiously, as if trying to avoid crumbling your mental state further. Then, the moss beneath you shifted as a warm body settled down and pressed against yours.

"It's okay," Came his voice, soft and barely above a whisper. "You're okay."

You didn't feel okay. You continued to sob and tremble, and your racing heart continued to slam painfully against your ribs. Your breaths came in hitched and ragged wheezes, failing to return to normal.

Whitestorm pressed himself closer to you, leaning down so his whiskers brushed lightly against your muzzle. "I'm going to sing for you," He murmured gently. "Just listen."

You nodded shakily, resting your chin on your paws and closing your eyes. You hadn't been sung to since you were a kit, and you weren't sure how it was supposed to help, but you were in no position to argue.

Whitestorm took a deep breath in, then began to attempt to soothe you with a soft melody that reminded you of a better time. "You are my sunshine, my only sunshine, you make me happy when skies are gray..." His voice cracked slightly, and you could've sworn he was about to cry. "...you'll never know, dear, how much I love you...please don't take my sunshine away..."

You tried to lay still and listen to his voice, but your body refused to stop trembling. Whitestorm noticed this and leaned down, gently nudging your muzzle with his. "Hey," He whispered. "Look at me."

You opened your tear-clouded eyes, locking them with Whitestorm's amber ones. The big white tom gazed at you gently, his own eyes beginning to glisten. "Just listen, alright?"

You nodded, still trembling. "O-okay..."

Whitestorm started to sing once more, his soft, gentle voice rippling through your ears and rising above the storm of rushing blood. You let out a shaky breath, closing your eyes and focusing on the warmth of his body next to yours. Finally, your heartbeat slowed down to a normal rhythm and you ceased to tremble, instead laying perfectly still as Whitestorm finished the soothing melody.

A soft nose touched your cheek. "Are you feeling any better?"

"I am," You murmured, opening your eyes and gazing up at him. "All thanks to you." A comfortable silence followed, engulfing the once suffocating air of the warriors' den. You almost couldn't believe you had been in such a state of hysteria mere moments before; Whitestorm truly was a miracle worker.

"I'll always be here for you, (Y/N)," The white tom whispered, twining your tails together gently. "You truly are my only sunshine."

Despite the chill of the leaf-fall evening, you felt your ears heat up. "And you're mine," You responded, leaning into him slightly. "Thank you, Whitestorm."

Whitestorm purred and began rasping his tongue across your ears, gently encouraging you to rest your head. You did, and almost instantly, the heavy weight of sleep overcame you and swept you away. You felt safer than you had in moons next to the big white tom, and you were finally able to put your mind at ease.

As strange as it sounded, you felt as if Whitestorm really was a gentle ray of sunshine, beaming down on you and warming your fur. He was the light of your life, and you couldn't imagine a world

without him.

****

This was sort of comforting to write, honestly. I think we all need a fictional character's shoulder to cry on every once in awhile. Or in this case, a fictional cat's.

I hope each and every one of you are doing well, and that this one-shot finds you in good health and spirits. Thank you so much for sticking around and tuning in!

Promises Worth Keeping ≫ Cinderpelt x Injured! Male! Reader

[image]

Art: AngelDalet

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Hinted violence
• Mild gore
• Angst

****

You grimaced, your body shuddering on Fireheart's shoulders as the flame-colored warrior carefully leaped across the stream that separated WindClan from ThunderClan. A fresh surge of warm blood seeped from the wound on your flank, spreading through your fur and staining the golden heather below in dark crimson splotches.

"Hang in there, (Y/N)," Fireheart huffed, his voice light and raspy due to lack of breath. "We're almost home. Cinderpelt will fix you." The rest of the patrol caught up and began padding alongside the ThunderClan deputy, bearing their own wounds. Frostfur's left ear had been shredded by swinging claws, Longtail was favoring his right foreleg heavily, Swiftpaw's cheek bore a deep gash that continued to bleed, Sandstorm's right ear had been bitten, and Whitestorm and Brightpaw each harbored bite marks on their necks and shoulders. None of your clanmates' injuries were as severe as

yours, however, and you could sense their growing panic.

You stared numbly at the ground as it passed by beneath you, your vision blurry and unfocused. You were no medicine cat, but you were fairly certain the amount of blood that had seeped from the wound on your flank was not healthy.

"Stay awake, (Y/N)," Whitestorm meowed firmly, causing you to startle slightly. You groaned, forcing your eyes open. The big white tom was padding beside Fireheart, his amber gaze focused on you intently. You opened your jaws to snap a stinging retort, but blood filled your mouth, causing you to gag and sputter.
Whitestorm's nose paled, and his eyes widened. "The wound is deeper than we thought," He meowed, his voice rising in pitch slightly. "We have to..." Your vision blurred again, and your ears started to ring. You suddenly felt like you were underwater, watching the blurry silhouettes of your clanmates fade as you sank deeper and deeper into the depths.

You were suddenly jarred back into reality again by the shrill, panicked yowls of ThunderClan cats as Fireheart broke away from the rest of the patrol and began weaving his way hurriedly through the gathered crowd, heading for a familiar gap between two boulders. The overwhelming scent of many herbs bathed your bloodstained tongue, and you wrinkled your nose as Fireheart slipped through the gap.

"A skirmish broke out on the WindClan border," Fireheart explained, crouching down and gently rolling you off of his back and into an empty patch of moss. You shuddered in pain as your body made contact with the ground, letting out a whine. Fireheart was standing with his back to you, speaking with Cinderpelt in a rushed, anxious way. As hard as you tried, you couldn't understand anything they were saying. You were underwater again, slowly floating further and further away.

"(Y/N), can you hear me?" You grimaced, forcing your eyes to focus again. Cinderpelt was standing over you, gazing at your limp form with anxious blue eyes. Fireheart was nowhere to be seen. You tried to reply for the second time since your grave injury, but once again, you only gagged and spat out more blood. Cinderpelt's eyes

widened just as Whitestorm's had, and she immediately whipped around and limped urgently to the back of her den, rummaging around for a moment before returning to your side with a pawful of cobwebs. She spoke to you again, but your ears were ringing. This time, you could no longer fight the heavy feeling of fatigue that washed over you, and you finally allowed your eyes to close as you slowly drifted down the distant, dark river of unconsciousness.

≪ ♤ ≫

You slowly opened your eyes, grimacing as the bright sunlight touched them. You didn't have a crystal clear image of the previous day in your head, but you remembered patrolling with Fireheart, Frostfur, Whitestorm, Brightpaw, Longtail, and Swiftpaw near the moor, and you had caught a patrol of WindClan warriors hunting on ThunderClan's side of the stream. A fight broke out, and while you had Webfoot pinned to the ground, Tornear had tackled you and sank his claws deep into your flank. You could vaguely recall Fireheart pulling the WindClan tom off of you and heaving you onto his shoulders, but that was about it. You had no idea if ThunderClan had come out victorious, or if your grave wound had stopped the skirmish in it's midst. All you knew was that you were laying in a patch of moss in Cinderpelt's den, and your flank was throbbing painfully.

You forced your eyes open fully, and with gritted teeth, you slowly raised your head despite the stiffness in your neck. The crippled medicine cat was sitting with her back to you, absentmindedly sorting herbs. She didn't seem to be focusing on the task, clearly lost in her thoughts.

You opened your jaws and croaked, "Cinderpelt..."

The gray she-cat startled slightly, whipping her head in your direction. When she laid eyes on you, her blue orbs softened. "You're awake," She meowed matter-of-factly, clearly trying to maintain composure. "How do you feel?" There was a slight crack in

her voice as she asked about your condition, and it made you feel warm from your ears all the way down to your tail-tip. It was nice to know she cared about you as much as you cared about her.

"I'm alright..." You responded, a small smile stretching across your muzzle. "...all thanks to you..." Speaking was proving to be too much work for your dry throat, and you began to cough. With each spasm, the gash on your flank throbbed harder and threatened to split open again.

Cinderpelt's eyes widened slightly, and she rose hastily to her paws and grasped a clump of fresh moss in her jaws before dipping it in the pool of water next to her herb store and limping over to you. "Here," She mumbled around the wet clump. "Lick this."

You didn't have to be told twice. Allowing your jaws to fall open, you began rasping your tongue across the wet surface, a satisfied shiver rippling through you as the cold liquid bathed your tongue and slid down your throat. Once you were finished, you collapsed back into the soft moss and began trying to catch your breath.

Cinderpelt smiled down at you, sympathy glistening in her eyes. "Mouse-brain," She murmured.

You lifted your gaze towards her, raising an eyebrow. "What...? What did I do...?" You winced. Although your voice sounded less strained since you drank from the moss ball, your wound still throbbed whenever you took a breath.

"I know you can't help it," Cinderpelt murmured, and hurt flashed across her face. "It's just..." She trailed off, shaking her head sadly. Your eyes widened somewhat. You had never seen this side of Cinderpelt before.

"It's...just what...?" You pressed, hoping she didn't feel like you were demanding anything from her.

The crippled medicine cat lifted her gaze once more, and you were surprised to see tears glistening in them. "I worry myself sick sometimes," She whispered. "I worry every single day that something terrible is going to happen to you, (Y/N)...sometimes...oh

StarClan...sometimes I wish warriors didn't have to patrol and fight..."

Your eyes widened, as you were completely taken aback. You had never heard any cat say that before, let alone a medicine cat. *Does she care about me that much?*

"I chose this life, Cinderpelt..." You wheezed out, struggling to sit up. "I knew the risks, and I accepted them. It has been an honor serving ThunderClan as a warrior; I wouldn't have it any other way."

Cinderpelt looked up, her blue eyes watery. "I know you wouldn't," She whispered. "That's what frightens me."

Never in your life had you seen a cat look so miserable, and it broke your heart. Cinderpelt had always been special to you, more so than any of your other clanmates. You would even go as far as to say you...well, you would never admit that, of course.

"I try my hardest to be safe," You replied hoarsely, finally finding a comfortable spot to lay while avoiding your torn open flank. "You know I—" You broke off mid-sentence and coughed, grimacing at the pain it brought to your already throbbing wound. "—you know I care about you too much to give up."

Cinderpelt met your gaze again, and although they were still brimming with tears, her deep blue eyes now shone with a different emotion: love. You had to look away, unable to hold her intense gaze for long. You had never had a cat look at you that way before, with so much passion you could've drowned in it.

"Promise me you'll never give up, no matter how hard things get, or how deep a wound is," The gray medicine cat meowed in a strangely firm tone for her usual gentle personality. "*Swear it,* (Y/N). Swear it like you swore to protect ThunderClan."

You stared at her, working your jaw as you struggled to come up with the right words. You had never seen her so full of fire before, and it made your veins surge with a blast of burning passion.

"I swear," You meowed solemnly, your voice still strained and raspy. "I swear to never give up, Cinderpelt; not when I have you to come back to."

Cinderpelt watched you for a moment, intensely. Then, she closed her eyes and took a long, slow breath. "Okay." She meowed finally, opening her eyes to gaze at you once again. "I think I can live with that."

You smiled, flexing your shoulders and crossing your forepaws. "As long as you're happy, I'm happy."

A small smile found it's way onto Cinderpelt's maw. "I know." The crippled she-cat rose to her paws, then bent her head and gently grasped a thick, dark green leaf in her jaws. You watched as she limped towards you, carefully setting the leaf down next to your paws.

"Eat these," She instructed, bumping the leaf with her nose and causing it to unfold. Inside, there were three tiny black seeds, and you were so relieved you almost cried.

"Thanks," You sighed, lowering your head and lapping the seeds up. "I definitely need these." You rested your chin on your paws, letting out a long breath you had been holding and allowing your eyes to close. Suddenly, the moss shifted next to you as Cinderpelt laid down. You were about to ask her what she was doing, but the feeling of her tongue rasping gently over your ears silenced you.

"Just relax," She whispered in your ear, embracing you tighter, but not enough to cause you pain. "I'll look after you."

You smiled, sighing and allowing yourself to sink into her warm fur. "I know you will." You began to drift down yet another dark river, but this time, it was one of peace and contentment rather than pain and fear. It had never occurred to you before, but Cinderpelt made you immensely happy; she always had.

You finally vanished into the distant darkness of sleep, leaving all your worries and pain far behind in the waking world. None of that mattered now. You had Cinderpelt, and you knew she would be

there when you returned.

****

I definitely consider this one of my best one-shots. It just feels well-paced and charming to me.

This was originally supposed to be extremely angsty, with (Y/N) dying from his wounds while Cinderpelt treated him. However, I decided a fluffy ending would feel much better!

Many thanks to everyone who is reading this right now. Your support means the world to me!

Unexpected Hero ≫ Longtail x Female! Reader

[image]

Art: Flannsyn

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Snake encounter

****

You were mere whisker-lengths away from biting into the neck of a juicy mouse when a paw prodded you in the shoulder, rousing you from your dream and back into the real world. With an annoyed groan, you peeled your sticky eyelids away from your orbs and swiped a forepaw over them. Runningwind was standing over your nest, staring at you with amusement shining in his green eyes.

"Good morning, sleepy-mouse," He chuckled, twitching his whiskers. "Sleep well?" Something about the other warrior's obvious amusement made your fur prickle, and you sat up with an angry huff and gave your pelt a shake, scattering scraps of moss and feathers in every direction.

"I was sleeping fine," You retorted, swiping your tongue over the back of your forepaw and using it to smooth the ruffled fur between your ears. "until you woke me up. I'd almost caught that mouse!"

Runningwind rolled his eyes and shook his head, his smirk not leaving his skinny muzzle. "Get up and you can catch a *real* mouse. You haven't forgotten about the hunting patrol Redtail assigned us

to, have you?" He tipped his head off to the side in a questioning way, raising an eyebrow like a mentor asking his apprentice about the piece of missing prey on the freshkill pile.

"Of course I haven't," You muttered dryly, finishing smoothing down your fur and standing up. "Who else is coming?"

Runningwind shrugged his shoulders, his annoying smirk finally curving down into a neutral line. "It's a pretty small patrol. Just you, me, and Longtail."

You had to stifle a miserable groan. *Longtail. Of course Longtail is coming.* You couldn't stand the cream-colored tabby tom; you never could. His constant need to show off in front of his clanmates and prove how much better he was at everything never failed to make you bristle. The last time you had gone on a patrol with him, he had made sure to scare every single piece of prey you had tried to catch just so he could snag it and take all the glory for himself.

Runningwind noticed your disappointment and chuckled again, flicking your shoulder with his tail-tip. "Just try to focus on hunting," He meowed, padding past you and pausing at the den entrance to glance back at you. "Maybe this time will be different."

"Sure," You huffed sarcastically. "Because Longtail is known for his *spectacular* maturity."

Runningwind flashed you a sympathetic smile. "He's quite fond of you, you know." Then, he slipped through the lichen covering of the den and left you alone. You stood in the empty den for a moment, then let out a sigh. *Longtail? Fond of* me? *Hedgehogs must be flying now, too.*

You pushed your way into the clearing, wincing as the bright morning sunlight touched your sleep-bleary eyes. Runningwind and Longtail were waiting for you near the camp entrance, talking amongst themselves. When Longtail noticed you watching them, he flashed you a smug grin and flexed his front claws, showing off the rippling muscle in his forelegs. You rolled your eyes, feeling disgusted. *Why does he have to be such a nuisance?*

You padded over to the two toms, doing your best to ignore Longtail completely. "Where are we headed?" You asked Runningwind, pretending to be curious.

"Snakerocks," The brown tabby replied confidently. "Darkstripe said he found a huge nest of mice there yesterday."

You opened your jaws to reply, but Longtail was quicker. "It'll be the perfect spot for a hunt. That is, if slow-paws over here can catch anything this time." He cast you a wry glance, and your blood boiled. *Don't react, (Y/N). Don't give him what he wants.*

Runningwind averted his gaze, clearly uncomfortable with the direction the conversation was going. "Let's get moving," He meowed, waving his tail for you to follow. "Prey doesn't catch itself."

"Great idea!" You meowed, forcing your voice to rise in a facade of eagerness, even though you were anything but eager. You were more eager to hunt so you could be left alone for the rest of the day and avoid Longtail.

You slipped past Longtail and fell into step beside Runningwind, pushing through the fern tunnel. You couldn't hear the nuisance following you, but you couldn't care less. *Maybe he'll decide to stay behind.* Fat chance, but a she-cat was allowed to dream.

"Let's take the shortcut past the twolegplace," You meowed to Runningwind, not leaving room for a debate.

The brown tabby blinked. "But, Longtail hasn't caught up—" But you were already trotting across the narrow strip of grass towards the tall wooden fences. Your limbs were still sore from sleep, but that wasn't going to stop you from getting as far away from the cream-colored menace as possible.

Your paws touched cold stone, and you raised your gaze to see that you had found your way to snakerocks. It was eerie and empty as usual, the only sounds being the low whistle of the wind and the occasional slithering of an adder somewhere within the shadowy crevices. You shivered, heading for the edge of the clearing and

being extra careful where you put your paws. Snakes were one of the most feared things in the forest, and the last thing you wanted was to come face-to-face with one.

Sudden movement near the roots of an oak caught your eye, and you glanced up to see the small brown frame of a squirrel scurry away into the rocks on the other side of a deep gap. With your unease forgotten, you dropped into a crouch and crept forward, peering into the shadows on the other side. Sure enough, the squirrel was sitting with it's back to you as it nibbled on an acorn. *I've got you!*

Suddenly, the brown creature let out an alarmed squeak and darted off, disappearing into the grass and out of reach. "Fox-dung!" You cursed, sitting back and glaring at the spot where the rodent had run to. Your frustration was quickly replaced by cold dread, however, as a soft yet menacing hiss rose up from the empty air behind you.

With the slowness of an injured snail, you turned in a half-circle and met your worst fear: a large adder coiled upwards, it's long fangs dripping venom. *StarClan, help me!*

You stayed frozen in place, not daring to move a single muscle. The serpent drew itself back further, another awful hiss piercing the silent air. You took a slow step back, intending to gradually remove yourself from the snake's striking distance.

Your right hind paw brushed grass, but apparently, the adder wasn't intent on letting you escape. It curled backwards with a malevolent hiss, baring it's fangs. You squeezed your eyes shut and braced yourself for the feeling of it's venom coursing through your veins, but that feeling never came. Instead, there was the sound of crumbling stone. You opened your eyes just in time to see a cream-and-black pelt whirl past you, snatching the serpent from the rocks.

You gaped. *"Longtail?"* The tom—the one you thought you hated with a burning passion—was standing several tail-lengths away from you, the corpse of the adder hanging limply in his jaws. He dropped the dead serpent, looking at you with wide blue eyes.

"Yeah, it's me." He meowed, all traces of his usual cocky demeanor gone. "Are you okay?" There was genuine concern in his voice, and it took you by surprise. Longtail was never a cat to act worried about anything, especially you. What in StarClan's name changed?

You swallowed, trying to regain composure. "Um...I-I think I'm alright," You stammered, beginning to tremble a bit. "Are...are *you* okay?"

Longtail stared at you as if you had grown wings. "I'm *fine,* (Y/N). I'm not the one who almost got killed by an adder, for StarClan's sake!" He gave his pelt a shake, forcing it to lay flat against his slender body. "That scared the fur off of me," He muttered, his nose turning a deep shade of pink. "I thought for sure I was too late."

Suddenly, Runningwind appeared at the top of the ridge, peering over the edge with wide eyes. "Are you two okay?"

You exchanged a glance with Longtail, then called back, "We're fine, Runningwind. Don't worry." The brown tabby's shoulders sank with relief, and he scrambled somewhat awkwardly down the tumble of stones and padded over to you and Longtail, his tail-tip twitching.

"Snakes," He growled. "Why did it have to be snakes?"

Longtail blinked, flicking his ears. "Well, we *are* at snakerocks, so..." Although his tone lacked it's usual cocky snark, it still harbored some annoyance at Runningwind's ridiculous question.

Runningwind opened his jaws, but before he could reply with a stinging retort, you interrupted him. "Runningwind is only worried, Longtail. He didn't mean anything by it." Your cream-colored clanmate looked like he wanted to argue, but when he glanced back at the adder he killed, he quickly clamped his jaws shut again, and you twitched your whiskers. *I guess even Longtail has enough sense to know when it's a bad time to start an argument.*

"Let's get out of here," Runningwind meowed. "After that, I don't want to be hanging around these rocks any longer than I have to." He glanced at the shadowy crevice next to you and shuddered. "I'm sure we could find more prey by sunningrocks, anyway." He turned

and leaped back up the stony slope, waving his tail for you to follow. You stayed in place for a moment however, letting your gaze rest on the cat who saved your life.

"Um...thanks," You meowed, chuckling slightly. "I appreciate it."

Longtail shrugged as if killing an adder was the most nonchalant thing a cat could do, but you could see the smirk creeping onto the corners of his lips. "It was nothing. Im just glad you're okay." He started following Runningwind into the forest, and you watched him go with an odd fluttering sensation in your lower belly. *Maybe he isn't so bad.*

****

I'm back! Well, at least for long enough to publish this and thank you all for being so patient. Seriously, thank you for waiting for me!

I may or may not open requests again soon; it just depends on how things turn out over these next couple of days, so stay tuned!

Also, if you got the Indiana Jones reference, I love you. Lol

Personal Belongings ≫ Yandere! Barley x Female! Apprentice! Reader (PLATONIC)

[image]

Art: Shyranno

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Mentioned murder/death
• Mentioned sickness
• Some angst
• Kidnapping
• Hinted violence/gore

This is a request for rubbersnoodle. I hope you like it!

****

You had been walking next to your clanmates for quite some time, and your paws were becoming incredibly sore. It was the first day of the journey the clans were making to their new home in StarClan —knows—where, and so far, nothing was looking all that great. "These things don't happen overnight," Your mentor, Brightheart, had told you when you expressed your feelings of hopelessness to

her. "We just have to keep traveling and know that we'll find where we're supposed to be." In truth, it had offered you a bit of comfort, but not enough to make your paws stop hurting.

You looked up to see that your clanmates had stopped walking, so you padded up to Brightheart's side and did the same. "What's going on?" You murmured, glancing over at her.

"I'm not sure," The one-eyed she-cat replied in a whisper, leaning closer to you without taking her eye off of Firestar, who was standing at the front of the group with the other three leaders. "I think the leaders are about to announce something. We'd better listen." You blinked, turning your gaze back to the four older cats. All of them looked weary and much older than they were, and you felt a twinge of empathy for them deep inside your chest. Every cat was well-beyond exhausted, and the leaders were no exception. Sometimes you had to remind yourself that they were ordinary cats, just like you and your clanmates.

"We've decided that it's time to rest for the night," Firestar began, which prompted a unified sigh of relief from every cat. The flame-colored tom waited for the relieved murmurs to die down, then continued. "There's a barn just up ahead that's full of plump mice and soft straw to sleep on. Two toms live there who have agreed to let us stay as long as we need." A wave of excitement rippled through the crowd, and your jaws began to water at the thought of a juicy mouse. You hadn't eaten since sunhigh, and your belly was punishing you for it.

"Well, let's get moving, then," Blackstar, ShadowClan's leader, meowed with an impatient flick of his tail-tip. "My paws are going to fall off!" You rolled your eyes, lifting your right forepaw to examine it. *You and I both. You're not special, mouse-brain.*

Brightheart nudged you with her shoulder, jerking her muzzle towards your clanmates, who were filing out of the tight circle they had formed. "Come on, (Y/N)," She meowed with a kind smile. "You look like you could fall asleep standing up." Your jaws stretched open in a big yawn, and you realized that she was right; your eyes could barely stay open.

Falling into step between Brightheart and Cloudtail, you followed the rest of your clanmates across the open stretch of moorland until you could see a large wooden structure looming against the setting sun up ahead. "Stay close," Cloudtail muttered to both you and Brightheart. "We don't know this place. StarClan knows what could be lurking around." His words sent a small shiver of unease up your spine. You had never done well in the dark, and imagining all sorts of dangerous animals wasn't helping your case. Still, you felt safe with your mentor and her mate flanking you on both sides, and you forced your troubled mind to relax. *I just need some sleep. I'll feel better tomorrow.*

As you and the rest of the forest approached the large wooden structure that Firestar had called a barn, said tom padded up to the front of it and peered into the shadows inside. "Barely? Ravenpaw?" He called, his voice echoing across the empty moor. "It's Firestar. We're here with the rest of the clans." Silence followed your leader's words. Several heartbeats passed, and you could tell your clanmates were beginning to question Firestar's words.

"Does he have bees in his brain?" Ashfur hissed irritably. "There's no cat here!"

"Quiet," Cloudtail shot back with a glare at the other warrior. "Firestar knows what he's doing. It's not okay to insult your leader, Ashfur." The gray warrior flattened his ears, opening his jaws to shoot a stinging retort at the white tom, but thought better of it and stalked away with a lash of his tail. You watched him go, doubt squirming in your hollow belly. There was a part of you that wondered if Ashfur was right, but you would never say that out loud.

Suddenly, the sound of pawsteps echoed from the barn, and moments later, a small black tom with a white splotch on his chest and green eyes emerged from the shadows, his face lighting up as it rested on Firestar. "Firestar!" He purred, touching his nose to the flame colored leader's. "It's great to see you!"

"It's good to see you too, Ravenpaw." Firestar purred, returning the black tom's affectionate nuzzle. Sandstorm and Graystripe padded forward, each exchanging joyful purrs and hellos. You blinked,

raising an eyebrow. The older warriors seemed to know Ravenpaw quite well.

"That's Ravenpaw," Brightheart explained to you in a murmur. "He was an apprentice back when Bluestar was ThunderClan's leader. He left because the clan wasn't a safe place for him anymore." You looked back at the small black tom, your eyes widening. You had heard plenty of stories from your mother and the elders of the clan about a young cat who fled ThunderClan because he knew it was Tigerstar who killed Bluestar's first deputy, but it hadn't registered with you that it was Ravenpaw until now.

The four cats ceased their conversation finally, and Firestar gazed at Ravenpaw curiously. "Where's Barely?" He asked in a wondering tone. Ravenpaw opened his jaws to reply, but before he could, there was movement in the shadows just behind him, and a plump white tom with black patches stepped out into the light of the setting sun. You gazed at the other barn cat, an uneasy feeling filling your chest. You didn't know why, but something about him made you nervous.

The plump tom—who's name was apparently Barley—took a step forward and dipped his head respectfully. "Good evenin', Firestar," He meowed, although his green eyes lacked any real emotion. "It's good to see ya. Welcome to the barn."

Firestar dipped his head. "Thank you, Barley. May we come inside?"

"A'course," Barely replied in a hearty chuckle from deep within his broad chest. "Come on in, partner." Firestar, Sandstorm, and Graystripe padded into the barn, followed by the elders and queens. You followed your mentor and her mate inside, right behind the other apprentices and the rest of the warriors. You passed Barely on your way in, and his gaze rested on you for a bit too long for comfort. You could feel him watching you closely, and if you didn't know any better, you would've sworn his gaze was burning holes into your fur.

"Brightheart," You whispered to your mentor, desperate to tell some cat about your unsettling encounter. "I think—" Just then, a mouse scampered out from under a pile of golden straw, and a white pelt flashed past you, followed by a squeak as the mouse was killed.

Whitepaw, Brightheart and Cloudtail's daughter, lifted her head and proudly showed them her catch with a smile on her muzzle.

"Well done," Cloudtail purred, padding over to nuzzle his kit. The two began talking, and Brightheart flashed you an apologetic glance before mouthing, "we'll talk later", and padding over to join her mate and daughter.

Feeling dejected, you glanced around at the rest of your clanmates and other clans, desperate to find some cat to stick by until your mentor was ready to listen to you. Every cat you could see was wrapped up in conversation as they ate and shared tongues, and since your only family had stayed in the old territory, you were on your own. You let out a sad sigh, padding heavily over to a secluded corner of the barn and plopping down in a patch of straw. You had began to regret leaving your sickly mother to find the new territory, but now it was sinking in more so than ever. You didn't feel like you belonged in ThunderClan anymore, but you knew you had to stay. What other choice did you have?

A pair of hefty black-and-white paws padded up to you, and you glanced up to see Barely standing in front of you with a big, juicy mouse dangling from his jaws; the biggest you had ever seen. He dropped the mouse onto the ground between you, then offered you a smile. "Hi there, youngster," He meowed. "I caught this mouse here, but I don't think I can eat it all myself. Would ya like to share?" You swallowed, meeting his gaze uneasily. That feeling was back again, but it was stronger than it had been the first time he looked at you. You were about to refuse his offer, but then remembered that you didn't have any cat else to go to. Brightheart and Cloudtail were still eating with Whitepaw, and you didn't know your other clanmates that well.

"U-um...O-okay..." You agreed timidly, settling down and sniffing the mouse uncertainly. It smelled perfectly normal, and it didn't look like it had been cut open or messed with at all. Your mouth started to water again, and you were reminded of how hungry you were.

Barely frowned, tilting his head off to the side. "Somethin' wrong?" He asked, his voice suspiciously low.

"O-oh, I...Um...No, nothing's wrong," You responded as evenly as you could manage, although you knew you had done a terrible job of it. "Th-thanks, um...B-Barely."

Barley smiled blankly, then settled down. "No problem. Glad I could getcha to come around." He pushed the mouse towards you, nodding. "Go ahead, now. She-cats first." You uttered a barely audible "thanks" before lowering your head and taking a bite out of the rodent. It was as plump and juicy as it looked, and as you chewed, your mouth watered more. It had been a long time since you had tasted a good piece of prey. The twolegs had driven all the mice out of ThunderClan territory, so you assumed that was the reason this mouse tasted extra good.

Barley watched you take another bite, his green eyes traveling over your face as if he expected you to say something. You had nothing to say, however, and you continued biting chunks off of the plump mouse until there was nothing left of it but a few bloody bones. Somewhat embarrassed that you had devoured such a large piece of prey without sharing, you dipped your head and murmured, "Sorry. I guess I was pretty hungry."

"Don't worry about it," Barely replied with a chuckle. "I'm glad you enjoyed it." He smiled at you again, the same smile that sent a shiver up your spine. Why was he so interested in you? You had never had a cat act so intrigued by your presence before.

"I heard yer home got taken by twolegs," The black-and-white tom continued nonchalantly, fixing you with a blank stare. "That's mighty unfortunate."

"Um...yeah," You replied, shrugging your shoulders in an attempt to relax. "We're going to find a new home, I guess. Somewhere far away from here. At least, that's what Brightheart says." You glanced over Barley's wide shoulder at your mentor, who was laughing and sharing tongues with Cloudtail and Whitepaw as if nothing was wrong.

Barley followed your gaze, allowing his to rest on the one-eyed she-cat before turning back to you. "She yer momma?"

You shook your head, wincing slightly. "Brightheart's not my mom," You murmured, your eyes suddenly stinging as tears filled them. "My mom is back in our old territory..." You sniffed, blinking in an attempt to hide your sorrow. "...she was too sick to come with us..."

Barley stared at you, his emotionless gaze studying your face. "That's too bad," He meowed, shifting so his weight was on his left side. "I'm sorry to hear that."

"It's fine," You replied with a shrug before wiping your eyes with a paw. "She didn't want to come, anyway."

"What about your pawpaw?" Barley asked, raising an eyebrow. You flinched and flattened your ears. These questions were getting awfully personal.

"Um...my-my dad died before I opened my eyes," You meowed somewhat shakily, scooting away from the black-and-white barn cat. "My mom always told me a rogue killed him..." You had become incredibly uncomfortable, yet Barley continued to watch you with unblinking eyes.

"That's unfortunate." He meowed once again, only this time, he offered you a thin smile. "I wish there was something I could do to help ya, kitten." He paused, his smile curving down into a simple line. "What's yer name?" You glanced at your mentor once again, who had finished eating and was padding away with Cloudtail and Whitepaw. You bit back a sigh. *So much for talking later.*

"(Y/N)." You replied simply, tearing your gaze away from your makeshift family with a begrudging huff.

Barley noticed you watching them leave and snorted, offering a small shake of his head. "What a bunch 'a hay-brains," He huffed, his thick tail twitching. "Ya deserve better, (Y/N)." He was staring at you again, seemingly expecting something.

"Um...thanks." You mumbled, eager to end the conversation and find somewhere to sleep. "Thanks for the mouse. Um...goodnight." Without giving him a chance to reply, you rose to your paws and padded away, keeping your head low. There was something about

him that was incredibly unnerving, but you couldn't put a paw on it. Perhaps it was his habit of staring at you, or maybe it was the lifeless sheet that covered his eyes. Whatever it was, you were too tired to worry about it anymore. The clans would start traveling again tomorrow, and you would never have to see Barley again.

You found yourself a small patch of the golden straw sheltered between two large wooden sticks, tucked next to the wall of the barn. As you settled down to sleep, you caught Brightheart's eye. She gave you an apologetic look, but you turned away. It was bad enough that she had completely ignored you when you needed her help—you weren't going to accept her sympathy now.

Curling up with your back to the rest of your clan, you closed your eyes and finally allowed your mind to wander off, trying your best to ignore the crippling loneliness that had crept into your heart.

≫♤≪

Morning came much quicker than you would have liked it to. When you were roused by Brightheart gently nudging your shoulder with her paw, you only felt like you had been asleep for a few heartbeats. Luckily no cat was in much of a hurry, so you had time to fully wake up and pick all the little pieces of straw out of your fur. Brightheart had apologized multiple times, so you just faked a smile and pretended that all was well, even though it wasn't.

"Ravenpaw, Barley, thank you for allowing us to stay with you," Firestar meowed to the barn cats while you waited beside your mentor outside. "We truly appreciate your generosity."

Ravenpaw smiled, his green eyes wistful as he gazed at his old friends. "It was an honor." He meowed with a somber dip of his head. "Goodbye, Firestar." The two toms touched noses in one last affectionate gesture, then pulled apart and went their separate

ways. Your leader made his way to the front of the crowd and began meowing something, but you weren't listening. You were too busy trying to ignore Barley, who was watching you from the barn's entrance. He hadn't spoken a single word to you that morning, so the fact that he was watching you as you were about to leave was extremely unsettling.

"Come on, (Y/N)," Brightheart meowed, touching your shoulder with her tail-tip. "We're leaving now." You blinked, removing your gaze from the black-and-white barn cat. The rest of ThunderClan had begun ascending the small slope, leaving you and Brightheart behind.

"Sorry," You mumbled, giving your pelt a shake. "I don't feel great this morning." *What's the use of telling her about Barley? She'll probably just brush it off.*

Your mentor gave you a sympathetic smile. "We've all been there. Do you need to go and relieve yourself? If you do, I can wait." You nodded and thanked her, slipping away and pushing through a clump of thick gorse bushes that bordered a secluded clearing. You didn't particularly feel like you needed to relieve yourself, but it was a good excuse to spend a few moments alone before you had to continue on your dreaded journey to a place you knew wouldn't feel like home. You sat down beside the tangled branches of one of the prickly plants, letting out a sigh. Nothing felt right.

Crunch. You nearly leaped right out of your pelt in fright. Rising to your paws, you turned in a slow circle to take in your surroundings. No living creature was present, but that didn't necessarily mean you were alone. You were smart enough to know that just because you couldn't see the enemy, that didn't mean they weren't there.

"H-hello?" You meowed cautiously, glancing around the thick bushes uneasily. "Is...some cat there...?" You waited for a moment, but there was no reply. You shook your pelt, somewhat embarrassed at your frightened reaction to a perfectly normal sound. *It was probably just a mouse.*

Satisfied with your made-up explanation, you turned away and began padding back towards the path you had come down, only to

be crushed by an impossibly heavy force. You opened your jaws to scream for help, but a large forepaw clamped itself over your mouth and nose. A soft voice spoke in your ear, gentle and tinged with a horrifyingly familiar dialect. "Shhh. It's alright, youngster. Yer safe." Then, the lack of oxygen took it's toll.

≫♤≪

Your eyes shot open, followed by your chest heaving and shuddering as you sucked in a massive gulp of air. Musty, warm air. You sat up, blinking rapidly. Your forelegs were splayed out in front of you, tense and rigid with the fear you felt coursing through your veins. Your memory was fuzzy, but you vividly remembered being pounced on and suffocated by a large paw; a paw you were certain belonged to a cat you had seen before.

Your vision finally cleared, and you began to examine your surroundings. Sure enough, you were back in the same barn you had slept in the previous night, only this time, it was completely empty except for a hefty black-and-white tom sitting several tail-lengths in front of you, as if he had been waiting for you to wake up.

"Glad to see ya awake, (Y/N)." He meowed, resting his emotionless eyes on you.

You scrambled backwards, throwing clumps of straw into the air in your desperate attempt to escape your captor. "Wh-why did you do that!?" You demanded, unsheathing your claws in an attempt to seem much bigger and fiercer than you knew you were. "I've been trained to fight! I-I'll rip you to shreds if you come any closer! I'll—"

Barley took a small step forward, raising a paw to show that his claws were sheathed. "It's okay," He meowed, his voice even. "I'm not gonna hurt'cha. I wanna keep ya safe, (Y/N). Those cats ain't

treatin' you right. Ya deserve better." His green eyes flashed for just a brief moment, and you could've sworn you saw ambition there.

"Wh-why do you care...?" You asked in a hoarse voice. "...Why do you care that I'm miserable...?" It was true; Barley had somehow managed to dig deep inside you and pull out all of your unstable thoughts. You didn't feel like you were being treated right, and you never had. Brightheart was too focused on being a mother to Whitepaw and a mate to Cloudtail that she hardly noticed you, and your parents were dead.

"I wanna take care of you, (Y/N)," Barley meowed clearly. "I wanna be like a brother to you." You blinked, staring him down like a creeping fox. No cat had ever said that to you before, and you were quite surprised. You didn't have any littermates, as they had both died while your mother was kitting. As much as you hated to admit it, you had always wanted a brother or a sister.

"Don't tell me ya really wanna stay with 'em," Barley meowed skeptically. "I saw the way ya looked at the one-eyed she-cat. Ya wanted nothin' more to do with 'er."

You looked away, flattening your ears. "You're right," You mumbled. "I don't want anything to do with them anymore, but..." You hesitated, knowing what you wanted to say but afraid of angering the strange tom that had captured you.

"But what?" The barn cat asked, raising a brow.

"...but how do I know you'll really take care of me...?" You finished timidly, slowly raising your eyes to meet his gaze again. He stared back at you numbly, as if contemplating his response. You flexed your claws, ready to sink them into his eye sockets if necessary. Then, he finally spoke.

"I'll never leave ya alone in a strange place," He meowed confidently. "and I'll never brush ya off if ya ever need some cat to talk to. How's that fer an answer?" You worked your jaw, somewhat annoyed. *Sure, you'd never abandon me. You'd only capture me and drag me into your barn against my will.* Still, you knew you had nothing to return to in ThunderClan. You had no friends or family,

and you would likely end up being just as miserable—if not more—in the new territory. What use would it be to try and get away from Barley, anyway? He didn't seem like he was willing to give up on you.

"Fine," You agreed finally with a defeated shrug of your shoulders. "I'll stay with you, Barley. I'll be your sister."

Barley's green eyes sparkled with twisted joy, and a smirk crept onto his lips. "That's right. I'll take good care 'a ya, (Y/N); I promise. From now on, ya belong to me." He stepped forward and began rasping his tongue over your ears, pulling you uncomfortably close to him with a hefty forepaw.

You closed your eyes, allowing yourself to give into his strength and fall into his secure embrace. This was all happening so fast that you could barely wrap your mind around it. You didn't know why, but you felt like it wouldn't take your former clanmates long to give up searching for you. You sighed, suddenly less fearful. *Maybe it's better this way.*

****

I apologize if this didn't come out how you wanted it to, rubbersnoodle. I haven't had a lot of experience writing about yanderes, let alone the platonic type. I hope it was enjoyable to read nevertheless! Thank you for requesting!

Also, this is a platonic relationship, as the requester wished for.

Banter ≫ Foxleap and Jayfeather (PLATONIC)

I couldn't find any art of Foxleap and Jayfeather, and I'm way too busy to make my own. I apologize!

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Injury
• Mild gore

A/N, 10/16/2023 : The user who requested this one-shot chose to not respect the effort and time that was put into it, so their name has been removed from the chapter.

****

Foxleap limped through the thorn tunnel, his left forepaw held tentatively in front of him. Droplets of dark crimson dappled the grass as he pushed forward, earning one or two concerned looks from his clanmates. It wasn't a big deal, he supposed; he had simply stepped on a sharp stone while he was following a bright orange butterfly on the WindClan border.

Foxleap finally reached Jayfeather's den, stopping to wrinkle his nose at the pungent odor of mingling herbs. He had always hated that smell, so much so that he usually refused to enter the medicine cat's den unless absolutely necessary. He glanced at the gaping wound on his pad and grimaced. *Yeah, this is definitely necessary.*

Taking a deep breath, he limped forward and pushed his way through the lichen that covered Jayfeather's den. Once he was inside he paused and glanced around, searching for the familiar gray tabby pelt. He found it several heartbeats later, situated at the back of the den, sorting several different plants that he couldn't identify if Tigerstar had his claws on his throat.

"Mouse-brain," Jayfeather was muttering irritably under his breath as he worked. "When will that annoying furball learn to not stick his nose where it doesn't belong?" Foxleap could only assume he was grumbling about Berrynose, who had been stung by bees earlier that day after sticking his muzzle into their hive to eat the honey.

He's not in a good mood, Foxleap decided densely. *I should make this quick.*

"Um... Hey, Jayfeather...?" Foxleap meowed somewhat timidly, taking a limping step forward and outstretching his wounded paw. "...I have a bit of a problem..."

The gray tabby whipped his head around, glaring with blind blue eyes. "What in StarClan's name could it *possibly* be?" He spat, his voice dripping with sarcastic venom. Foxleap stifled a sigh and rolled his eyes. Of course Jayfeather was in a bad mood; he always was, and it had a tendency to make other cats miserable at times. *Some things never change, I guess.*

"Hello to you, too." Foxleap meowed wryly, excitement making his paws tingle. If he couldn't make the grouchy medicine cat happy, he'd have to harass him instead. Innocently, of course.

"What do you want?" Jayfeather snapped, his tail-tip thumping against the ground. "Can't you see I'm busy?"

Foxleap smirked at the perfect opportunity Jayfeather had given

him. "Yes, I can see that," He meowed coolly with a smirk. "*Can't you see* I'm injured?" The blind medicine cat's eyes widened, almost as if he was somewhat taken aback by the oh-so-clever prod. Foxleap's smirk widened. "I'm a genius, I know."

Jayfeather hissed, his ears flattening. "If piles of crowfood are geniuses, then you're a genius. Now, did you actually need something or do you just want to harass me?"

Foxleap doubled over to stifle his laughter, only to be harshly reminded of his injury when his left forepaw touched the ground. "I cut my paw open on a rock," He explained with a grimace. "I was following a butterfly and wasn't watching where I was stepping."

If the medicine cat was angry before, he was utterly furious now. "You were *following a butterfly?"* He echoed with a growl. "You're a grown warrior, Foxleap! You were supposed to be hunting! Do you think you're a kit!?"

"I *was* hunting!" Foxleap protested. "I just didn't catch anything!"

"Then you didn't hunt!" Jayfeather growled with a lash of his tail. "You screwed around and got hurt!" Something flashed in the blind medicine cat's eyes, and for a moment, it almost looked like he was concerned. Foxleap was about to make a snarky comment about it, but Jayfeather spoke first. "I can smell your blood. The cut must be deep." Foxleap was a bit taken aback. It wasn't like Jayfeather to sound so worried, especially for him.

"Um... Yeah," Foxleap replied, turning his paw upside down to examine the split down the middle of the pad. He could just barely glimpse stark white bone underneath. "It's pretty bad." Without another word, Jayfeather rose to his paws and disappeared into the back of his den. Foxleap waited patiently, listening to the medicine cat rummaging around inside his herb store. He was still muttering under his breath, but it sounded less angry than before. Foxleap sat down and wrapped his tail around his remaining useful paw. *It's almost like he cares about me.* Perhaps he did; the two had known each other for a long time.

Jayfeather reappeared a moment later with several clumps of

marigold in his jaws and a pawful of cobwebs. He bent his head and chewed the golden leaves into a poultice, then spit them onto his upturned pad. "Give me your paw," He instructed. Taking his opportunity, Foxleap smirked and placed his uninjured appendage in front of Jayfeather's nose. "Very funny, smart-ears," The blind medicine cat retorted. "I meant the injured paw."

Foxleap shrugged, then obeyed. "What can I say? Sometimes I just get—*Ow!"* He let out a cry as the poultice was pressed onto his wound. "Have you ever heard of consent!?" He demanded.

"Just shut up and hold still," Jayfeather hissed, raising his cobweb-laden paw and carefully pressing it against the chewed up herbs. Foxleap let out a groan of pain, but didn't protest further. After a moment of wrapping and pulling, Jayfeather finally sat back and allowed himself to sigh. "Don't walk on it today," He instructed. "If it bleeds through, come and see me again." He met Foxleap's gaze as if he could see, then huffed and shook his head. "Mouse-brain." There was a note of affection in his voice, and it filled Foxleap's heart with joy. *I guess he's not just a grumpy medicine cat.*

"Whatever," Foxleap chuckled, rising to his paws. "You know you love me."

"Just get out."

With an amused snort, Foxleap turned and limped back through the lichen. Wether or not he was in a bad mood, Jayfeather was always fun to visit.

****

I'm sorry this took so long to publish. A lot has been going on for me. I hope you enjoyed the one-shot!

Also, I couldn't really think of any other scenarios with these two, as it's been a long time since I've read the books where Foxleap is alive. I hope it turned out alright ^^"

Forgive Yourself ≫ Briarlight x Female! Reader (PLATONIC)

[image]

Art: Retrokettu

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Angst
• Mentioned death
• Severe injury
• Panic attack

This is a request for Daisytail. Thank you for your time!

****

"She's been asking about you, you know." Jayfeather's voice was surprisingly gentle. It wasn't like the blind medicine cat to sound so genuine, but things had changed. *Too much has changed.*

You let out a barely audible sigh, allowing your shoulders to slump in defeat. "I know."

Although you weren't looking at him—and you knew he couldn't see you—you could feel Jayfeather's gaze boring down on you like a coming storm. You knew what he was going to say next, but you dreaded it. "Then why haven't you visited her? Some company

might speed up her recovery." You stifled an angry hiss, forcing your claws to remain sheathed. Ever since the accident—the one in which a tree had fallen and crushed Longtail to death and nearly killed your best friend—you hadn't been able to bring yourself to face her. You blamed yourself more than any of your clanmates could imagine. Every night, you laid awake in your nest and tossed around thinking of all the ways you could've helped. You could've stopped Briarpaw from following Longtail, or at the very least, you could've gone with her. Now you were a warrior, and Briarpaw—no, Briar*light*— would have to spend the rest of her life in Jayfeather's den.

"(Y/N)." Jayfeather's voice was firm but not cold, and you slowly turned your head to meet the older cat's blind gaze. "She needs you now more than ever," The medicine cat continued, his voice somber. "I know you're afraid, but how do you think Briarlight feels right now? She needs her best friend more than herbs, more than her hind legs. Would you really deprive her of that?"

You bristled angrily, rising to your paws and finally letting the hiss that you had been holding back escape. "I am not *depriving* her of anything!" You protested harshly, every single one of your insecurities about the past moon flashing before your eyes like a raging fire. "Being a warrior is *hard,* Jayfeather! But I wouldn't expect *you* to understand that!" The blind medicine cat flinched, and you felt a slight pang of regret at your words. It wasn't his fault any of this happened; it would be unfair to take it out on him.

"Sorry," You mumbled, flattening your ears and averting your gaze. "I guess it's getting to me pretty bad."

"You have to see her," Jayfeather repeated without the slightest hint of remorse over what you just said. "She needs you." Then, the blind tom rose to his paws and stalked away. You sat in place, however, your thoughts racing and your paws numb. Jayfeather's words rang in your ears like thunder, and you couldn't get them to stop. '*She needs you'. How could she possibly need* me *anymore?*

A brown pelt caught your eye, and you glanced up to see Briarlight dragging herself out of the medicine den. You swallowed hard, watching as she settled herself on the grass and crossed her

forepaws in front of her. This was the first time you had seen her since the accident, and it caused a hard lump of dread to calcify in your throat.

Briarlight twitched her ears, turning her head in your direction. You drew in a sharp breath through your nose, intending to move your gaze elsewhere. It was too late, however; your best friend met your eyes and gave you the most joyful grin you had ever seen. Your belly churned painfully, and you had to swallow again to avoid spilling the squirrel you'd eaten earlier onto the ground. *She's happy to see me. Why in StarClan's name is she happy to see me? Why doesn't she hate me?*

"(Y/N)!" Briarlight purred, her blue eyes glowing in the evening sunlight. "How are you? I feel like I haven't seen you in moons!" You winced as of a thorn had just lodged itself into your pad. It felt like moons for you, too.

Feeling as if your paws were made of stone, you took a few tentative steps towards her and murmured, "H-hello, Briarlight...It's...It's good to see you..." Your voice cracked like ice, and a pitiful whimper escaped you. "...I am so, *so* sorry..."

The crippled she-cat's eyes widened slightly as tears began to trickle from your eyes, and she tipped her head off to the side. "(Y/N)..." She murmured. "...What's the matter? What are you sorry for?"

"...I'm sorry I couldn't..." You shuddered. Every word felt like shards of ice being dragged up your throat.

Briarlight stretched her right forepaw towards you, gently resting it on top of yours. "Hey, you're okay," She whispered gently. "Just breathe, (Y/N)..." You closed your eyes, taking several slow deep breaths in an attempt to calm your racing heart. "That's it," Your best friend murmured. "You're okay."

Once you were finally calm, you slowly opened your eyes and gazed at Briarlight wearily. "I didn't save you," You murmured numbly. "I didn't even try..."

The brown she-cat's eyes widened, then softened as realization

shadowed her face. "I made a choice, (Y/N)," She replied, dragging herself a bit closer to you. "No cat could've changed my fate, not even you. So please don't blame yourself, okay?" She blinked, her blue eyes shimmering with kindness. Your heart untwisted slightly, and you sniffed before wiping tears away from your eyes with a forepaw and returning her smile. There had always been something infectious about Briarlight's optimism, even in hard moments. Still, a small sliver of doubt was lodged into your heart. *What if I can never forgive myself? What then?*

Briarlight seemed to notice your misgiving, because she sighed softly. "At least try," She murmured. "For me." A somewhat sudden spark of determination flickered within you as your crippled best friend spoke. Perhaps it wasn't too late; perhaps you could help Briarlight by forgiving yourself.

"Okay," You whispered, smiling at her through your tears. "I'll do my best."

Briarlight's gaze softened, and she tightened her grip on your paw somewhat. "Thank you." You sat down next to her, twining your tail with hers and watching the sun disappear below the treetops. As strange as it was, a feeling of peace had seemed to settle over the camp. It was a nice change from the recent stress, and you found yourself sinking into it.

I'll forgive myself, You decided, stealing one last glance at your best friend. *It's the least I can do.*

****

This was a lot of fun to write. I really enjoy hurt/comfort fics!

I hope this turned out the way you wanted it to, Daisytail. Thank you for being so patient! :)

A Sky Full of Stars ≫ Littlecloud x Female! Medicine Cat! Reader

[image]

Art: warriorcatdesigns

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Kissing cats

This is a request for Candie_09. Thank you!

****

It was a warm and breezy night in RiverClan, which meant it was perfect for a walk to the island. It was nights in newleaf like this when you found yourself following the stream across the marshy meadow, simply enjoying the feeling of the fading sun on your fur and the sound of the returning crickets. Tonight, however, you had other plans.

Almost exactly four full moons ago, you met the small yet able-bodied brown tabby known as Littlecloud, ShadowClan's medicine cat. You supposed it was merely a coincidence that you had met, since medicine cats tended to mingle together at gatherings. However, what you initially assumed to be a normal respect

between healers deepened into something more... Intimate, and you had been sneaking underneath Leopardstar's paws ever since.

She's too busy being leader, You thought as you carefully climbed onto the fallen tree to cross the high newleaf water. *I'm sure she hasn't even noticed me leaving. No cat has.* You knew part of the thrill you received from meeting with Littlecloud had to do with the secrecy; there was something freeing about going behind your clanmates' backs. You smiled to yourself, the ShadowClan medicine cat's stunning blue eyes resting inside your mind. *But seeing him is even better.*

You stepped off the fallen tree and onto the soft grass, which had grown even softer due to the moons of hundreds of paws that crossed it. It felt a bit strange being at such a sacred and respected place while breaking the warrior code, and you glanced up at the sky where the first stars in Silverpelt were beginning to shine. *Do you really care that much?* Surely StarClan wouldn't shun two cats for being in love? After all, love was stronger than borders.

"Stargazing, I see." A familiar voice purred several tail-lengths ahead of you. "Mind if I join you?"

Your heart fluttered in a split moment of panic until you glanced down to see a familiar brown tabby pelt and a pair of deep blue eyes. "You scared the fur off of me!" You breathed, casting him a somewhat annoyed look. "Where did you come from?" You were both in the dead center of the island, and the closest tree was the large oak the leaders sat on, and it was at least a hundred pawsteps away. There was no place Littlecloud could've been where you couldn't see him.

"I got here way before you," He purred, his voice thick with amusement. "ShadowClan territory is on the other side of the island, remember?" You blinked. What he was saying did make sense.

"Alright, alright," You purred, touching your nose to his. "You win this time." You had both developed a habit of seeing who could get to your secret place faster, and you usually arrived first.

Littlecloud's gaze softened as he looked at you, and he let out a

happy sigh. "I just couldn't wait to see you tonight, (Y/N). It feels like it's been moons since we last met." A pang of guilt wrapped itself around your heart as he spoke. It had only been a moon, but he was right—it felt longer.

"I try my best," You murmured, rubbing your cheek against his in a loving way. "You know how strict Leopardstar can be."

"I know," Littlecloud murmured understandingly as he began rasping his tongue over the back of your neck. "I just love you so much."

You fell further into his embrace. "I love you, too." You stayed like that for several heartbeats, soaking in every hair on his pelt and every soft breath he released. You felt safe with him, as if even the strongest enemy couldn't harm you. He was like a wall made of stone.

"Let's stay here tonight," You whispered, pulling back to look into his eyes. "I'll make it up to you."

Littlecloud's eyes widened slightly, and you could almost feel the surprise rippling off of him. "Won't Leopardstar question you?" He asked in a concerned tone. "I don't want you to be under any suspicion." Part of you wondered if it wasn't such a good idea, but when you looked into the ShadowClan medicine cat's stunning blue depths, every ounce of doubt melted away like snow in the sun.

"I don't care what they think," You replied, your voice a bit harsher than you had intended it to be. "I love you, Littlecloud. I *need* to be with you."

Littlecloud smiled at you gently, then pressed his forehead to yours. "I love you, too." You closed gently moved forward, carefully pushing your mate onto the soft ground beneath you. Once he was fully embraced by your weight, you carefully situated yourself on top of him and pressed your lips against his with the most genuine love you had ever felt. He hummed quietly, returning the passionate gesture and pressing his forepaws against your chest before laying you down beside him. You both shared a little laugh, just looking into each other's eyes.

"You're my everything," Littlecloud whispered, twining your tails together. "Thank you for choosing me."

You smiled, a small prickle of a deep emotion flaring inside your chest. "I will always choose you," You whispered, moving closer to him. "Even over all the stars in the sky." You thought back to what you had wondered earlier, and it made you feel even freer. *If being with Littlecloud is wrong, I don't want to be right.*

You felt Littlecloud shift slightly as he looked up at the now dark sky full of stars, and you followed his gaze. "I would choose you over them, too. I already have." You just smiled, closing your eyes and cuddling against his warm body. You would be exiled if it meant you got to stay with the tom next to you, and you saw nothing wrong with that.

****

Littlecloud didn't get a lot of attention in the books, and although I don't like him much, I still enjoyed writing about him!

Thank you for requesting, Candie_09!

Btw, I don't care that cats don't "kiss" :]

Safe ≫ Scourge x Male! Kit! Reader (PLATONIC)

[image]

Art: AngelDalet

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Mentioned abandonment
• Mentioned violence
• Scourge being Scourge
• Some frightening/intense moments

This was requested by BESTIES1221. I hope you find your one-shot to be enjoyable!

****

The shadows seemed to stretch on forever, reaching towards you like black claws. You swallowed, subconsciously moving closer to the foreleg of your father figure. Said father figure—who had taken you in after your biological mother abandoned you—was none other than the infamous leader of BloodClan, otherwise known as Scourge. Despite his name and famed reputation in the twolegplace, he really wasn't all that bad. Sure, he ripped trespassers' ears open with his bone—studded claws and hardly spoke to any cat except you, but he wasn't the vicious, bloodthirsty monster the other strays made him out to be. At least, he had never shown that side of himself to you. You were somewhat grateful for that.

"Um...W-why are we here again...?" You meowed nervously, slowly removing your gaze from the endless sprawl of dark trees to glance up at the black—and—white tom. "...You s-said we w-were going to f-find some m-m-more f-f-food..." You had begun to tremble awhile ago, the crisp cold of the leaf—fall air creeping into your fur.

Scourge kept his ice—blue gaze forward, not sparing you so much as a glance. "We are." He meowed coldly, his voice matching the dark and empty feeling of the air around you.

You glanced down at your paws, watching as the stiff grass passed by beneath them for a moment. "...I-I d-don't see a-any f-f-food here..." You replied, spiking your fur against the icy chill and casting a quick glance around. There really wasn't any sort of food in sight. The forest clearing you were in was completely devoid of any scrap piles or half—eaten meat; not even a single sickly rat scurried past, and you were confused. *Why does he think we're going to find food here?*

"There *is* food here," Scourge insisted icily, breaking his straightforward gaze for a split heartbeat to cast you an annoyed glare. "But if you don't stop talking, it will run away." You were even more confused now, but you didn't dare question the BloodClan leader further. He already seem rather tense. You decided it was best not to speak anymore, instead staring forward like your father—figure was doing. *What kind of food runs away?*

You reached the edge of the trees and emerged onto a wide—open stretch of moorland, it's stiff golden stalks drenched in eerie silver moonlight. "Stop." Scourge commanded quietly. You did just that, turning to look at him as you awaited further instruction. There was no instructions, however, only an ominous mutter. "Do you hear that?"

You strained your ears for a good minute or two, but all you could hear was the whispering night breeze. You turned back to Scourge timidly, offering a small shake of your head. "...N-no...?"

Scourge flattened his ears, and you saw the muscles in his jaw tighten. "There's a rabbit downhill," He explained with more patience than usual. "Go and catch it." With that, the black—and—

white tom turned and stalked towards a tumble of rocks, seemingly to find his own catch.

You stayed frozen in place, fear gripping you like icy claws. You had only been in the forest one other time, and that was in broad daylight with Brick and Bone. You had never been in the middle of the night before, and the silence and creeping shadows were proving to be especially unnerving when you were alone.

You glanced at the rock pile where Scourge had gone, but there was no sign of him. He had always been good at blending in with the darkness. You were tempted to call out to him, but some primal instinct told you that making any noise was a bad idea. *I'll just find the, uh...* You struggled to remember what Scourge had told you to find for a moment, as you weren't very familiar with forest food. *...the rabbit. Yeah. I'll just go find the rabbit.*

You began making your way down the small slope, digging your tiny claws into the hard soil to avoid slipping. You had just reached the bottom when a brown shape darted in front of you, disappearing between two clumps of spiky bushes. Your heart fluttered slightly, as the sudden movement had startled you. You didn't know much about rabbits, but you were certain the small animal sitting slightly obscured by the golden heather was what you were told to find.

You slowly padded forward, narrowing your eyes to peer at the brown creature. It was nibbling on some sort of nut, blissfully unaware of your presence. You had only hunted once when your mother left you, and it hadn't gone very well. You had gotten hurt, and that's how Scourge found you. Still, you didn't want to anger him by coming back empty—pawed.

Suddenly, a low growl echoed out of the silence, followed by a massive paw stepping in front of you. The rabbit scurried off with a terrified squeal, disappearing into the shadows. You swallowed, slowly lifting your gaze. The paw certainly didn't belong to Scourge; it was dark brown and mottled, and the claws weren't tipped with discarded dog teeth.

"What do you think you're doing?" A harsh, angry voice snarled.

"This is WindClan territory!"

You met the tom's gaze and swallowed, taking a few steps back. "I-I'm sorry," You mewled. "I-I was o-only—"

"Leave him alone."

Instantly, the mottled brown tom's amber eyes flashed with fear as he laid eyes on the owner of the ice—cold voice. Your heart leaped, and you turned around to see your father figure standing several whisker—lengths behind you, his cold blue eyes resting on the tom in a calculating way.

You scrambled across the springy ground, shielding yourself behind Scourge's hind paws and peering at the stranger from behind his tail. The tom who threatened you was slowly backing away in fear, but clearly trying to maintain some level of strength.

"What are you going to do about it, *trespasser?"* He growled, his ears flat.

Scourge narrowed his eyes, and you saw his claws flex in anticipation. "Mess around and find out."

The mottled brown tom glanced down at you one last time, then let out a defeated "fine" before turning tail and haring back the way he had come. Once he was gone, Scourge turned to look at you and meowed, "Are you okay?"

You nodded, still trembling slightly. "Y-yes," You meowed uncertainly. "Th-thank you..."

Scourge huffed. "Let's go home. I think we've hunted enough tonight." Then, he bent down and grabbed you by your scruff before lifting you off the ground. The teeth in his collar dug into your spine slightly, but you didn't mind. You were perfectly safe with him, and that was all that mattered.

****

I hope you enjoyed this one—shot, even though it's far from my best work ^^" I was having trouble coming up with a plot, so I just went with the first thing that came to mind.

Thank you to everyone who submitted a request this time around. I appreciate you! <3

Btw, the WindClan cat is Mudclaw

Right By Your Side ≫ Alderheart x Sick! Female! Reader

[image]

Art: Songsteps-Designs

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Mild sickness
• Alderheart being his usual adorable self :D

****

You were woken from a fever-induced sleep by a harsh nip of cold in the air and the sound of a blizzard drawing close outside. Leafbare never usually bothered you too much, but this time, you had come down with a rather nasty case of whitecough and required constant care. You had been stuck in the medicine den for nearly three days, and although Alderheart and Jayfeather were taking good care of you, you were as miserable as a wet mouse.

You raised your head, blinking to clear your heavy eyes of any dry crust. A tingle shuddered deep inside your throat, causing a harsh cough to rip it's way out of your dry mouth.

"(Y/N)?" A familiar voice murmured from somewhere on the other side of the den. You finished your coughing fit with one last muffled hack, then began sneezing. Through the sound of your suffering, you heard paws quietly shuffling towards you. Then, a gentle, cool

nose pressed itself to your forehead. "You're burning up," The same voice spoke again, soft and laced with concern. "Do you feel cold?"

"Yes," You croaked, looking into a pair of gentle amber eyes. "I'm freezing to death, Alderheart. I—" You coughed again, your chest and shoulders shuddering. "—I feel like there's ice under my fur..." You finished once the fit died down, letting out a miserable little whimper.

Alderheart's gaze softened even more when he observed your pitiful state. "Okay," He meowed gently. "I'm going to get you some catmint to ease your cough and relieve some of the pain in your chest. I'll be right back, okay?"

You nodded weakly. "Okay."

The ginger tom carefully stepped over Jayfeather—who had somehow managed to sleep through your coughing fit—and began rummaging through his well-stocked herb supply. You watched him closely, noticing the way his brows furrowed when he was concentrating and how his tail-tip quivered when he got frustrated. There was something admirable about his little quirks, and despite your grueling physical condition, a smile crept onto your muzzle. *He's cute.*

"Here," Alderheart mumbled around a mouthful of smooth green leaves as he returned to your side. Carefully, he bent his head and dropped them near your nose, swiping his tongue over his jaws. You blinked at him gratefully, then dipped your head and lapped up the soft herb and chewed it into a pulp. You swallowed, and almost immediately, the tightness in your chest released it's hold on your lungs and you drew in a deep breath of soothing ice-cold air.

Alderheart smiled at you sympathetically, his amber eyes glistening in the darkness. "Better?" He asked gently.

"Much better," You breathed. "Thank you, Alderheart..." You averted your gaze, heat creeping into your face. As much as you liked the young medicine cat, you knew nothing would ever come from those feelings—the warrior code forbade it.

"You're welcome, (Y/N)." Alderheart murmured, his voice warm. You both stayed still for a moment, just listening to the sounds of the blizzard outside. You shifted, pressing yourself deeper into the moss. Alderheart cast his gaze towards you, his face softening. "You're still shivering."

"I'm fine," You insisted through chattering teeth. "You can go back to sleep now." You weren't being honest, of course—the cold was so unbearable that you felt as if your bones were made of ice. You didn't want to disturb the young medicine cat anymore, though. *This is getting embarrassing.* You were certain he had noticed you checking him out a moment ago, and it made you feel insecure.

Alderheart huffed, shaking his head. "I'm not a mouse-brain, (Y/N). I can tell when a cat is freezing their fur off."

You cocked an eyebrow at him. "So?"

"So, I'm going to sleep with you tonight."

That same heat returned to your face, and your eyes widened. "Um...What?" You muttered, casting a glance at Jayfeather, who had rolled onto his other side and was now facing away from the pair of you. "Won't Jayfeather get angry if he sees you sleeping next to me?" It was a perfectly valid concern; medicine cats weren't supposed to have mates, and even if you and Alderheart were anything but official, it would still look suspicious. *Especially to a cat who's mother broke the exact same rule—and is as grumpy as Jayfeather.*

Alderheart followed your gaze to his former mentor and let out a snort. "He'll be okay, just as long as we don't wake him up." The ginger tom gave you a mischievous wink, and you giggled softly before scooting over to make room for him. Alderheart settled down beside you, then twined your tails together. "Rest your head," He whispered gently. "You're probably exhausted."

"I am." You yawned, then laid your head down in the soft moss. "Goodnight, Alderheart."

Alderheart bent his head and touched his nose to your cheek, a soft

chuckle from his barely agape mouth ruffling your fur. "Goodnight, (Y/N). I'll be right here if you need me." And with that, you were sound asleep, listening to the young medicine cat's heartbeat and the sound of the rolling storm.

****

I have a soft spot for medicine cats—specifically *this* medicine cat—so I just had to write a one-shot for him! Also, I've never understood why people call him *cherry boi.* His fur isn't even remotely cherry-colored? Correct me if I'm wrong ^^"

Thank you for voting and commenting. It sure does put a smile on my face! :3

(SERIOUS) we need to talk

Hello, my dearest audience. My sincerest apologies for interrupting your reading, but something has come to my attention and I feel that it is necessary to let you all know.

First, let me start off by saying that I would normally post something like this on my *Conversations* wall, but sometimes I feel like no one really pays attention to what I'm saying when I do that, so I'm choosing to post it here, since I think it will get more attention and the problem is with this particular book.

Second, I want you all to know that I love each and every one of you very much, and this is not so much out of anger as it is out of mere frustration. Keep in mind that what you're about to read is still VERY IMPORTANT, however!

***sigh* Alright, I suppose it's time to address the issue here, even though I'm not very keen on doing so.**

I've noticed a concerning habit among several of you (you will not be named publicly nor privately) that has something to do with requests. Basically, I'll spend days—possibly *weeks*—working on your aforementioned request and put all of my effort into it to put a smile on your face, and you just...disappear. I never get a vote from you, a thank you, or anything of the sort. I just publish the one-shot and mention your username, and then you never acknowledge that it exists.

Now, hold your horses. I understand that sometimes life takes unexpected turns, and you're left without an internet connection or a device that can connect to the internet, (Wattpad requires Internet) or even find yourself in a situation (or multiple situations) where you just don't have the time, energy or motivation to get online. Trust me, I get that. Life isn't easy no matter how old you are, and sometimes you just

need a break. There are many circumstances where one could lose access to this app/website, and I cannot begin to list them all off, so please don't come at me with comments like *"Well, some of us just get busy",* or *"I forgot!"* Or even *"Sometimes people have family or medical emergencies".* I get it, alright? I don't know your life, and I'm not posting this to make you feel called out or judged in any way.

All I want to say is that when I spend my free time writing something for you and making a genuine effort, the least you could do is vote on the one-shot and leave a simple *thank you.* I don't expect a paragraph about how grateful you are or how I'm the best writer ever, (because I am definitely not!) I just want to be shown a little gratitude for my efforts. Writing isn't easy, and it takes quite a bit of energy and thought, which with my current physical and mental circumstances, is a lot to deal with.

I'm not just speaking for myself, either—when someone does something kind for you, wether it's as small as holding open a door or as big as lending you a hundred dollars, thank them. That person likely went out of their way for you, and no good deed deserves to be ignored, no matter how small it may seem.

I applaud you for reading this all the way to the end. Thank you for going out of your way to do so—it means a lot to me. ❤

Have a great one, guys. God bless.

Choosing to Stay ≫ Leafpool x Suicidal! Male! Reader

[image]

Art: cloudtail

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Depressed reader
• Attempted suicide
• Intense scene

A/N: This one-shot contains some pretty heavy material. If you think it might upset you or harm you emotionally in any way, please don't read it. I won't take it personally.

****

You couldn't sleep. Ever since the sound of thousands of crickets singing the night away was replaced by the striking silence of leaf-fall, slumber was much harder to come by. Or maybe, it was just your cripplingly decaying emotional state.

Finally surrendering to the waking world's cold grasp, you raised your head and gazed at the entrance to the warriors' den. Rain was falling from above, gently pattering the ground in barely noticeable

droplets. You heaved a quiet sigh, sitting up in your nest. *What's the point of trying?* You thought bitterly, casting an envious glance at your soundly sleeping denmates. *I'm never going to get to sleep now.*

With the caution of a grazing rabbit, you rose to your paws, wincing as the soreness in your limbs became apparent. The pain had been getting worse for some time, and although Leafpool had been giving you poppy seeds, ragwort, daisy leaves, and every other herb known to ease discomfort, it hadn't let up. She often encouraged you and told you to be strong, but she didn't know the full extent of the pain you were suffering from—none of your clanmates did.

You made your silent escape, carefully stepping over Brackenfur and weaving past Dustpelt before finally slipping around Cloudtail and Brightheart and emerging into the deserted clearing.

"(Y/N)?" A gentle voice called to you. You turned your head, meeting a familiar pair of amber eyes. They shimmered in the light of the early morning, reflecting a certain kindness you weren't used to seeing.

"Hey, Leafpool," You meowed, offering her an empty smile. "How goes it?"

The brown-and-white tabby she-cat twitched her whiskers, a purr rumbling in her chest. "I'm well. Thank you, (Y/N)." She replied, flashing you yet another kind smile. That smile faltered, however, as soon as she took a closer look at you.

You sighed, forcing a dry chuckle. "I know; I look like something a fox threw up." You were well-aware of the condition your pelt was in; you hadn't bothered to groom yourself properly for a day or two, and your fur was beginning to clump in places.

"How are you holding up?" Leafpool murmured, tilting her head in concern. "I'm not asking about your joint pain."

You blinked, a bit taken aback. You hadn't told any cat about your deteriorating mental health; Did Leafpool know more than she was letting on? The thought made your heart skip a beat, and you had

to swallow a thick lump of anxiety that had settled in your throat.

"Um... Yeah! I'm doing great!" You replied as enthusiastically as you could in the form of a bold-faced lie. "Why wouldn't I be?" *She can't see me hurting! It will only burden her...*

The young medicine cat held your gaze, concern shimmering in her amber eyes. "(Y/N), I'm your friend," She meowed gently. "You can always tell me if something's bothering you..." She sounded rather sad, and her tone held a tiny hint of desperation.

Your heart sank as you watched her pretty features fall, and you felt as if your insides had been twisted around themselves. *How am I supposed to respond to that?*

You had an irrational fear of your clanmates finding out about your internal struggles, and the thought of the clan's medicine cat knowing of them filled you with dread.

You opened your jaws to reply with some sort of half-believable lie, but before you could, Cloudtail emerged from the warriors' den and caught your eye. "Up already, (Y/N)?" The fluffy white tom asked.

"Uh... Yeah," You replied with a nervous chuckle, hesitantly pulling your gaze away from Leafpool. "I figured I'd get a head start on the dawn patrol." Even though you weren't looking at her, you could feel Leafpool staring into your fur, begging you to talk to her.

I'm sorry, Leafpool, You apologized silently. *I just don't know what to say.*

"Well, let's go," Cloudtail meowed, pulling you out of your thoughts. "Dustpelt and Thornclaw are waiting for us." You glanced towards the thorn tunnel, where the two other toms were standing, their tail-tips flicking impatiently.

You nodded. "Alright; let's go."

As Cloudtail wandered off to join Dustpelt and Thornclaw, you cast a glance back at Leafpool. The tabby she-cat offered you one last gentle smile, and you returned it to the best of your abilities.

You felt terrible for being dishonest with your friend, and it left a hollow feeling in your chest. You wanted to tell her everything, but you didn't even know where to start.

****

The dawn patrol seemed to be dragging on forever. In reality, you knew it had been less than a cloud shift since you left camp, but the constant throbbing in your limbs and paws made it feel like a hundred.

The rain had only gotten worse since you left camp, and it was soaking you down to your skin and making your body feel even heavier. You were falling further and further behind, but you didn't care. All you had been able to think about all morning was Leafpool, and the way she smiled at you.

She knows, You thought matter-of-factly. *Why else would she be acting so soft?*

You came to a halt, raising your head and watching as Cloudtail, Dustpelt, and Thornclaw made their way towards the ShadowClan border, laughing amongst themselves as if you weren't even there.

A familiar hollow feeling opened up in your chest, swallowing your heart. Why were you even alive if you didn't mean anything to any cat?

You tore your gaze away from the three warriors, glancing towards the shore of the lake. *They won't even notice I'm gone. What do I have to lose?*

With your tail dragging behind you, you made your way through the rain-soaked undergrowth and onto the thin stretch of sand. You approached the water's edge with a tired sigh and sat down, tilting

your head towards the dark sky. *Where are you, StarClan?*

Soft pawsteps glided over the sand in gentle crunches, and you turned your head to see a familiar brown-and-white tabby making her way towards you, her mouth full of soft green leaves.

You forced a smile, trying to act like you felt brighter than the sky. "Hey! Whatcha got there?"

"Catmint." She replied once she had set the leaves down on the ground. She tilted her head, concern shadowing her face.

Desperate to prevent the subject you knew was coming, you chuckled. "That's a lot of catmint for one clan. Are you planning on curing all the prey in the forest of whitecough this season?" A poor attempt at humor, sure; but at least it would delay the inevitable for a moment.

Leafpool smiled, the right side of her lip curling upwards. "You'd be surprised how many cats get sick between now and leafbare. It's always best to be prepared." You stifled a sigh of relief, wondering if perhaps your bad joke served it's purpose, but your relief was short-lived. Leafpool's half-smile faded, leaving behind a misty mask of concern.

"Is...Is something wrong...?" You asked hesitantly, already knowing the answer.

"I'm worried about you, (Y/N)," Your friend murmured, her voice barely above a whisper. "You haven't been acting like yourself for...Well...For a long time now. What's going on?"

You blinked, turning your gaze down for a moment. *She's persistent.*

"Leafpool, I..." You trailed off, searching your sleep deprived mind for the words you wanted to say, but you couldn't find them. They were gone, along with your will to live.

"Yes, (Y/N)?" Leafpool persisted gently, scooting a bit closer to you.

You gazed into her soft amber pools, your heart twisting like a branch in the wind. The rain began to come down harder, filling the

air with the sound of water hitting water. You suddenly felt somewhat ill, so you rose to your paws and turned away.

"...I'm sorry." You finished.

"You're...You're sorry?" Leafpool meowed questioningly, padding forward and gently resting her tail-tip on your shoulder. "Sorry for what...?" You met her gaze once again, your aching chest fluttering. *StarClan, if those eyes are the last thing I ever see, my life will be complete.*

You gave her the same sad half-smile, then meowed, "I'm sorry for all the times I may have hurt you, and I'm sorry for all the things you'll never know about. Thank you, Leafpool," You murmured, leaning forward and gently touching your nose to hers. "for everything." Then, you turned and headed up the thin stretch of sand, your tears seeping from your eyes and mingling with the cold rain.

It will all be over by sundown—no cat will ever have to know. As you followed the edge of the swollen lake, you began to wonder if you were doing the right thing. Would everything fall apart if you were gone? *No.* You told yourself firmly. *Leafpool knows I cared, and that's all that matters anymore.*

****

You felt like you had been walking for hours, but you knew better than that. It couldn't have been more than a half of a cloud shift since you left the shore, but your paws were already throbbing painfully.

You scrambled unsteadily over a large boulder, struggling to grip the wet surface with your claws. The rain was still falling at a steady pace, covering everything in a thin, shiny coat.

There's no rain or soreness where I'm going, You thought darkly as you finally scaled the boulder and landed on the other side with a moist thump. *I hope not, at least.*

You didn't know much about death—thankfully, you would find out all about it soon enough.

A loud snarl sounded above the rain, speeding past you like lightning and causing the ground beneath your paws to tremble. You picked up your pace slightly, trotting heavily up a slight slope and pushing your way towards the intimidating noise.

You emerged onto a thin stretch of slimy grass, stained black by the massive paws of monsters. Just ahead, a hard dark surface sat, rain-soaked and still.

Your heart sank slightly as you stared at it, and suddenly, you felt the weight of the rain like stones on your back. *Am I...Really going to do this...?*

Memories begin to flash before your tired eyes, gone so fast, yet so full of meaning. Your first day as an apprentice, the first mouse you caught, helping Leafpool sort herbs...

Leafpool... You cast an uncertain glance behind you, your eyes filling with tears once more. You were leaving her behind by throwing yourself in the path of a monster, but so what? She would catch up with you eventually—every cat died eventually.

Another roar sounded in the distance, bellowing over the pouring rain like an angry lion. You tensed, turning back to the thunderpath. A bright red monster was surging towards you, it's eyes glowing yellow in the dim light of the storm. It's massive black paws tore through puddles of rainwater, spewing it up onto the strip of grass.

You closed your eyes, letting out the breath you had been holding. *I'm sorry, Leafpool, but it's better this way...*

You launched yourself forward just as the red monster charged towards the patch of grass you were standing on, closing your eyes

and bracing for the agony of being crushed alive.

Suddenly, a fierce weight slammed into you from behind, thrusting you forward and out of the monster's reach. The next thing you knew, you were rolling across the hard black surface of the thunderpath and onto the grass on the other side.

What in the—? You opened your eyes to see Leafpool standing over you, her usually soft amber eyes wide and filled with horror, and her chest heaving as she struggled to catch her breath.

"What in StarClan's name we're you *thinking,* (Y/N)!?" The tabby she-cat demanded in an unusually harsh tone.

You flinched, your eyes filling with tears. "I...I don't know," You stammered. "M-maybe I thought that if I was dead, everything would stop hurting. O-or...Or maybe that you wouldn't have to put up with—"

"Don't you *ever* say that to me again!" Leafpool gasped, her angry facade shattering and revealing the pain beneath. "I *love* putting up with you, (Y/N)! In fact, I don't even put up with you! I *adore* you!" Her voice softened to a whisper as a tear slipped down her left cheek, then, she leaned down so close to your muzzle that your whiskers brushed and whispered, "You're my whole world..."

You stared at her, your heart pounding against your ribs. You had no idea you meant so much to her; you had no idea you meant anything at all.

"Leafpool, I—" You began, but you were silenced as the young medicine cat pressed her nose to yours. You stiffened at first, your eyes flying wide-open in shock. After a moment, however, you couldn't resist, a despite all the rules, you began closed your eyes and let the warmth of her fur wash over you.

"Don't you dare apologize," She whispered, pulling away from you and looking into your eyes. "If any cat should be sorry, it's me. I should've pushed harder, (Y/N); I should've tried to get you to open up..." Regret filled her amber eyes, and you felt your heart break a little.

"It's okay," You murmured gently over the sound of the slowly fading storm. "No cat knew, Leafpool—no cat was *supposed* to know. It isn't your fault." You hoped your words offered her at least a bit of reassurance, at least; she deserved that much.

Leafpool gently pushed herself back to her paws, allowing you to rise to yours. She watched you shake the water and muck from your pelt, smiling gently the whole time.

You tilted your head. "What?"

The brown-and-white she-cat glanced away, and you could see the light pink flesh of her nose darkening slightly. "You're just handsome, is all..." She murmured, casting a shy look your way.

You smiled softly, taking a few steps towards her. "And you're very beautiful." Silence followed your words, and it was only then that you realized the rain had completely stopped, and warm sunshine was beaming through the clouds and resting right on top of you.

"This must be a new beginning," Leafpool murmured, looking deep into your eyes. "Let's go home, (Y/N). Together."

You chuckled, amused by her persistence. "Alright," You agreed. "Let's go home." The both of you crossed the thunderpath and made your way back into the familiar forest, your tails twined so tightly together it almost felt like they were a single appendage. Something about it felt right, and you began to wonder if it was the only thing you ever needed.

"Are you okay?" Leafpool asked gently, turning her head to look up at you.

"How could I not be?" You beamed softly, touching your nose to her ear. "I have you."

"I know that," She replied. "Just...Promise me you won't leave, okay?"

You smiled. "I promise." And even though your limbs were still shaking and your soul still felt broken, you knew you would keep your promise. As long as you had Leafpool, you would stay.

****

This is loosely based off of a one-shot by a different author that I read several years ago on here. I don't remember much about the OG one-shot, but I remember enjoying it a lot. It was also a Leafpool x Suicidal! Male! Reader, and I've missed it a lot. So if the author ever stumbles across this, I must say thank you. Your work inspired me!

A big thanks to all of my wonderful readers for being so patient with me. I know I've been going through random haitus periods, but I couldn't ask for a more loyal fan base. Thank you ❤

Also, my apologies if the end feels rushed. I didn't mean for it to be that way, and I honestly tried my best.

Hopefully, there won't be as long of a gap between this one-shot and the next, but who knows.

Healing the Tyrant ≫ Scourge x Female! Medicine Cat! Reader

[image]

Art: MapleSpyder

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Mild gore
• Mentions of violence and death
• Mild angst

This one-shot was requested by Candie_09. Thank you for showing your support!

****

What had started off as a simple walk through the less-used area of ThunderClan territory to find marigold and cobwebs was quickly turning into an absolute nightmare.

You had left at sunrise upon Cinderpelt's instruction, and despite going an entire night without sleeping or eating, you had obliged. Your clanmates were still suffering from the injuries they sustained in the battle with BloodClan the previous day, and you knew there was no time to be lost.

You had managed to collect a decent-sized clump of marigold from

Snakerocks and was heading back the way you had come, when a concerning sound caught your attention. A soft moan, one only a cat who was in an intense amount of pain could make, crept out from a tiny clearing hidden behind a small pile of moss-dappled stones.

A bit unnerved but still wanting to help any injured or sick cat, you slowed your pace to a cautious stride and carefully pushed your way into the secluded area.

The first thing you noticed when you entered the clearing was the potent odor of fresh blood, a smell you were familiar with, but never quite got comfortable with. Even after your many moons of being a medicine cat, the sight of grizzly injuries and death still made you cringe.

Your gaze traveled across the brightly-colored grass, climbing upward towards a bloodstained patch of jet-black fur. Your breath caught in your throat, and you immediately rushed over to the wounded cat with the marigold you had collected gripped tightly in your jaws.

You chewed the golden flowers into a mushy pulp, opening your mouth and spitting it onto your pad. Carefully, you rolled the stranger onto his back, only to freeze. You immediately recognized the blood-red collar around his neck, studded with teeth and bones. It was barely clinging to him anymore due to the claws that had slashed his throat, but it was unmistakable. The bloody black tom was Scourge, the tyrant who had tried to destroy the clans and nearly killed your leader.

You hesitated, carefully weighing your options. Scourge had done nothing but harm the cats you loved, and part of you wanted to let him lay by the rocks and die slowly. However, you had taken a vow when you received your medicine cat name, and that vow was to never leave a sick or injured cat—even if said cat was from another clan—to suffer.

You glanced at the poultice on your right paw, letting out a sigh. *What's the point of leaving him? This poultice will go to waste if I don't use it now.*

You bent your neck downward, carefully snagging the shredded red collar in your jaws. One of the jagged old bones poked the roof of your mouth, making you grimace. You closed your eyes, taking a deep breath to compose yourself, then raised your head and tore the collar free of your new patient's wounded neck. It hit the ground behind you with a dull thunk, a sound that echoed through the silent forest for a few heartbeats.

Thank StarClan. You breathed silently as you realized the hasty removal hadn't caused anymore bleeding.

You sat down and began rubbing the chewed-up marigold onto his deepest wounds, working your way down his body until every gaping bite mark and claw scratch was smeared with it. You had began carefully rasping your tongue across his chest in an attempt to stimulate breathing so he wouldn't get a cough when he suddenly jolted awake, drawing in a sharp gasp and filling his lungs with air.

You sprang back, letting out a surprised caterwaul. The BloodClan leader began coughing harshly, spraying the ground in front of him with clumps of bloodstained yellow phlegm. He turned his ice-blue gaze towards you slowly, glaring at you through an obvious mask of pain.

"...Wh-what...What are you...Doing...!?" He demanded in a hoarse, scratchy voice.

"Hold still," You snapped, returning to his side and carefully examining the work you had done. "You're going to reopen your wounds." You carefully pressed both of your forepaws to his flank, feeling for any abnormalities beneath his ribcage.

Scourge let out a long breath, his flank shuddering under your paws. Then, his neck gave out under the weight of his head, and he collapsed fully into the bloodstained grass. His breathing grew shallower and shallower, and for a moment, you thought he was dying, but he let out another weak cough before you could make any assumptions.

"Mouse-brain..." You muttered under your breath before rising to your paws and tearing a clump of moss off one of the rocks.

You carried the green clump over to a small pool of leftover rainwater from the previous night, dunking it beneath the surface. Once you were sure it was thoroughly soaked, you padded back over to the half-conscious rogue and held it in front of his muzzle.

"L'ck 't." You mumbled, your voice muffled.

The black tom extended his tongue, rasping it across the moss's surface. He seemed reluctant at first, but once he realized he needed it, the clump was licked dry within heartbeats.

"Any better?" You asked, tossing the used moss aside.

Scourge held your gaze through icy slits, his unusually sharp claws tense. "...Who...Are you...?" He rasped coldly, ignoring your concern for his well-being.

Although slightly annoyed by his lack of gratitude, you held his gaze calmly and meowed, "(Y/N)."

"...(Y/N)..." The rogue mused with a slight wheeze. "...It would expect such a name from a *forest cat."*

You flinched slightly. He had used the term 'forest cat' as if it were an utterly shameful insult. You knew little to nothing about Scourge, but it was obvious he had a deep-rooted hatred of the forest, and every cat who called it home.

"Um...Yeah..." You replied uneasily, taking a step back. "...Do you need anything else...?"

Scourge huffed. "I...Need to get out of this...Wretched forest...!" He sounded like he was still in a fair amount of pain.

You watched him struggle to breathe, flexing your claws anxiously. "...I couldn't tell you the way out of the forest," You began. "but I can make you as comfortable as possible while you're here. How does that sound?"

Once again, the BloodClan leader narrowed his eyes. "...Comfortable...?" He muttered hoarsely. "...How are you...Ow...Possibly going to make me *comfortable...?"* He shuddered,

his shoulders slouching.

"Like this." You meowed, before turning around and padding towards a clump of bright red flowers. You carefully gripped the biggest petal between your teeth, shaking it gently until several tiny black seeds fell out. You pressed your left forepaw on top of them, causing them to stick to your pad, then limped back over to your reluctant patient.

"These are poppy seeds," You explained when he gave you a suspicious look. "I know they don't look like much, but they'll ease your pain and help you get some sleep."

Scourge sniffed your paw, then, with the reluctance of a kit leaving their mother's nest, he licked five of the tiny seeds off your pad and swallowed them. He waited for a moment, then raised an eyebrow at you. "...Nothing happened."

The annoyance returned, and you had to resist the urge to roll your eyes. He had clearly never spent much time around herbs. "It will take some time," You explained calmly. "Until then, I think you need to find another place to lay down." The grass beneath him was sticky with blood, a breeding ground for infection and diseases.

I shouldn't be this invested in him, You told yourself, a bit angry. *But my medicine cat vows don't say anything about treating power-hungry rogues...* You started to think of Cinderpelt, and what she would say if she found out you were taking care of the cat that nearly killed your leader and put the entire forest in jeopardy. Surely she'd claw your ears off!

"...Are...Are you deaf...?" Scourge hissed, snapping you back to reality.

"S-sorry?" You stammered, blinking several times as you glanced back down at him.

"I said, 'how are you planning on moving me'?" He retorted, his voice having gained a bit more strength.

You sighed at yourself, annoyed that you had managed to space out

so badly. "Oh, right. Let's get you moved." You turned your gaze in a slow circle, searching the tiny clearing for a suitable makeshift nest. You spotted one beneath a thick tangle of bracken, sheltered from the elements by a moss-covered boulder and a fallen oak tree. The ground needed moss, but otherwise, it was perfect.

"Just a moment." You meowed, nodding to Scourge before padding up to the boulder and tearing several large clumps of fresh moss from it's surface and packing it into a nest shape beneath the fallen oak.

Scourge sighed audibly behind you, so you took a hint and made your way back over to him. "This might hurt," You warned him as you crouched down and braced him against your left shoulder. "Don't fall."

A snort escaped the black tom. "Wow, thanks for the great advi—OW!" His sarcastic snip was cut short by a yowl of pain as you used your shoulder to pull him off the ground. You said nothing, but Scourge managed to say every curse you knew and more as you slowly walked him to his new nest. Only when you finally laid him down and took a few safe steps back, did he calm down.

"Son of a..." He muttered, completely out of breath. "...That hurt..." He was beginning to slur a bit, a sure sign that the poppy seeds were about to take effect.

"I told you it would." You replied somewhat dryly. A long, reaching shadow stretched across the ground in front of you, bathing the tiny clearing in darkness. You glanced up through the canopy of leaves, your heart skipping a beat. It was almost sunset, and you had promised Cinderpelt you would be back with the marigold before moonrise.

"I have to go," You meowed. "I'll be back to check on you tomorrow." Scourge didn't reply, so you glanced at him, only to see that he had fallen fast asleep.

At least the poppy seeds worked. You thought before snagging another mouthful of bright marigold and bolting towards camp.

****

The forest had been strangely silent since the battle. Less birds sang despite the onslaught of greenleaf, and the mice seemed to be hiding in their burrows. No matter how many hunting patrols Graystripe sent out, it seemed that the freshkill pile never got any higher, which was why a sense of guilt was clinging to you as you traversed the forest with a rather plump squirrel in your jaws.

You knew the piece of prey should've belonged to one of the elders or even a hungry apprentice, but you had put yourself through a lot to save Scourge's life, and you weren't about to let your efforts go to waste by allowing him to starve to death.

You're not doing anything wrong, You tried to convince yourself as the tiny clearing came into view. *You became a medicine cat to help heal injuries, and that's all you're doing right now. You haven't broken the code.*

Pausing for a moment to compose yourself, you closed your eyes and took a deep breath through your nose. Then, with the squirrel gripped tightly in your jaws, you padded past the pile of mossy stones and into the barely-noticeable hollow.

Sure enough, Scourge hadn't left, and you almost had to suppress a disappointed sigh. Part of you had hoped the events of the previous day had simply been a bad dream.

"Good morning," You greeted him once you had set the squirrel in front of him. "How are you feeling?"

The small black tom blinked several times, his once calculating ice-colored eyes now dull and cloudy. "...Fine." He mumbled in a raspy tone. You stifled an amused snort; he had clearly just woken up.

You took a moment to look at him closely, noticing how all of his wounds had stopped bleeding. That was a good sign, but they still needed to be tended to so they wouldn't get infected.

"Eat," You instructed him, pushing the squirrel towards him with a paw. "I have to clean your wounds again." Scourge only huffed, drowsily bending his neck and taking a bite out of the prey.

You turned and made your way over to the mossy stones, removing a large clump of moss before dunking it in the same pool of rainwater you had the previous night. You let it soak for a moment, then carried it back over to your patient and began carefully using it to wash his wounds. He didn't speak the entire time, only ate the squirrel and sat perfectly still. It was only once you had chewed up a mouthful of marigold and smeared it onto his neck that he finally returned to his usual self.

"Ow," He snapped as you pressed a pawful of the golden poultice to his neck. "Do you get some sort of sick kick out of watching me writhe?"

You flattened your ears, moving from his neck to the smaller wounds on his shoulders and flank. "I'm not getting any kicks from this, trust me," You retorted. "I'm only doing my job. Now sit still!"

"It's hard to be still when it feels like—*Ow*—you're being—*Ow*—skinned alive!" Scourge ground the words out between yelps and grimaces, and you couldn't help but to roll your eyes a bit. You knew he was likely sore, but you had expected better from the cold-blooded tom who had slaughtered Tigerstar a mere two sunrises ago.

Finally, after a few more touches of marigold, you wiped your paws clean on the dewy grass and sat back. "Do you want more poppy seeds?" You inquired.

Scourge glanced at the ground, seemingly deep in thought. "No," He replied after a moment, meeting your gaze a bit hesitantly. "I don't think I need any today." He shuddered, and you suppressed an amused snort. He was clearly still recovering from the heady dose you had given him the previous night.

You just shrugged. "Suit yourself. How about your bedding?"

Scourge raised an eyebrow. "What about it?" He questioned icily.

The tips of your claws began to tingle out of frustration. You were no stranger to cats being difficult while you were trying to treat them, but the former BloodClan leader was proving to be your most difficult yet. He didn't know any Clan terms, was always snappy and cold, and never seemed to care whether something was difficult for you or not.

Don't let him get to you, (Y/N), You told yourself, taking a deep breath. *Just give him what he needs, and leave.*

"Does the moss you've been sleeping on feel too soft or too hard?" You asked him, trying to be clearer with what you were asking him. Scourge shifted his weight in several different directions, as if trying to decide if he needed fresh moss or not. You waited patiently for him to decide, standing with your shoulders relaxed to show you weren't in any hurry, even though you were.

"It feels damp." Scourge meowed after a moment, his tail-tip twitching.

You nodded, tearing several clumps of moss away from the ground beneath a shaded area and carefully pressing it on top of the older, damp moss. In most situations, you would've replaced the entire nest, but you didn't want to force Scourge to stand up more than he had to. His wounds hadn't fully healed yet, and you didn't want to risk them opening again.

"Done." You meowed once you had packed all of the fresh moss clumps into their proper spots.

Scourge shifted around again, then nodded stiffly. "Better," He muttered. "Thanks."

You were a bit taken aback by his gratitude. Although you only knew the small black tom from what you had seen of him during the battle and what you were seeing now, he didn't strike you as the type of cat to be polite in any circumstance. What was with the

sudden change in attitude?

"Um...You're welcome." You replied simply, shuffling your paws. "Do you need anything else?" You were starting to feel the chill in the air, and you wanted to get back to your warm hollow back in camp.

Scourge snorted. "I think I'm fine."

You were about to protest, as you were worried about him being able to get to water when he needed it, but a distant rumble in the sky answered your concerns. You glanced up, noticing the darkening clouds above the canopy of oak trees. He would be fine—the storm would leave puddles close to him.

"In that case," You meowed coolly. "I'll be back."

Scourge just nodded, and you took that as your cue to leave. Crouching down, you grabbed the bones from the squirrel in your jaws and padded out of the tiny clearing, digging a decent-sized hole beneath the gnarled roots of an old elm tree and burying them.

The first drop of rain hit your muzzle as you finished hiding the prey's remains, followed by another rumble of thunder, but much closer this time. You gave your pelt a shake, then made your way back towards camp, silently praying that Scourge stayed warm.

Several Days Later . . .

It took a few days, but eventually, all of Scourge's wounds healed. Even the gash Firestar left on his neck had been reduced to a scar, and he could even walk on his own.

None of your clanmates suspected a thing, and you were able to continue sneaking out of camp to attend to your forbidden patient.

The guilt you had once felt about caring for Scourge had subsided, and you found yourself beginning to enjoy his company, in a strange way.

You padded into the tiny clearing you had come to know, immediately looking at Scourge. The small black tom was sitting upright outside of his makeshift den, rasping his tongue over his white forepaw and using it to wash his ears. He paused when he noticed you, placing his paws back on the ground and wrapping his tail around them.

"Good afternoon, (Y/N)," The former BloodClan leader greeted you calmly. "Have you come to check on me?"

You snorted. "Why else would I be here?"

The former BloodClan leader only flicked his ear and shrugged. "Who knows. Maybe you're just bored?"

You couldn't stop a smile from creeping onto your muzzle. What Scourge was saying was true—you had been visiting with him when life in camp got too overwhelming, or when you didn't have anything else to do. It was strange, but you had grown closer to him.

"Maybe I *am* just bored." You replied coolly, meeting his ice-colored gaze. "What's your point?"

"I don't have one," Scourge replied. "I just wanted to know if you were really just here to check on me."

You raised an eyebrow. "Would you be disappointed if I was?"

For the briefest moment, you could've sworn on all the stars in Silverpelt that you had seen a tiny spark of hurt flash across the small black tom's normally cold face. It vanished as quickly as it had appeared, however.

"...No," He meowed slowly. "But, I assume you haven't had time to eat since this morning? With your medicine cat duties, and all."

Right on cue, your belly let out a deep growl. You looked away,

feeling rather embarrassed. You had always been a bit modest when it came to such things, but luckily, Scourge didn't seem to mind. In fact, he seemed rather amused.

"I'll take that as a yes." He meowed before pushing a plump shrew towards you with his white forepaw. "I caught this earlier. Do you want to share?"

You felt guilty for more than one reason, mostly because you knew Scourge had caught it and hence deserved to eat it, but also because he had caught it on ThunderClan territory. *Is it really right for me to eat prey a cat outside of the Clan caught on our territory...?*

Your belly growled again, so with a defeated huff, you nodded your head and murmured, "I would like that. Thanks."

You crouched down and took a bite out of the shrew, and Scourge did the same. You both ate in complete silence, the only sounds being your chewing and distant birdsong in the trees all around you.

"You know," Scourge meowed after swallowing a mouthful. "you don't have to stay in ThunderClan forever."

You blinked, finishing the last bite of the shrew and meeting the small black tom's gaze. "I...What?" You echoed, uncertain that you had heard him correctly. Surely, he wasn't asking you to leave your Clan!

"I'm perfectly happy in ThunderClan," You replied honestly. "I wouldn't dream of leaving. Why would you say that?" It wasn't meant to sound defensive—you were merely curious.

"...I'll be leaving the forest today," Scourge confessed slowly. "and I was just wondering if you were really happy with your life. I just didn't want to leave you if you weren't." Beneath the surface of his ice-blue eyes, you could see a small flicker of compassion. It wasn't something you thought Scourge was capable of, and it took you a moment to process it.

Finally, you nodded in understanding. "...I see. You'll...Be careful

out there, won't you?"

Scourge just nodded back, then rose to his paws. "I will." He replied in his usual ice-like voice, although it was just a bit warmer. He stalked to the edge of the tiny clearing, pausing to glance at you over his shoulder. "Thanks, (Y/N)—for everything." Then, the rogue you had come to know disappeared into the sun-speckled greenery.

You blinked, glancing over at the place he had spent the days resting, then back at the fern clump where he had vanished. A small smile crept onto your muzzle, and a strange ache residing deep within your heart. "Be well, Scourge."

****

I cannot believe the last time I updated this book was all the way back in August. Time really flies.

Thank you for your request, Candie_09! I hope you like it!

P.S, Scourge's collar is described as red because it's not against the law to imagine it as another color besides purple. Do not bring it up.

Comfort ≫ Rainswept Flower x Depressed! Female! Reader (PLATONIC)

[image]

Art: mechafeline

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Depressed reader
• Anxious reader

This one-shot was requested by Pinestripe37. Thank you for your time!

****

You could've sworn that you heard your name being called from somewhere at the edge of your consciousness. The voice was familiar, and you were certain you had heard it somewhere before, but your sleep-riddled mind lacked the capabilities to match it with a face.

"...(Y/N)..."

The voice spoke again, still distant, but just a bit closer. It began pulling at you gently, carrying you back to the waking world like a mother would carry her exhausted kit by the scruff of their neck.

"(Y/N), wake up."

You opened your eyes, feeling as if their lids had turned to stone. You felt like you had only been asleep for a few heartbeats, but based on the long shadows of the impending night that were stretching across the grass, it had been much longer.

What...? You thought groggily, blinking to clear the glaze of a fretful sleep from your eyes. *...I only meant to sleep for a few minutes...*

That much was true; you had felt fatigued after a rather lengthy hunt with your best friend, and had curled up beneath the shade of an old pine tree to nap. Apparently, naps could last for hours.

"(Y/N)? Can you hear me?"

You turned your head towards the familiar voice, your stiff neck groaning in protest. Your aforementioned best friend was standing above you, her bright blue eyes shadowed with a type of concern only a special cat could have.

"Yeah. I can hear you, Rainswept Flower," You mumbled, slowly sitting up and shaking your head to unfold your crooked ears. "Sorry for the long nap. I guess I needed it." You tried to chuckle lightheartedly, but it came out sounding more like a defeated sigh.

Rainswept Flower sighed, and in a gentle voice she murmured, "You're not feeling well, are you?"

Your gaze fell to the ground, as well as your fake smile. She knew you all too well, and it sometimes made your chest ache. You felt like a burden, all because you couldn't be happier than you were.

Rainswept Flower rested her left forepaw on top of yours, then leaned down so she was eye level with you. "It's not your fault, (Y/N)," She meowed gently, as if having read your thoughts. "I know you're doing your best."

"I-I don't know what to do," You choked out. "Every single day, I wake up and I can't stop thinking... It's like trying to swim in mud, Rainswept Flower... I try so hard, but I never get anywhere, and—

and—" Your breathing suddenly hitched, and you let out a quiet sob. All the pain you had been holding inside suddenly broke through your facade, seeping out of your eyes in a flood of tears.

"Oh, (Y/N)..." Rainswept Flower murmured sadly.

You buried your face in the thick fur on her chest, finally allowing the pent up agony out all at once. You felt Rainswept Flower rest her chin on top of your head, followed by her tongue rasping gently over your ears.
It took a moment, but you were eventually able to calm down with the help of Rainswept Flower's soothing words.

You pulled your face out of her chest and met her gaze, sniffling. "I-I'm sorry," You stuttered, your voice still thick from crying. "I don't know what's w-wrong with m-me..."

"Nothing is wrong with you, (Y/N)," Rainswept Flower murmured, licking your forehead once more. "You're going through a difficult time, and it's perfectly okay to feel the things you are right now; you have nothing to be ashamed of, okay?"

You nodded, one last sniffle escaping you. "...Okay..."

"Well, then." Rainswept Flower meowed, her tone a bit lighter, but not lacking sympathy. "Would you like to sleep in my nest tonight? It's kind of cold." She shivered, a *brrr* slipping past her lips.

You smiled, then rose to your paws. "I would like that," You replied hoarsely, wincing as the soreness in your joints reminded you of it's existence. "Thanks, Rainswept Flower."

The tabby she-cat gave you another sympathetic smile, then pressed herself to your side and began helping you walk to the den you all shared beneath a large bramble thicket. Once you were inside, she helped you settle down into her bed of fresh moss, then laid down beside you.

"I'm proud of you, (Y/N)," She murmured as you rested your head. "It's not easy admitting that you're not okay."

You blinked, allowing your weary eyes to fall closed. "You make

everything easier, Rainswept Flower," You mumbled sleepily. "It's all thanks to you."

Rainswept Flower didn't speak after that, but you could feel her tongue rasping over your ears as you drifted off. It was incredibly comforting to be close to her, especially when your mind was dark.

As you lost yourself to the deep hold of sleep, you cuddled a bit closer to your friend. You were safe—Rainswept Flower would make sure of it.

****

I sincerely hope this one-shot met your expectations, Pinestripe! It was very fun to write!

Thank you to everyone for voting, commenting, following, and showing your support in any other way!

As Long As We Have Each Other ≫ Hollyleaf x Male! Reader

[image]

Art: cat-with-horns

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Mentioned murder
• Mild disturbing themes
• Angst

This is a request for SweetCinnybuns. I hope you like it!

****

Dark shadows had begun to stretch across the camp, coating the familiar hollow in a thick darkness. The shadows seemed denser and more sinister than usual, however, and that became more apparent the longer you stared at Ashfur's limp corpse.

"...Who would've done this...?" Ferncloud whispered from beside you, her voice strained from crying.

You glanced at the dappled gray tabby she-cat, shaking your head. "I'm not sure, Ferncloud." You really weren't; it made absolutely no

sense. Who in StarClan's name had it out for Ashfur, out of all cats? Sure, he and Squirrelflight had fought, but you were fairly certain neither her nor Brambleclaw would go to such an extreme length.

You suddenly spotted a sleek black pelt on the other side of the clearing, and looked up to see the she-cat you had been sharing a nest with for the past moon. It was Hollyleaf, and she looked sick with grief.

Once again, confusion gripped you. Hollyleaf and Ashfur never spoke. Why was she so sad? *It's not wrong to grieve the death of a clanmate,* You reasoned, surveying each of the shocked, pained expressions that surrounded you. *But still... Hollyleaf almost seems more upset than Ashfur's own family.*

Hollyleaf noticed your gaze resting on here and flinched, then turned and slunk out of camp with her tail between her hind legs.

Now thoroughly concerned, you rose to your paws and quietly padded past your grieving clanmates and squeezed through the thorn barrier where Hollyleaf had disappeared. As much as you wanted an answer as to why she was acting the way she was, you knew you couldn't expect her to want to talk about it. *But I still have to try.*

You found the black-furred she-cat sitting on the shore of the lake, staring into the rippling water. Even from a distance, you could see a tremendous amount of pain in her beautiful green eyes. It made your heart ache.

"...Hollyleaf...?" You murmured, taking several gentle steps towards her.

Hollyleaf startled, letting out a sharp gasp. She turned to face you, and you saw shame darken her features. "O-oh...! H-hi, (Y/N)," She stammered. "Why...Why are you here...?" Her tone held no irritation, only fear. What in StarClan's name had gotten into her?

"I came to find you," You replied gently. "Why did you run off in the middle of Ashfur's vigil?"

At the mention of the deceased warrior, the shame that was shadowing Hollyleaf's eyes grew deeper. "I-I can't do it," She spluttered out through a mess of oncoming tears. "I can't sit by my grieving clanmates after what I've done..."

You tipped your head to one side, watching her with eyebrows furrowed in concern. "What do you mean?" You asked. "What did you do?" Hollyleaf rarely acted so nervous around you, and a sense of dread was beginning to settle in the air.

"Ashfur knew about Leafpool and Crowfeather," She whispered, meeting your gaze shamefully. "He knew, and he was going to tell every cat at the gathering... I couldn't let him, (Y/N)... I couldn't let him ruin my life..."

Your mind was racing wildly. Leafpool and Crowfeather? What did they have to do with Ashfur's death? And furthermore, what had they even done? What had Hollyleaf done? *Surely she didn't kill Ashfur...?*

"Wha-what do you mean by Leafpool and Crowfeather?" You asked, a slight tremble to your voice. "What do they have to do with anything?"

Hollyleaf swallowed, as if repressing a thick wave of vomit. Her nose was deathly pale, and even in the dying sunlight, you could see it's faded color. "Leafpool and Crowfeather are our real parents," She whispered, a dark shadow coating her eyes. "During the fire, Ashfur trapped my brothers and I behind a fallen branch. He told Squirrelflight that he wanted to hurt her by killing us for choosing Brambleclaw over him, but..." She swallowed again, followed by a shudder that could only be described as anguished. "...but Squirrelflight said that he couldn't hurt her that way, because we aren't really her kits... That's when she told Ashfur who our real parents are..."

You stared at the trembling black she-cat, sinking your claws into the sand to steady yourself as the forest spun around you. You didn't want to believe her; you wanted to believe that she had misheard Squirrelflight or even had a nightmare, but you could tell by the haunted look in her eyes that what she was telling you was

true.

Taking a cautious step forward, you crouched down slightly so you were on her level and mumbled, "Did you kill Ashfur, Hollyleaf?"

"Yes!" She cried out, finally breaking like thin ice. "I killed him, (Y/N)! I had to!" Tears began to stream down her face, dampening her dark cheek fur.

First you felt shock, then dread, followed by a white-hot flood of anger. The thought of Ashfur trying to kill the she-cat you loved made you want to run back to camp and rip his corpse to shreds. If you had ever needed an excuse to dislike the deceased tom, you had found it.

You closed the distance between yourself and Hollyleaf, using your paw to gently pull her into your embrace. "It's okay," You murmured, your voice slightly muffled by the fur on top of her head. "Your secret is safe with me, my love. You did the right thing."

Hollyleaf continued to sob, and you sat on the shore and held her long after the sun disappeared behind the still water. As strange as it was being so close to her during such a hard moment, it made you feel more deeply connected to her.

"As far as any cat is concerned, a WindClan warrior killed Ashfur," You meowed once Hollyleaf had finally calmed down and was sitting by your side. "They don't have to know, alright? They never *will* know."

The pretty black she-cat turned her brilliant green gaze up to yours, it's surface shimmering in the moonlight. "Thank you," She whispered. "That means a lot to me, (Y/N)."

You smiled softly, touching your nose to hers. "I love you," You murmured, your heart beating in sync with hers as your pelts became one. "I love you more than all the stars in Silverpelt."

"I love you, too." Hollyleaf replied, a purr rumbling in her chest.

You lost track of how long the two of you spent on the shore that

night, talking about this and that and reminding each other how in love you were, but that didn't matter. All you cared about was that she was okay, and as the sun peered over the treetops, you were certain that everything would be fine.

"Are you okay?" You asked her as you both headed back towards camp with your tails twined together.

Hollyleaf glanced up at you, a smile creeping onto her muzzle. "Yeah," She replied. "I'm okay."

You entered camp side-by-side, making your way across the empty clearing and into the warriors' den. No cat stirred as you settled down together, which you were grateful for. You knew your clanmates were already likely very suspicious of you both, simply due to the fact that you had been absent from camp all night.

They can think what they want, You thought firmly as Hollyleaf settled down beside you and began to snore softly. *As long as we have each other, we'll be fine.*

****

I'm definitely not Hollyleaf's biggest fan, but I'm not Ashfur's, either. I dislike both of them, but I do believe Ashfur deserved to die the way he did.

My apologies for the wait, SweetCinnybuns. I've been dealing with some medical issues as of late, but I'm feeling a bit better now. I hope you found your request to be enjoyable!

Thanks for your support, everyone.

These Claws Are for Killing ≫ Brokenstar x Adopted! Daughter! Reader (PLATONIC)

[image]

Art: ~Akatsu

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Mentions of abandonment
• Graphic depictions of violence
• Death

This is a request for RoseShadeWarriorCat. I hope you enjoy!

****

The forest was always quiet at the beginning of dawn, but it seemed even more so than usual. There were no squirrels scuttling amongst the prickly pine branches, nor any lizards scurrying over the icy rocks. It was as if the very roots of the forest were silently waiting in grim anticipation.

Brokenstar quite enjoyed the feeling of lifelessness that surrounded him. He wasn't normally one to enjoy anything, but his mood had been especially chipper since he severed the vein in his own father's neck and watched the light drain from his eyes, and the blood from

his wounds. Now that Raggedstar was no longer in his way, the forest would regret the very day it crawled out of it's mother's wretched womb.

Brokenstar's scarred lip curled up into a crooked grin as he recalled the way the former leader's body had fallen limp beneath his claws. What a moment.

He was just leaving the darkness of the pines and emerging onto the acrid-smelling strip of dead grass next to the thunderpath when a tiny, barely audible mewl caught his attention. He paused, flattening his scarred ears and surveying his surroundings. There were no signs of life on either side of the thunderpath, not even a mouse. Where had the noise come from?

The same desperate squeal came again, this time louder and much closer to him. It wasn't until he glanced down at the mess of tangled, yellow grass beneath his paws did he see it—or rather, see *her*—hunkered down in the weeds and trembling in the early morning chill.

Brokenstar's shredded ears perked up at the sight. A kit, no more than a moon old and hardly bigger than a rat. Her (F/C) pelt was matted and clumped in places, and her tiny (E/C) eyes were wide with uncertainty as she gazed up at him.

Curling his lip in annoyance, Brokenstar raised his eyes and begun searching for any sign of her mother, but to no avail. Not even her scent was present.

Turning his gaze back to the trembling kit, Brokenstar narrowed his eyes a meowed, "Pathetic little thing," He muttered, flicking the tip of his tail. The kit didn't respond of course, instead shrinking back into the rotted grass. Brokenstar held her (E/C) gaze for a moment, deep in thought. At first, he wanted to turn his back to the weakling and leave her to succumb to starvation or the elements. After all, what good could she possibly bring him?
Just as his mind was almost set, however, Brokenstar hatched another idea; one far less cruel.

The more loyal cats I have, the easier it will be to overcome the other

clans, He reasoned with himself. *Perhaps the kit does have some uses after all.* With his plan beginning to form and his mind completely set, Brokenstar leaned down and grabbed the kit's lose scruff in his jaws. She let out yet another mewl, and squirmed in his grasp for a moment before settling herself down and falling limp.

Brokenstar turned away from the thunderpath and made his way back into the snow-covered pines, more cautious than before of slipping on a patch of unseen ice.

As he carefully maneuvered through the slew of snow-heavy branches and slippery stones, Brokenstar begun to wonder why he suddenly felt such a strong attachment to the life dangling from his jaws. He had never cared for another cat other than himself for as long as he could remember—why this kit?

He begun to reminisce about his kithood, down to the very last detail. He recalled feeling isolated and unwanted, an enemy to the cats who were supposed to care for him. The painful memories filled him with
anger, and he flexed his claws deep into the loamy soil beneath the thin layer of snow.

The kit would be safe—Runningnose would mentor her, and Brokenstar would act as her father. She would never know the bone-breaking loneliness and the crippling rage that haunted him his entire life.

Once the wall of thorns and brambles became visible over the edge of a hollow dip in the ground, Brokenstar slowed his pace slightly and carefully pushed his way through the barrier and into camp. Cats begun to raise their heads when he entered, and immediately, hushed whispers and mutters followed. Brokenstar ignored them all and headed straight for the medicine den, where Runningnose was laying herbs out to dry next to the entrance.

With his adopted daughter still gripped in his jaws, Brokenstar stalked towards the young medicine cat and set her on the ground. Runningnose said nothing as he was approached, merely held Brokenstar's gaze. He never broke eye contact, not even as the kit was placed in front of him.

"Train this kit," Brokenstar demanded in a growl that caught the entire camp's attention. "Make her useful."

Runningnose looked down at the unnamed she-kit for a moment, his green eyes softening slightly. Then, he met Brokenstar's gaze again, and with a hesitant dip of his head murmured, "Yes, Brokenstar."

Brokenstar held his medicine cat's fearful gaze for a moment longer, then gave him a curt nod. "Good." He meowed. Just as he turned to leave, however, Runningnose spoke.

"What is her name?"

Brokenstar paused, running his tongue slowly over his lips as he scoured his mind for a good name. Finally, he raised his head and glanced over his shoulder at the trembling medicine cat. "(Y/N)." He meowed coldly. "See that she is cared for." He held the gray-and-white medicine cat's gaze for a long moment, his jaw tense. He didn't like Runningnose. In fact, he hated him. The moons of abuse he had suffered at the other's paws when they were kits had never left his mind.

Finally, Runningnose broke eye contact and glanced down at (Y/N), mumbling a quiet, "understood". Somewhat satisfied, Brokenstar nodded curtly and turned away, heading for the now vacant leader's den that had once belonged to Raggedstar.

She will be a good ShadowClan cat, He decided as he settled down in the nest of fresh moss the apprentices had prepared for him while he was gone. *I will make sure of it.*

≪ Your POV (Several Moons Later) ≫

You weren't sure where you were. Everything was shrouded in

darkness, and although you thought you could barely make out the vaguely familiar shapes of trees and cats, but you didn't recognize any of them.

A sudden ear-splitting yowl broke the eerie silence, sending a ripple of shock and fear up your spine. The agonized wail held an air of familiarity to it, and you felt your throat clench in dread. *Dad!*

Your eyes shot open, and you sat bolt upright in your nest and began taking in massive gulps of cool dawn air. Everything was quiet still, but this time, you could clearly see your surroundings. You were in the medicine den, exactly where you were supposed to be. There was no endless darkness, and better yet, no agonized caterwauls. Just the beginnings of birdsong outside and Runningnose's soft snoring.

Toad-brain, You scolded yourself angrily, smoothing your ruffled pelt with your tongue. *You're not a kit anymore—you can't be afraid of nightmares.* Despite yourself, you spent several more minutes sitting still in the silence and drinking in the familiar scents of camp to soothe your frayed nerves.

You slipped through the brambles that surrounded the small clearing that was the medicine den, stalking towards the freshkill pile. You felt like you hadn't eaten in moons, despite it being just the previous evening when you ate the plumpest piece of prey on the pile. Upon reaching the ditch next to the camp entrance, you curled your lip back in disgust. There was no freshkill in sight say for a scrawny rat. *How am I expected to settle for something so pathetic?*

You snapped your head around just in time to see Dawncloud, and expecting queen, emerge from the nursery. "You," You snarled, stalking towards the small tabby with your tail lashing. She flinched, her amber eyes widening. "Make yourself useful and hunt," You continued harshly. "Can't you see the freshkill pile is empty?"

Dawncloud opened her jaws slowly, her ears flattening in disbelief. "Surely no cat expects me to hunt!" She exclaimed as though it was the most obvious thing in the world. "I'm expecting kits!"

"No cat gives a rat's tail about your kits," You hissed furiously. "Some of us are hungry!"

The swollen she-cat's eyes narrowed to slits, burning with rage. She opened her jaws, but quickly clamped them shut again as she noticed your father, Brokenstar, perched on the end of the Clanbranch watching her through cold orange eyes. "Y-yes (Y/N)," She stammered, suddenly far more submissive to your demands. "I'll go right away. I promise to bring you back the biggest, juiciest frog in the forest!" She turned and hurriedly padded across the clearing, her breath coming in short gasps as she struggled to move with her distended belly.

You followed her for a few pawsteps, pausing beside the pathetic excuse of a freshkill pile. "You'd better bring me back something good," You growled as she began trying to squeeze through the brambles that made up the entrance to camp. "Don't think I'll forget about your promise, mousefodder!" You snagged the scrawny rat with a claw, hurtling it towards Dawncloud. It hit her smack in the side of her swollen flank, and she let out a sharp gasp of pain before disappearing fully into the tangle of sharp thorns.

Satisfied, you gave a curt nod before turning around and locking eyes with the tom who had raised you. "I see you're already giving orders," He meowed coolly, rising to his paws and stretching his powerful jaws in a yawn. "I'm impressed with your ability to make your clanmates obey you." Thunder rumbled somewhere in the distance, adding a hint of darkness to his deep voice.

You snorted, concealing your relief at seeing him alive and well after your strange dream. "She only listened because she saw you watching us," You replied bitterly. "No cat will ever listen to me like they listen to you."

"The Clan will learn to respect you soon enough," Your father meowed matter-of-factly. "For now, there are far more important things to be concerned about."

You raised an eyebrow at him. "Like what?"

The battle-scarred dark tom bunched his muscles underneath

himself, then leaped down from his perch on the Clanbranch and stood face-to-face with you, his normally cold orange eyes gleaming with a twisted excitement. "I've sent Clawface to retrieve four of ThunderClan's kits," He purred, his thick tail lashing. "I'm going to make them my warriors. If those mouse-munchers won't share their territory, then they'll share their cats."

A spark of surprise—not unpleasant—rippled through you. Your father hadn't mentioned anything about stealing ThunderClan kits, but you weren't opposed to it. "I see," You meowed with a nod. "When will he be back?"

Brokenstar turned his head, his muzzle pointed towards the sky. The sun had never risen due to a thick swath of dark gray clouds, adding an ominous air to the camp. "Soon enough." He replied shortly, turning his gaze back to you just as the first few raindrops began to fall. "I need you to stay in camp today," He continued with a swish of his bushy tail. "I doubt those ThunderClan toad-brains will find it in them to launch an attack, but we can't be too careful." He rose to his paws, flexing his powerful claws.

You dipped your head, a purr rumbling in your chest. "I'll protect you," You vowed solemnly. "If any mouse-muncher dares to cross our border, they'll be ripped to shreds."

Your father smiled, his own dark purr rippling from his throat. "Good," He mumbled approvingly, brushing his muzzle against your cheek. "I know I can count on you, my precious (Y/N)." Just then, Clawface pushed his way through the brambles surrounding camp, his jaws full of the scruffs of four tiny kits. You shared a glance with your father, who jerked his muzzle and beckoned for you to follow him before stalking across the clearing towards his returning warrior. You followed him eagerly, pride making your fur feel warm. You were going to be part of an important task!

"Welcome back, Clawface," He meowed coolly once he was standing in front of the tabby. "I see you've brought us four new warriors. Tell me, how did it go?"

Clawface huffed, dropping the kits on the wet ground and ignoring their wails of protest. "I had to kill ThunderClan's medicine cat to

get to them," He reported, flicking his left ear to showcase the fresh split down the middle. "She wasn't willing to give them up without a fight, so I crushed her windpipe." You couldn't stop yourself from smirking and letting out a satisfied purr. *That will show those mouse-munchers not to mess with us!*

Your father leaned in closer to him, his orange eyes glinting with interest. "Anything else I should know?"

"Yellowfang has taken up residence in ThunderClan," Clawface continued with a disgusted curl of his lip. "She's managed to convince them she's perfectly innocent." Your eyes widened. Yellowfang, the medicine cat your father had exiled just a little over a moon ago because she refused loyalty to him. *How is that old bag of bones still alive?* "She seems to be getting comfortable there," Clawface continued. "I can't imagine she's saying anything nice about us, though."

"I see," Your father muttered, clearly deep in thought. "Do you think you left any traces of yourself on Spottedleaf's body?"

"The rain will wash my scent away," Clawface replied confidently just as the sky began to steadily pour down on the camp. "They'll never know it was me." You thought you saw a flicker of doubt flash across his eyes, but it was gone within a second. No matter, you figured. ThunderClan was too cowardly to launch and attack, even if they did find out it was a ShadowClan warrior who killed Spottedleaf.

"Take the kits to the nursery," Your father commanded with a slight growl in his voice. "No cat needs to know they're here." Clawface snatched the kits up again, then stalked across the clearing.

"What do you want me to do?" You asked, turning your gaze to look at the tom who raised you. "I can help in some way."

"Go back to your den," He meowed, tearing his gaze away from Clawface. "If I need you to fight, you will know."

****

It had been awhile since Clawface had returned with the ThunderClan kits, and so far, nothing seemed amiss. You had spent the entire morning sorting herbs with Runningnose, lost in your joyous thoughts of your father's victory. It wouldn't be long before the entire forest fell beneath his paws, and ShadowClan would become the greatest threat there ever was.

"I think that's enough herb sorting for one morning," Runningnose breathed, sitting back on his haunches and taking a deep breath. "You can go now, (Y/N). Thank you for your help." You nodded curtly, rising to your paws and padding to the entrance to the medicine clearing and pushing your way outside.

The rain hadn't let up. In fact, it appeared to be worse since you were last in the clearing. Despite the miserable weather, however, your clanmates were going on with their duties while your father barked orders from the Clanbranch. "Stumpytail, move your flea-bitten rear! Standing there like a useless lump of dirt won't catch any prey! Brightflower, weave those vines faster! Does that look like a barricade to you, Boulder!?" You blinked, realization coming to you. Your father was preparing for an attack on the camp.

"Dad?" You meowed questioningly, braving the raging storm to make your way over to him. "What's going on? I thought you weren't worried about ThunderClan attacking?"

Your father blinked, turning his cold orange gaze towards you. "I'm not," He replied simply. "but it's never a bad idea to secure the camp and our borders just to be safe." He swished his tail dismissively, then leaped smoothly down from the decayed pine branch. "I have a very important job for you, (Y/N)," He continued in a soft mutter that was barely audible over the increasing rainfall. "Do you think you can handle it?"

You felt your heart give a tiny flutter of excitement. You had always wanted to impress your father, and now you were finally getting

your chance! "Yes," You replied as coolly as you could manage. "What do yo want me to do?"

A small, crooked grin stretched across your father's maw. "That's a good daughter." He leaned forward and nuzzled your forehead, and you returned the gesture with a purr. Although it was somewhat rare to receive any sort of genuine affection from him, you knew the dark brown tom cared for you. "I need you to check ThunderClan's border," He continued once he had pulled away from you and regained his usual stoic composure. "Make sure our scent lines are strong, and if you see any ThunderClan warriors—even on their own side—report back to me immediately."

You nodded firmly. "Yes, father." Then you rested your gaze on the camp entrance, where Dawncloud was returning with a rat and two mice. Your belly growled at the sight, but you ignored it. There was no time to eat now. You trotted across the swampy clearing, your paws sending tiny waves of muddy water off the ground in short splashes. Dawncloud took a step back as you approached the bramble barrier, her ears flat with disscontempt. You ignored her, crawling through the barrier and refusing to slow down, even as clumps of your fur were torn from your body by the sharp thorns.

You broke free of the brambles' grasp after what felt like a moon of struggling, then broke into a light run down the mist-bathed trail that led deeper into the gloomy pine forest. As you reached the top of the small slope, you could've sworn an oddly familiar scent made itself known for a brief moment through the rain, causing you to stop in your tracks. You tilted your head back slightly and sniffed the cold, wet air, but the scent was gone. *It almost smelled like a cat,* You thought suspiciously, narrowing your eyes and scanning the eerie landscape. *And it smelled...familiar.* Nothing moved in the misty shadows, however, not even leaves. You gave your pelt a shake, scattering droplets of rain water against the already soaked stones. *It was probably Dawncloud's scent mingling with the storm.*

You continued your trek through the foggy, wet marshlands, unable to pick up on anything suspicious. You reached the thunderpath without further incident, and began quickly remarking the entire border with your scent. Once every bush and pebble had been exposed to your fur, you turned around and started back into the

pines when something caught your eye. It was slightly fuzzy-looking, albeit hanging limply from a thorn bush due to the insufferable weather. You narrowed your eyes, craning your neck forward to get a better look. It was orange, the same color as lapping flames in a fire. *What in the...?* Your heart skipped a beat as you recognized the scent that clung to the scrap of what you were just realizing was fur. It was tainted with the foul stench of ThunderClan, and now that you had gotten a better whiff of it, you new it was the mysterious odor you had smelled on your way through the marshlands. *I have to tell Dad, and quick!*

You whirled around, bracing your muscles and galloping back into the fog. An enemy cat—possibly more than one—was lurking somewhere in ShadowClan territory. If it was in fact a ThunderClan intruder, you knew they had likely come looking for their stolen kits. *If I don't get to Dad before they do, everything will be ruined!* Your stomach roiled as you recalled your nightmare once more. *I can't lose him—not like this!*

As you drew nearer to camp, a chorus of ferocious snarls and caterwauls began to rise above the rain. Your heart fell into your guts as you realized the thing you had been fearing had come true. ShadowClan was under attack, and based on the vague scents, the assailants were ThunderClan.

You tore through the tunnel of brambles, not even flinching as the thorns dug into your pelt and ripped your fur out in bloody clumps. You weren't stopping for anything, not even to lick your newly-acquired scratches. The camp came into full view, and in the middle of the fray of screeching warriors, you saw your father locked in a vicious stare down with a familiar flat-faced gray she-cat. Your eyes narrowed to furious slits, and your lip curled back into a snarl. *Yellowfang!* Upon taking a closer look, you realized that she hadn't come alone. Nightpelt was standing behind her, along with the useless elders your father had exiled. You took a step closer, intent on leaping forward and tackling the ratty old bone bag, but sharp claws penetrated the flesh on your shoulders. You let out a caterwaul of shock and fury as you were thrusted to the muddy ground, kicking your hind legs in an attempt to strike your enemy's body. The cat who had attacked you was much bigger and stronger

than you, however, and your attempts at striking were only causing you to sink deeper into the muck.

"Your Clan made a huge mistake by taking Frostfur's kits!" The attacker growled, who you now knew was a ThunderClan apprentice named Graypaw. You opened your jaws to shoot back a stinging retort, but only a sharp cry of pain left your throat as Graypaw sunk his teeth into your ear and began raking his hind claws down your spine. Your vision grew misty as your eyes began to water with pain, and you became aware of hot, sticky blood dribbling from your ear and the claw marks on your back and shoulders.

"Graypaw, let her go!" The commanding voice of a much older tom growled from the other side of the clearing. You opened your eyes fully to see a massive white warrior standing several fox-lengths away, his amber eyes glinting in the mist. "The battle is won, Graypaw," The ThunderClan tom continued before casting a woeful, slightly pitying look at you. "There's no sense in causing anymore damage here."

Graypaw let go off your scruff, then retracted his claws from your shoulders and dipped his head respectfully to the white warrior. "Yes, Whitestorm." The ThunderClan warrior cast one last woeful glance at you, then turned and rushed back into the fight. What remained of it, at least.

You bunched your muscles underneath you and heaved yourself out of the muck, coughing and spitting out a mouthful of mud. The fight was obviously drawing to a close, cats from either side beginning to back away from each other. Even as they retreated, however, their eyes remained unrelenting and hostile. Your heart skipped a beat as you caught sight of your father, backing away from an angry mob of ThunderClan warriors. Yellowfang was standing next to them, watching the dark brown tom with burning eyes.

Painfully, you forced your paws to carry yourself towards your father. "...Dad?" You meowed cautiously, eyeing the enemy patrol suspiciously. "What's going on?"

Your father's gaze didn't leave the ThunderClan warriors, but he did step a bit closer to you and flick your shoulder with his bent tail-tip. An aura of cold rage rose from his pelt like steam, and you almost felt frightened by his presence. "These ThunderClan mousefodders are stronger than I thought," He finally replied, still glaring at Whitestorm as the large tom padded over to the nursery and shared a few silent words with Dawncloud. The pale ginger she-cat nodded briefly, then ducked inside. A moment later, she presented four tiny, frightened kits to the ThunderClan tom. Your heart sank like wet stone. Had ShadowClan lost the fight? Your worst fears were confirmed as your father swept his gaze across the remaining enemy patrol, a low, menacing growl rumbling in his throat. "This isn't over."

You watched as your father jerked his flat, scarred muzzle, beckoning Blackfoot and Clawface towards the camp entrance. "Cowards," You snarled, whipping around to face your former clanmates. "You're all nothing but a pile of writhing worms!" No cat responded to your enraged cry. Runningnose was staring at you with wide green eyes, his jaw hanging open slightly, but he still said nothing. You took several limping steps backwards, stopping as thorny brambles pressed against your tail-end. "Brokenstar is right," You hissed venomously. "*This. Isn't. Over.*" Then, you turned and slunk through the brambles into the mist-laden forest behind your father.

****

You had never seen this part of the forest before. Leafless, bone-white trees stretched to the dark sky, their bare branches reaching through the mist like the claws of a skeleton cat. Everything was still and eerily quiet, leaving too much room for thought. You crept forward, your fur standing on end. Something felt off about the decaying forest, but you couldn't tell what it was. Suddenly, the

sound of a twig snapped in the dense silence. You unsheathed your claws, fully intending to rip out the throat of whoever or whatever was lurking in the shadows. "Who's there?" You demanded in a growl. "Show yourself!"

"Hello, (Y/N). Welcome to The Place of No Stars."

You nearly broke your spine whipping around when you heard the cold, smooth voice. It belonged to a large ginger-and-white she-cat with piercing amber eyes that penetrated the chilling fog. She was perched casually on a low-hanging branch several tail-lengths behind you, watching you with a macabre sort of interest.

You took several cautious steps forward, flattening your torn ears. "Who are you?" You questioned icily, holding the strange she-cat's haunting gaze. "And what is *The Place of No Stars?"*

"That's not important," She replied evenly with a swish of her thick tail. "I'm only here to give you a message."

"A message?" You echoed suspiciously, raising an eyebrow. "What for?"

The ginger-and-white she-cat rose to her paws, and with a spark of alarm, you realized you could see the dead branches of the tree she had been sprawled out on through her pelt. You had never shared a dream with StarClan—or any spirit cats, for that matter—but now you were watching one slink down the trunk of a decayed oak like a snake. It filled you with a regal sort of feeling; a dread you couldn't describe. The specter slunk towards you, not pausing until she was standing a mere five whisker-lengths from your muzzle. "Brokenstar is in grave danger, (Y/N)," She uttered darkly, her rancid breath seeping into your nostrils. "He needs you now more than ever."

You felt a ball of ice begin to solidify in your throat. Your dream crept into your mind once more, followed by the terrifyingly familiar screech of agony. "What do I do?" You demanded, hardening your gaze.

The she-cat gazed deep into you for a long moment, then meowed, "You must kill Yellowfang. If you don't, she will kill Brokenstar

first."

Yellowfang. Just hearing the ragged old bone bag's name made rage course through your veins. "How do you know all of this?" You demanded in a low voice, taking another step towards the transparent she-cat.

"I know many things," She meowed as an eerie smirk slithered across her maw. "For instance, I know that the moment you wake up, you'll want nothing more than to rip that old hag to shreds." The ginger-and-white specter's form began to diminish right in front of you, almost as if she was becoming one with the mist.

"Hey—wait!" You growled, intending to force a more direct answer from her. The she-cat was already nothing more than a vaguely cat-shaped outline, however, leaving you alone in the middle of the rotting forest.

"Go, (Y/N)," A voice hissed from thin air, seemingly carried by a nonexistent wind. *"Save your father's destiny."*

You jolted slightly as you returned to the waking world, jarring your sore muscles. You growled in pain, silently cursing to yourself as you struggled to find your bearings. Memories of the previous day were fuzzy at best, but you could recall fighting a ThunderClan apprentice and being forced to leave your Clan alongside your father and his only two loyal warriors when they lost the battle for the stolen kits. *I feel like I've been hit by a monster,* You groaned internally. *That stupid dream didn't help.* As ridiculous as it sounded, however, you just couldn't quite bring yourself to brush it off. It was too specific to be a coincidence; your father was in grave danger. You thought back to the dream you had had the previous day, when you heard Brokenstar's agonized cry in the darkness. What the ginger-and-white she-cat had said was now beginning to make sense. *I have to get rid of Yellowfang.*

You sat up slowly, being mindful of your clean yet very existent wounds. Although you had taken great care patching yourself up with cobwebs, you knew there was still risk of infection. You smoothed your pelt with several quick strokes of your tongue, then began your ascent up the short tunnel to the moor above. Your

father had decided to settle in the remnants of WindClan territory, and as the firm soil pressed against your sore flanks and scraped against your wounds, you started to wish he had decided to travel further upland towards Fourtrees. At least there, your only option for shelter wouldn't have been an undersized grave.

As you finally broke free of your stuffy tomb, a blast of wind hit you in the face like a monster. You hissed, flattening your ears and turning your head the other direction to avoid the zephyr. Clawface snorted with amusement, casting his gaze towards you from his place on top of a flat rock. "Can't handle a little breeze?" He jeered. "Grow up." Just then, another rush of the same air that had nearly blinded you roared across the barren landscape, causing Clawface to lose his footing and tumble off the rock with a startled caterwaul. He hit the springy ground quite hard, letting out a yowl of pain as the gash on his shoulder made contact with the rocky soil.

It was your turn to snort in amusement, and as you did, you rounded on him with a menacing growl. "Watch your tongue, fleabag," You snarled. "I may have patched up your wounds last night, but I can still rip your throat out." You spun around, kicking a cloud of dust and debris into his face with your hind paw. He let out another yowl, but you ignored him and stalked towards your father, who was speaking with Blackfoot at the edge of your makeshift camp.

He noticed you before you had even reached him and ushered his warrior away with a flick of his tail. "Good morning, daughter," He greeted you with a dip of his head. "Or should I say, 'good evening'?" You twitched your newly-shredded ears. *Evening?* You turned your gaze towards the sky, which was painted bright shades of orange and deep shades of purple. You had originally thought it was just past dawn, but based on the sinking sun, it was much later in the day than you had suspected.

"I must've been tired," You muttered, slightly embarrassed. "Why didn't you wake me up?"

The flat-faced tom blinked, his eyes matching the color of the fiery sunset perfectly. "We got along just fine without you," He replied with a testy flick of his crooked tail-tip. "You were sleeping so

deeply, I don't think a fox in a fit could've woken you."

You blinked. What your father said left you more uneasy than you had been before. You had never been a deep sleeper; if you hadn't woken up on your own, the specter's ominous warning must've been more serious than you had thought.

An angry hiss sounded from behind you, and you turned to see Clawface being roughly pulled from the gorse bush he had fallen into by Blackfoot. "Hold still, toad-brain!" The broad-shouldered white tom snarled through a mouthful of scruff. "You're going to hurt yourself!"

Your father let out an annoyed growl and lashed his tail before stalking angrily towards the two toms. You turned away again, staring at the ground as your mind raced. A sense of doom was lingering on your fur like dew, making your claws itch with anxiety. You knew you had to take care of Yellowfang soon, and although you knew exactly where to find her, the thought of sneaking into ThunderClan territory alone made your fur stand on end. *Dad needs me,* You reminded yourself firmly, your uneasiness replaced by an anger-driven determination. *I can't back out now.*

Taking a deep breath, you stood up as tall as you could and took a few steps towards the three cat quarrel happening on the other side of the small hollow. "I'm going to look for some marigold," You announced, hoping your father heard you over all the cursing and snarling. "It grows in the forest, so I might be awhile."

"Whatever you want, (Y/N)," Your father growled out as he tried to free Clawface's hind leg from a particularly sharp gorse branch. It was obvious he wasn't really listening to you, but his response was enough. You nodded, then backed away from the embarrassing scene and making your way up the small worn path that led to the rest of the moor.

You'll be okay, Dad, You vowed silently as you took off at a sprint across the open landscape. *I promise.*

****

Night had fallen by time you reached the edge of the moor, and despite the exhaustion you felt and the soreness in your paws, you pushed forward determinedly. You weren't sure how you were going to get into ThunderClan territory, but you knew you would find a way.

You turned at a sharp angle, following the freshly-marked scent line upland until the springy heather and rolling hills began to shift into grassy clearings and tall oak trees. The scent line was weaker here, appearing to not have been marked for several days. *ThunderClan mousefodders,* You scorned silently. *They can't even mark their borders properly.*

You slipped over the border without a moment of hesitation, creeping through the thick undergrowth like a shadow. Your heart began to beat faster as the scents of many cats bathed your tongue, but one particular cat's scent caused a spark of twisted excitement to surge through your veins. Yellowfang had passed by recently, probably to collect some of the catmint that was growing nearby.

The sound of a paw coming in contact with the ground pulled you from your thoughts, causing you to startle slightly. You barely had enough time to duck behind a fallen oak as the flat-faced gray she-cat you had targeted padded past, blissfully unaware of your presence. Your claws slid out of your toes, followed by your tongue rasping over your lips. You had to act fast, or you could get caught by an evening patrol.

You pushed yourself into the air with your hind legs, letting out a vicious snarl as you did. Yellowfang whipped around, her orange eyes wide and the catmint falling from her jaws. "What in the—" You slammed into her flank before she could finish speaking, sending you both tumbling across the damp ground. Not sparing a moment, you sank your teeth deep into her shoulder, fighting back a gag as her clumped, torn pelt filled your mouth. Yellowfang let out a caterwaul of pain and fury, flipping herself around and

throwing you from her back. She turned to face you with burning eyes, her lip curling back into a snarl. "Well, if it isn't Brokenstar's precious bundle of fur," She hissed, her crooked yellow teeth revealing themselves as her rage became more visible. "Has he sent you here to—*AH!"* You lunged forward, slashing your claws across her exposed face. Crimson splattered the dark earth, and the ragged old bag of bones reeled away with yet another snarl. You took your opportunity and leaped onto her back, sinking your claws into her shoulders and biting into her scruff. She collapsed underneath you with a grunt, and before she could roll onto her back, you swung your left forepaw around her neck and tore into the tender flesh of her throat. Warmth seeped between your claws, staining the fur on your front limbs. The old she-cat writhed beneath you for a moment longer, then let out a sickeningly wet gurgle and fell completely still.

You waited until her movements ceased, then rose to your paws and took several steps away from her body. "You'll never hurt my father," You breathed out in a hiss. *"Never."* Suddenly, the sound of thundering pawsteps echoed through the forest, followed by a slew of anxious voices.

"It came from over here!"

"That sounded like Yellowfang!"

"We have to help her!"

You twisted around and bolted from the ugly scene, leaping back over the fallen tree and breaking out of the forest at a full sprint. You pushed your tired limbs as fast as they could go, running and running until the small hollow you had made your temporary home came into view ahead. You reached the makeshift camp entrance, which was being guarded by Clawface and Blackfoot. Blackfoot noticed the blood and your paws and muzzle and stood up, the fur on his spine lifting. "(Y/N), what—" You ignored him, however, and pushed past both of the toms before making your way over to a large gorse bush. You slowed your pace, taking a moment to compose yourself. Your father was sleeping soundly, completely undisturbed by your hasty return.

Dropping your gaze to his still form, you padded forward quietly and sat down beside him. "It's over, Dad," You uttered darkly, touching your bloodstained nose to his torn ear. "They won't get in our way *ever again."*

****

Let me start off by saying that I'm so sorry it took me this long to post this one-shot. Life got in the way, and I was struggling with mental health issues at the end of last year and beginning of this year. Also, I completely forgot what Brokenstar's personality was like, so I literally re-read Into the Wild and Fire and Ice just to get a good idea. I'm so freaking tired xD

I sincerely hope you feel as though the long wait was worth it! I had a lot of fun writing this one, and I hope you all enjoy it as much as I do!

A Fight Well-Worthwhile ≫ Alderheart x Male! Reader (PLATONIC)

Art: GrayPillow

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Some angst
• Some violence
• Mild gore

This was requested by Shadow_Queen29!

****

You weren't sure about anything anymore. It seemed that, no matter how many steps you took to ensure the safety and well-being of your clanmates, it just wasn't enough. You weren't the only cat in ThunderClan who noticed it, either; ever since Bramblestar's near-death experience, he had been acting...strange, to say the least. Almost as if another cat was wearing his pelt and giving ridiculous orders. He sent you out on painstakingly long hunting patrols to bring back mouthfuls of prey, which he always ate himself. He forced you to isolate yourself from your friends, only to spend hours alone in his den. Once again, you weren't sure about anything. Well,

almost anything.

The only son of the tyrannical tabby—one of the ThunderClan medicine cats—had become your best friend throughout your ordeal of loneliness and despair. You visited him in his den when he was alone and talked with him for as long as you could get away with, even going as far as to sneak away from patrols in order to get some time alone with him. You truly believe that you would be lost without Alderheart, and you liked to think he felt the same way. After all, you had shared your deepest, most valued secrets with him; something you would never do unless you felt a deep connection.

"Good morning," The cherry-colored tom meowed politely as you slipped into the potent-smelling den. "Come to help me sort a few of these herbs?" He lifted his right forepaw, slowly moving it in front of the many leaves and berries he had laid out in a perfectly straight line, as if he were a queen proudly showing off her brand new litter.

You grinned, gaining a light spring in your usually heavy step as you made your way towards him. "Nah," You purred. "I'm just using you as an excuse to ditch my fourth patrol."

Alderheart's smirk immediately vanished. *"Fourth?"* He echoed in disbelief. "Great StarClan—it's barely past dawn! How does Bramblestar expect you to keep up with these ridiculous tasks all day?"

"Keep your voice down," You hissed, flattening your ears and casting an uneasy glance at the den entrance behind you before swiveling your head around again to face your friend. "Aren't you worried about your father overhearing us talking about him?"

Alderheart blinked, then let out a frustrated huff. "He already knows everything about everyone," He argued matter-of-factly. "What's the point in hiding our displeasure from him now?"

"He's been exiling his own warriors daily," You retorted anxiously. "If he finds a reason to send us away, he will!"

Your cherry-colored friend blinked, then sighed. "I know you're right, (Y/N), but what can we do? Talking to my father these days is like trying to persuade a badger to eat fox dung; it's not safe." You saw pain flash across his amber eyes as he finished speaking, and he ducked his head timidly. "Just promise me you won't do anything reckless, okay?"

You stared at the young medicine cat, a thousand different emotions waging a war inside of your mind. Part of you wanted to comfort him, part of you wanted to give your leader a piece of your mind, and part of you wanted to try and convince him to leave the Clan with you. It was all making your head spin, and for a moment, you thought you would collapse under the weight of it all. "Okay," You mumbled, averting your gaze. "I'll do my best."

The lichen that covered the entrance to the medicine den parted, and Bristlefrost poked her head inside. "(Y/N)?" She meowed hesitantly, her blue gaze traveling uncertainly between you and Alderheart.

You raised an eyebrow. "Yes...?"

"Bramblestar wants to speak with you," She continued, her gaze resting on Alderheart for just a moment. "Alone."

You felt Alderheart's whole body tense up beside you, as if he was preparing for an assault from an enemy warrior. You swallowed a lump that had formed in the back of your throat, rising to your paws and nodding. "A-alright," You meowed a bit shakily. "Where is he?"

"At the lake," Bristlefrost answered. "You'd better hurry, (Y/N). It...sounds important." A flicker of guilt flashed across the gray she-cat's face, but it vanished before you could fully register it.

Your fur prickled with distrust. Ever since Squirrelflight left, Bristlefrost had been acting as Bramblestar's deputy. It was because of her spying that many of your clanmates had been forced to leave. Was it really safe to meet with Bramblestar if it was her telling you to? And why had he chosen such an odd place to meet you?

"(Y/N)," Alderheart hissed anxiously, leaning a bit closer to you. "Bramblestar won't be happy if you refuse to see him. Just go."

You turned towards him, holding his gaze for a moment. "Fine," You meowed dryly, finally pulling your gaze away from your friend and nodding to Bristlefrost. "I'll go right now." You padded past the young she-cat and headed straight for the entrance to camp, holding your head high and squaring your shoulders. You had decided long ago that you would not leave your Clan, and if that's what Bramblestar was trying to do, he was in for a rude awakening.

The early morning birdsong was joined by the steady lapping of smooth waves as you stepped out of the forest and onto the sandy shore. Bramblestar was sitting with his back to you, seemingly deep in thought as he stared across the still water. His pointy ears perked up as you approached, and he glanced over his shoulder before rising to his paws and stalking towards you. You held his gaze, refusing to show any sign of fear; you wouldn't give him the satisfaction.

"Good morning, (Y/N)," Your leader meowed with a dip of his head, although his tone was anything but welcoming. "Thank you for agreeing to meet me here."

"What is it, Bramblestar?" You questioned dryly, in no mood for fake pleasures.

The muscular tabby tom met your gaze, his eyes narrowing into slits. Wether it was merely a trick of the light or not was up for debate, but you couldn't sworn his usually piercing amber orbs flashed a chilling shade of dark blue for a split second. "You have some nerve using that tone with me," He growled lowly, flexing his claws.

You felt the fur along your spine threatening to bristle. "What do you want, Bramblestar?" You repeated, harsher now.

"You're of no use to ThunderClan," Bramblestar hissed venomously. "I have no room for bothersome little mousefodders like you here."

"And what makes you think I'll go willingly?" You challenged him

boldly. "What makes you so sure I won't put up a fight?"

"You wouldn't dare," The muscular tabby growled. "You're nothing but a coward. However..." He paused a moment, a sinisterly sly smirk stretching across his muzzle. "...If you, in fact, *can* beat me in a fight, I will let you stay in ThunderClan. And by that, I mean you'll be leaving with half your pelt missing!" He started to laugh, a deep, hearty laugh full of twisted mockery. You narrowed your eyes at him, no longer trying to hide your anger. If it was a fight he wanted, it was a fight he would get.

Bramblestar continued to laugh, and while he was distracted, you leaped forward and knocked him to the ground with a single swipe to his right forepaw. He toppled over with a grunt of surprise, then quickly found his footing and rounded on you. "Clever," He sneered with a vicious curl of his lip. "But two can play that game." In a flash of dark brown, your leader lunged towards you. You dodged out of his way clumsily, stumbling off to the side and leaping forward just in time to rake your claws down his flank. Bramblestar let out a high-pitched caterwaul of pain as his skin was flayed, collapsing onto the sandy ground.

"You are the coward, Bramblestar," You growled, facing him with your claws still unsheathed. "What kind of leader exiles his own warriors in favor of himself?" You glared down the injured tom as he heaved himself back to his paws, slowly turning to meet your gaze.

"No cat tells me how to lead my Clan," He snarled lowly. "Especially not *you!"* He lunged towards you, but this time, you hadn't anticipated his attack. His massive forepaw slammed hard into the side of your face, sending a sharp wave of pain through your jaw. He pinned you to the ground, his powerful claws digging deep into your flesh. You moaned, squeezing your eyes shut as your vision started to spin. *Is this...is this really happening...?* You felt like you were dreaming; stuck on the fragile plain between the waking world and sleep.

Bramblestar's claws suddenly disappeared from the side of your face, and immediately, your sense of time returned. You twisted yourself around and scrambled to your paws to see Alderheart

dragging his father away from you by the scruff, his amber eyes flashing with horror. You watched as the dark brown tabby wrenched himself free of his son's grasp, turning on him with a low growl. Your cherry-colored friend met his gaze evenly, his jaw tight with unseen fear. You tensed your muscles and prepared to leap forward, but Bramblestar simply turned towards you with a dip of his broad head. "You have defeated me, (Y/N)," He uttered soullessly. "I keep my word. You are allowed to stay in ThunderClan." Without another word, your leader turned and disappeared into the shadowy undergrowth.

You and Alderheart looked at each other, silent for a brief moment before the medicine cat let out a deep sigh. "I had a bad feeling," He muttered, "so I came to find you. Are you okay?"

You lifted your paw, carefully resting it on your face before pulling it away and examining your pad. Several crimson smears were splayed across the pink surface, but it didn't appear to be too serious. "Yeah; I'm good." You huffed. "I guess I'm allowed to stay in ThunderClan."

Alderheart snorted, a hint of amusement in his eyes. "I guess so."

You stared at your friend, your eyes softening. Although you could still see traces of the anxious apprentice occasionally, he had grown so much and come so far. "Uh...thanks," You meowed somewhat awkwardly. "You kinda saved my tail."

Alderheart just shrugged. "What are friends for?" He padded past you, flicking your shoulder with his tail-tip. "Come on; let's go home and look at your face."

A smirk plastered itself onto your maw. "And I thought you got sick of looking at my face."

"Whatever," Alderheart retorted playfully, casting an amused glance at you from over his shoulder. "Hurry up before I decide to leave you to the foxes." You laughed, happiness filling your chest. As you followed your best friend through the familiar forest, you knew that as long as you had him, you would fight to stay in ThunderClan.

****

Aaand, it's done! I sincerely hope you enjoyed this chapter, because it's 2:30 in the morning as I'm publishing it T~T

Seriously, I loved writing this! Thank you all for tuning in and showing your support. I'll see you soon!

The Moment ≫ Stormfur x Female! Reader

Art: Raphaelion

⚠ **Warnings** ⚠
• Angst
• Death

(A/N) : This is a rewritten version of my original Stormfur x Reader I wrote some time ago. I just feel like it has the potential to have more depth than I initially gave it.

****

Ice in your veins. Cold, unrelenting ice. No longer did you feel your blood surge with fury; you were far to petrified. Featherpaw and Stormpaw crouched on either side of you, their tails bushy and twitching and their eyes glistening with fright in the light of dusk. They were scared, sure; but no cat was as scared as you. RiverClan's deputy and one of the greatest warriors the forest had ever seen was standing in the middle of the clearing, dark crimson staining his usually-stunning blue-gray pelt. Darkstripe had been an easy opponent for the sleek-furred muscular tom, but Blackfoot was turning out to be much more of a challenge.

"Pathetic," The ShadowClan warrior sneered, curling his lip back in a twisted smirk. "Your other enemies must be real softies if they can't finish you off. What happened to The Great and Powerful Stonefur?" Stonefur raised his broad head, grimacing all the while. Your eyes widened, and you glanced up at the cat who was supposed to be your leader with desperation, but she was watching the fight numbly from her place beside Tigerstar on the Bonepile.

Coward! *You snarled internally. Suddenly, the bleeding RiverClan deputy leaped forward, his claws outstretched towards Blackfoot. Your heart soared, but your relief was swamped by terror as the ShadowClan tom met him halfway into the air, sinking his teeth deep into the blue-gray warrior's throat.*

As his body fell to the ground with a dull thump, a single, agonized word tore from your throat like a horrible roar of thunder. "DAD!"

Your eyes flew wide-open, a scream tearing out of you just as it had three moons ago. You thrashed in your nest for a moment until reality hit your senses and pulled you out of your horrendous dream.

Another nightmare, You thought bitterly, staring past your splayed front limbs at the ground in front of you as you struggled to catch your breath. *What else is new?*

Trembling like a dying leaf in a breeze, you rose to your paws and shook clumps of moss and several feathers from your ragged pelt. You hadn't bothered to properly groom yourself in some time, and although you were aware that your so-called "clanmates" had noticed, you couldn't give less of a rat's tail.

"(Y/N)? You okay?"

You slowly pulled your bleary gaze towards the gap in the reed-woven den, meeting a pair of bright amber eyes. Said eyes belonged to Stormfur, one of your fellow warriors and the cat who stole your father's good name.

"Of course I'm okay," You uttered bitterly, shaking a wad of your bedding from between your claws and refusing to meet Stormfur's

concerned gaze. "Why wouldn't I be?"

The son of Graystripe and Silverstream winced slightly, but offered you a kind—albeit uncertain smile—nonetheless. "Just checking," He replied evenly, obviously trying to avoid noticing much of your tattered state. "Would you like to join a hunting patrol with Feathertail and I? It could be *fuuunn~!"* He sang out the word *fun* as if it was some sort of glorious prayer, and it made your claws itch to sink into his pelt. Of course he was happy; he got to be named in honor of the greatest warrior the Clan ever knew.

"I hunt alone," You snapped. *"Don't* make me remind you." You stalked past your bewildered denmate, but you could sense the hurt rippling off of him like waves.

"Uh...alright, then," He called as you headed straight for the entrance to camp. "I'll catch you later, I guess..."

As you made your way across the clearing, you could see and feel the rest of RiverClan watching you with soft, pity-filled eyes. You even heard several whispers as you passed by, which clung to your heart like burrs to your pelt.

"Poor (Y/N). She looks terrible."

"I know; she hasn't recovered from Stonefur's death quite yet."

"I wish there was something I could do to help her..."

"Hey, there's (Y/N)! Yeesh...she looks even worse than she did yesterday."

Just as you were nearly free of your torment, you passed your leader. The golden she-cat smiled at you, her tail-tip flicking in a greeting. "Good morning, (Y/N). How—" You ignored her, padding through a gap in the reed wall and breaking into a run. You followed the well-worn path through the dew-speckled grass with tears streaming out the corners of your eyes, not stopping until you reached the most secluded part of the riverbank; a pebbly strip of sand shaded by a low-hanging willow and several clusters of reeds and cattails.

The water was lapping at the shore softly, and despite the turmoil inside of you, everything on the outside seemed so...perfect. So free of pain and suffering. You sat down on the pebbly earth, staring deep into the gently flowing currents.

You stared at the river's surface, watching as your reflection rippled and stretched with each shift of the current. It was mesmerizing to you, and you found yourself subconsciously leaning forward to get an even closer look. Suddenly, a large, strong paw wrapped around your neck and gently pulled you back to the safety of the shore.

"Be careful," A warning yet kind voice rose like pollen above the late greenleaf breeze. "We can't have you falling in before you know how to swim, can we?"

"Daaad," You whined dramatically, turning to face the blue-gray tom standing behind you. "I've already been an apprentice for, like, a whole day! Just let me do what I want!"

Your father—RiverClan's well-known deputy and also your mentor—smiled fondly. "You will have plenty of time to do whatever you like," He purred lovingly. "For now, just enjoy the moment you're in."

You tipped your head off to one side. "Why?" You questioned, more confused than anything else.

Your father's deep blue eyes grew distant and misty, and for a moment, you could've sworn you saw a shade of sorrow dampen his orbs. Still, he smiled softly. "Because you never know when something will be gone forever."

"Hey."

You startled, drawing in a sharp breath and whirling around with your hackles raised. Your teary eyes locked angrily with a pair of soft amber ones, shimmering with concern. "What?" You snapped.

The half-Clan warrior blinked, but stood his ground. "I...wanted to check on you," He meowed uncertainly. "Since you, you know...ran off a minute ago." He watched you a moment longer, and when you didn't reply, he smiled gently. "I had a feeling you'd be here."

The fur along the ridge of your spine bristled, and it took every ounce of willpower you had to keep your claws sheathed. "And how did you figure that out?" You spat. "Did you follow me here?"

"N-no," Stormfur stammered, somehow daring to take one more step towards you. "It's just...this was always our favorite spot; when Stone..." He trailed off, probably noticing the way your ears flattened at his words.

Our *favorite spot?* You blazed internally.

"Stonefur wasn't your father," You growled through a painfully tight throat as tears threatened to spill from your weary eyes once more. "He was hardly even your mentor. I spent the most time with him, trained the longest with him, and you—" You choked on your words, swallowing hard in a struggle to compose yourself. "—and you still got named in honor of him!" You ended your ode of pent-up grief with a sharp huff, then whipped around to face the river again. "You didn't know him like I did," You muttered coldly. "You hardly knew him at all." You fully expected him to leave you sitting there, alone with nothing but your thoughts, so it came as an awfully jarring surprise when you heard soft pawsteps approaching you.

"(Y/N)..." Stormfur began quietly, sitting down beside you and allowing his gaze to travel to your reflection in the water. "...I can't even imagine how much you're hurting; watching your own father die and then your clanmate getting his namesake instead of you. That...that must be the worst feeling ever."

Your chest tightened, squeezing the air out of your lungs. You had never expected anyone to get so close to the source of your pain, let alone sympathize with it so well. It left you stunned, and you could do nothing but stare blankly into the depths of the river.

"He was the greatest warrior who ever lived," Stormfur continued quietly, averting his gaze and turning away from you slightly. "Everyone will remember him as a hero, and they'll think of his spirit whenever they see you." Thunder rumbled from above, followed by a wet droplet landing on your muzzle. You and Stormfur both glanced up at the same time, just as the sun was

obscured fully by pale gray clouds. You slowly turned your head to meet his gaze, and as you did, your father's words rang in your skull. *Just enjoy the moment you're in.*

"...(Y/N)...?" Your gray denmate murmured, tilting his head slightly. "...Are...are you okay...?"

"...No," You answered honestly, crouching down and tucking your front paws beneath your chest before wrapping your tail around yourself protectively. "but I'm here."

Stormfur watched you for a long moment, his amber eyes soft and unwavering. Then, he settled down beside you on the dry patch of earth. "So am I." You let out a long breath, finally allowing yourself to relax as the rain started to pour. You could feel yourself slowly beginning to heal, but you knew it would be a long while before you had what it took to face your clanmates and forgive those you felt had done you wrong.

That doesn't matter, You told yourself, stealing a quick glance at Stormfur. *I'm here; in this moment.*

****

I...am not sure how I feel about this one. I think it turned out alright, but I still almost feel like something is missing. Maybe it's just fatigue catching up to me.

Thanks for reading the 100th chapter of my book, everyone. It means a lot to me.

Kudos + an update

Good day/night, everyone! I sincerely hope everyone is doing good these days. I just wanted to tell you thank you for all the reads, votes, and comments this book got, but it is officially completed.

Don't worry, though; I'm working on the intro page of Warrior Cats x Reader Volume Two as we speak! It will be bigger, better, and more ambitious than this book, and I cannot wait to get started!

Once again, many thanks to all of you for getting me this much recognition! I am so, so grateful to each and every one of you!